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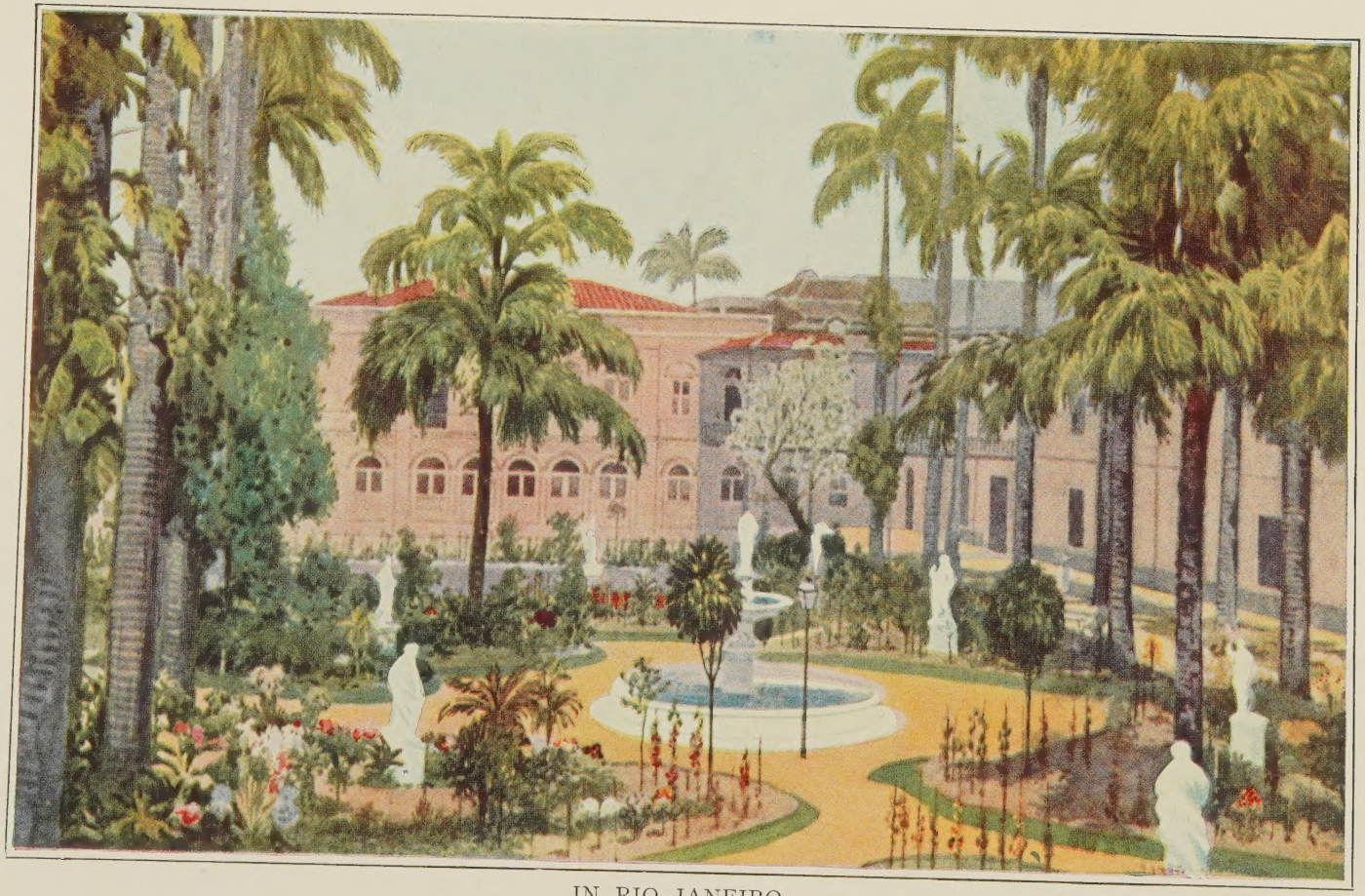
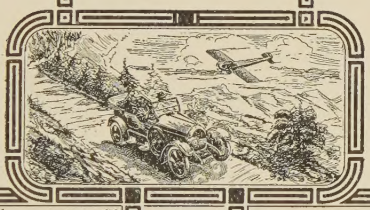
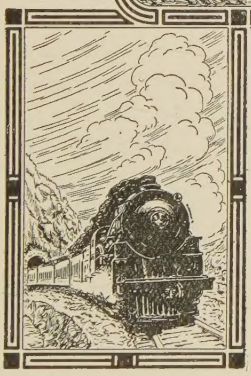


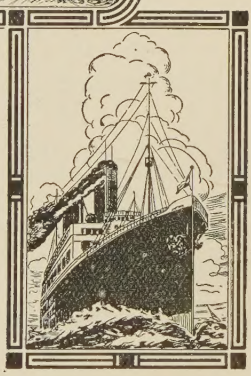
IN RIO JANEIRO

This garden with its beautiful statues belongs to the Itamaraty Palace, the Brazilian government office for foreign affairs.

THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE







VOL. SIX

THE WORLD
AND ITS
PEOPLE

OR

A COMPREHENSIVE TOUR OF ALL LANDS

BY

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PUBLISHED BY

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NEW YORK

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THE TERROR OF THE TROPIC MARSHLANDS

THE OTHER AMERICAS
CHAPTER I—WHY WE VISIT LATIN AMERICA

BY GEORGE M. MC BRIDE, PH.D.
Professor of Geography at the University of California

Who would not wish to sail the quiet waters of the great South Sea, to cross the equator, and travel down the southern slope of the world, guided through the balmy tropical nights by the stars of the Southern Cross? Who would not wish to visit the Southern Hemisphere, where the seasons are all topsy-turvy, where the Fourth of July comes in mid-winter, and where at Christmas and New Years the flowers are all abloom. Trips to these far-away regions used to be very long and tiresome, and often full of danger, but the opening of the Panama Canal and better steamship service have made travel in that direction so much easier that no one need fear its hardship, while the interesting things to be seen repay us well for the effort and the cost of such a voyage.

Perhaps one of the strangest things that we should notice if we were to travel in South America is that in most of that continent there is really no winter at all. The days never become very cold: snow is seen only on the far-away tops of high mountains: and the trees do not lose their leaves, but stay green the year round: while flowers grow and even blossom out-of-doors with no danger of frosts. Because of this all-year summer time, these lands may be called the "ever-green lands."

Since most of South America has a warm, tropical climate, the people there can raise many things that will not grow in our cooler lands, and they send us large quantities of several of the things that they produce. If we should visit the people in this other America we should see some of those tropical products actually growing in the fields and forests. We should see coffee, not as dry, brown beans such as we buy in the grocery store, but really growing—bright red berries hanging on bushes with leaves as green as holly, and with white, waxy flowers like orange blossoms. We should see whole forests of rubber trees, with sap like the juice of a milkweed, and, perhaps, men and boys with tin cups and pails collecting the white milky liquid, much as we collect the sap of maple-sugar trees in New England. We should see chocolate, not in bars or caramels, but in large pods full of chocolate beans hanging from the branches of the cocoa trees. We might even see trees loaded with buttons, or rather, with the tagua nuts from which many of our buttons are made. If we should go far enough back into the interior, to the eastern slopes of the Andes mountains, we should probably see the plants from which some of our medicines are made; for both quinine and cocaine, common drugs that our doctors use, are native products of that region and were used by the Indians long before we knew anything about their value.

In going to South America we not only travel in the Tropics, but we enter a continent which, especially in the western part, is not made like our own continent. Or rather, it is not so nearly complete. It seems like a different world, a world still unfinished, in which great rugged mountains, like the Andes, are being up-lifted, where volcanoes such as Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and Misti, occasionally send up columns of smoke or flame from deep down in the earth's workshop, and where sometimes great earthquakes occur, showing that the land is still in the making.

This is not true of all parts of the continent for there are also some very old lands in South America, where, as in eastern Brazil, the mountains have been worn down into gentle curves; and there are wide, level plains (the pampas of the Argentine or the forest-covered basin of the Amazon river) where mountains, volcanoes, and earthquakes are as unknown as in our Mississippi Valley.

The rivers of South America, too, are well worth seeing. The Magdalena, the Orinoco, the Amazon, and the La Plata are all great streams and to the people of those lands they are far more important

A MAP OF LATIN AMERICA

"Latin America" means all the mainland and islands south of the United States; because practically all of this region was settled by Spaniards and Portuguese, with a few French.

than are our rivers to us. There are fewer railroads in South America than in the United States, and so the people depend more upon their great waterways. The Magdalena has been called the "life line of Colombia" because its waters and its valley provide almost the only way by which the many people who live in the high interior can reach the coast. The Amazon with its thousands of miles of deep waters is still more important; for it flows in most of its course through a thick tropical forest where roads cannot be kept open, and the river itself takes the place of roads. Wherever one travels in the Amazon basin, he must go by a boat of some kind.

No traveler should miss seeing South America's one great lake. We have nothing like it in the United States. In fact, in very few places in the world could you find a body of water like Lake Titicaca. Almost as large as Lake Ontario, but situated up among the high summits of the Andes mountains, with long lines of snow-covered peaks in sight from its shores or from the decks of the little steamers that move over its cold, blue waters, it makes a sight long to be remembered.

Some very strange people are found in South America. Along the coasts and in the principal cities men live much as they do in the United States and Europe; but off in the mountains and among the forests there are tribes of people who are almost as queer as those found by Gulliver in his famous travels.

Up on the Peruvian and Bolivian plateau there are some Indian tribes who live almost as if in another world. They do not dress as we do: their houses are unlike ours: they use different food: they do not understand or speak our languages: and they have domestic animals that are not found in any other part of the world. Their most common animals are the llamas and alpacas, those queer South American camels that we occasionally see in our "zoos." The people have trained these animals to carry loads, and caravans of them may be seen along every mountain road. The wool of the alpaca is very fine: that of the llama is coarser; but both are used by the Indians to make the warm, heavy clothing that is required on that cold plateau. For food these people depend not upon bread, our "staff of life," but upon potatoes of which they raise many varieties. This high, cold region is the native home of the potato and many different kinds are grown here; there are bitter ones and sweet ones, smooth ones and rough ones, yellow ones, purple ones and white ones: while several wild varieties grow upon the hillsides. Irish potatoes really came from this region, and these

Indians taught civilized people what good food potatoes make. Many other such strange things would be seen by any one who should visit this high, remote district, and he would feel well repaid for his trouble by the sight of these queer people with their quaint ways.

In the forests of southern Chile there are other strange Indians, the Araucanians, who are experts in wood work, in making silver ornaments, and in weaving beautiful woolen blankets: while among the islands of Tierra del Fuego, down by the Straits of Magellan, there are people who spend most of their lives in canoes, developing large,

AN INDIAN BUILT BRIDGE OF BAMBOO

powerful arms and shoulders as they row, while their lower limbs are almost dwarfed by sitting so much of the time in their boats and walking so little.

Not all of the people of South America are Indians, of course. Many districts are occupied by white people, who live much as we do. There are some very beautiful cities. Such places as Rio de Janeiro with its splendid bay; Buenos Aires, larger than any city in the United States except New York and Chicago; and Santiago, the capital of Chile, are as fine as the cities in this country or in Europe. There are also some of the largest cattle farms in the world, and grain farms with

thousands of acres planted in wheat, corn, flax, coffee, cotton, and sugar-cane. On some of these great farms the owners live in real palaces, surrounded by parks and well-kept gardens, and provided with every comfort that can be carried to them. In the stables there are fine horses, upon which the owners' family and their friends enjoy many a pleasant ride.

Life in many parts of South America is very pleasant. It is often said that every European or North American who has ever lived there for a short time longs to get back to these lands, he dreams of the balmy days spent under the soft shade of palm trees and in tropical gardens, or of the fresh air and free life on the open grassy plain, or perhaps of the deliciously green valleys that nestle deep down between the lofty, snow-covered ranges of the Andes. It may be that life is too pleasant in those countries; for men do not build up great civilizations where living conditions are too easy, but rather, in the harder, sterner surroundings of more severe climates. This is probably one reason why South America is not so far advanced in many ways as Europe and North America.

Much of what has been said of the people of South America is true also of the people of Central America, the West Indies and Mexico. There, too, are found Indian tribes who are very different from our own Indians and whose quaint ways remind us of Asia or recall the stories of life in Bible lands long ago, while the people of Spanish descent live much as do the people of Chile, Argentine, Peru, and Spain.

Mexico, as a whole, is perhaps not so attractive in natural scenery as is South America, but there are several views that are worth traveling a long way to see. One of these is the valley in which is situated Mexico City, with its circle of mountains about it and the two great snow-crowned peaks of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl rising high above the range upon which they stand, conspicuous features of the landscape from any part of the valley. The name of the former mountain means "smoking mountain," and the last few years have shown that it was well named, for thick columns of smoke have been coming out of the crater on its top. The people of Mexico City watch this column of smoke every day and wonder when the eruption may become violent enough to destroy the cities and towns near the volcano.

There are still other landscapes such as are surpassed in few parts of the world; and equally interesting are some of the things that man has made in Mexico. The great pyramids of the Sun and the Moon,

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

Courtesy of Thos. Cook & Son

This noble monument stands at the lowest point of the Andes' crest between Argentine and Chile, the point which separates yet unites the two lands.

near Teotihuacán, the ancient mounds at Cholula, and the ruins of splendid temples and palaces that are found in Yucatan and at Mitla, are sure to interest every traveler, as is also the great circular calendar stone of the ancient Mexicans with its strange carved figures, or the still more curious "floating gardens" of Lake Xochimilco.

Moreover the mines of Mexico, where gold, silver, copper, and lead have been produced in enormous quantities since before the Pilgrims came to America, the great farms, now being divided up to make more homes for the common people, and the famous oil wells near the Gulf coast; all of these make a visit to Mexico full of interest.

The West Indies offer a yet different form of attraction, one that comes nearer home to us. Some of these islands have been actually united to our own land. Porto Rico, with its negro and semi-Spanish inhabitants was ceded to the United States by Spain after the Spanish-American war. The Virgin Isles were purchased by our Government from Denmark in 1916, and their Danish populace voted to approve the change. Cuba is a ward under our protection, and so to some extent are the people of Haiti and Santo Domingo. Other of these islands belong to Britain, France and Holland; but the mass of the people in them all are negroes with just a trace of Indian or Spanish blood.

In Central America also we have an active interest. We own the Canal Zone, and we hold some sort of protectorate over Panama and over Nicaragua. The whole Caribbean Sea is thus a center of United States activities and duties. We should all possess as clear an understanding as we can of the countries and the peoples thus drawn within our influence.

"The Lord has made us neighbors: let justice make us friends," said one of our own great men, in speaking of the people of Latin America. But to do justice to the Latin Americans in our thinking about them and in our treatment of them, we must know them. Really to know them we must see them at home, in their own lands, and must understand their ways of living, the customs that have grown up in their natural surroundings, and the problems that they face in making life comfortable, safe and happy in the lands where they live.

Geo. M. McBride

THE COAST OF SOUTH VICTORIA LAND

CHAPTER II—ANTARCTICA

The South Polar Regions

Of all the southern lands that we have visited, none reach so far toward the Antarctic Pole as South America. Our own continent therefore is much the closest to that least known and emptiest of all lands, the archipelago or continent which encircles the South Pole. When we trace on the map the dim outlines of this almost impenetrable region we see that it is at least as large as Europe, a continent, or else an ice-covered waste of shallow water. The frozen ocean which encircles it is, however, so swept by terrific storms, and the continent itself sends off such mighty ice floes and bergs to destroy adventurous ships, that man has seldom entered the white world which lies south of "latitude fifty-six."

At this parallel of latitude a ship can pass the long land-barrier of South America, can round its southern rocky outpost, Cape Horn, the terrible storm cape, and so journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. South of this lie the only parallels which encicrle our globe without ever touching land. The Antarctic ocean is supreme. If however, from Cape Horn a daring ship-master will head his ship straight toward the pole, he will in about four hundred miles reach the northermost promontory of the hidden polar continent, Antarctica.

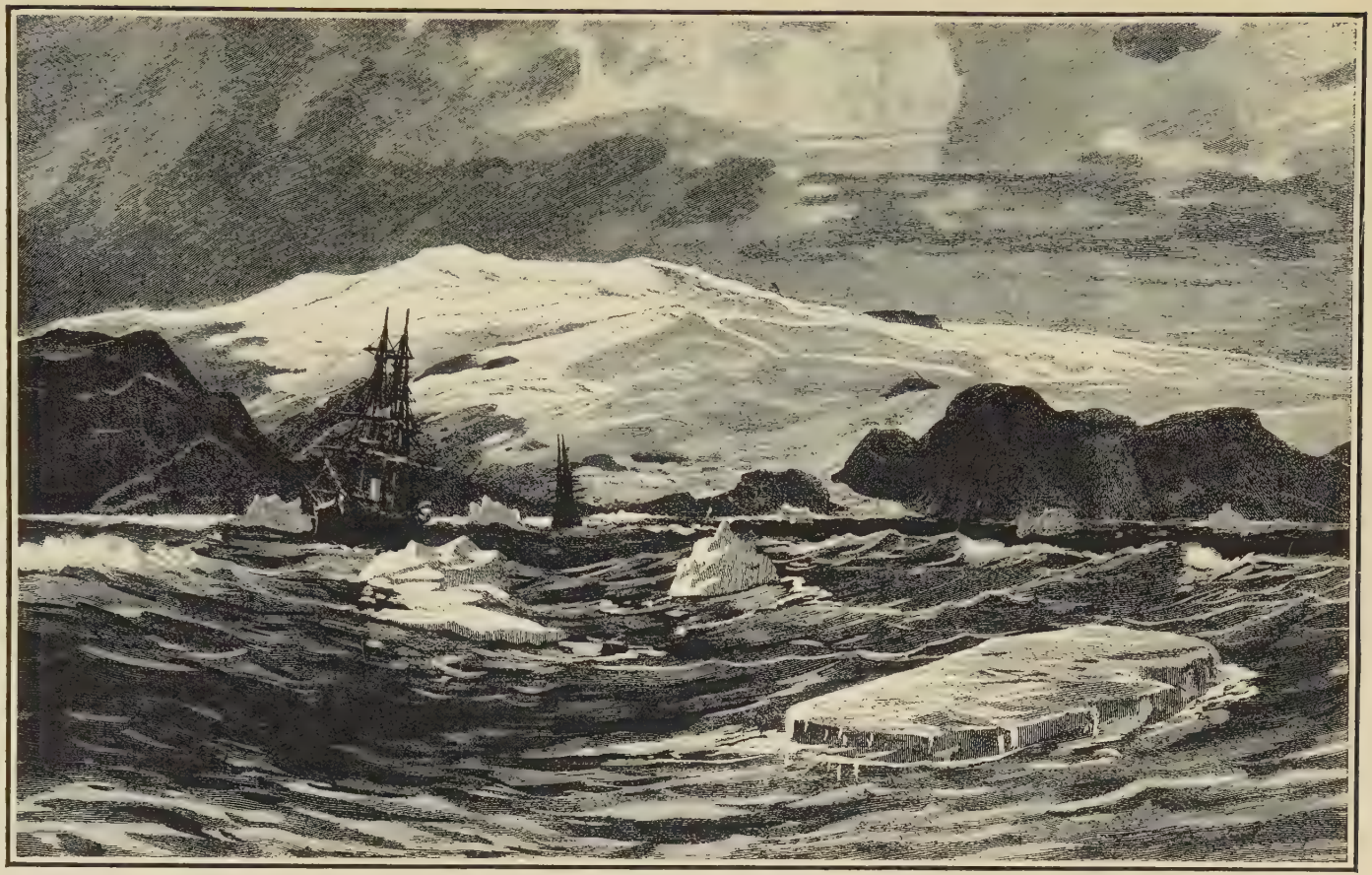
At this point, southward from our American lands, the new con-

tinent was first discovered by a youthful Connecticut whaling captain, Nathaniel Palmer, in 1821. Whalers and sealers were in fact the chief early discoverers in the far south, and also the chief destroyers, pursuing their prey even to extermination. Palmer found here a range of rock-built mountains rising abruptly from the sea in a long peninsula. The English, being the chief map-makers, have marked the name of this peninsula as Graham's Land; but we should in all fairness remember it as Palmer's Land.

The heights of Palmer's Land are a continuation of our own great American mountain system, the longest range in the world. This hugest fold or wrinkle of the globe's surface, sweeps from Alaska across our own land as the Rocky Mountains; it traverses all Mexico and Central America; it passes down the entire length of South America as the Andes; it shows a last bold front to the ocean billows at Cape Horn; and it reappears five hundred miles farther south in Palmer's Land. Here it passes beyond human sight in that dead continent of ice; but it is probably the same range of mountains that Amundsen, the discoverer of the southern Pole, saw towering above him. It thus extends for perhaps twelve thousand miles, almost from Pole to Pole, a mighty ridge of earth indeed.

The reason why the task of penetrating this southern continent has proved almost impossible of accomplishment, even by those hardy explorers who have dared it with deliberate purpose and with every modern scientific equipment, is that here man meets neither land nor water, but an endless mass of ice. The continent is surrounded by countless miles of floating ice-fields; and when a dangerous road has been battered through all these floes, ships come to what is perhaps the most impressive of all natural phenomena, the "ice barrier."

This is a vast mass of ice, often abruptly towering. It rises from one hundred to three hundred feet in air. It does not rest on land but rears itself directly from an ocean which appears so shallow that men think the land is not far behind. Endless snow storms on this coast must have melted, frozen again, and at last consolidated into this stupendous wall, which seems to fringe the entire continent. The first man who dared to sail along the foot of this wall, amid all its awful dangers, until he had seen so much of it as to divine its character, and the continent that lay behind it, was Captain Wilkes, Commander of a United States Naval expedition in 1840. For seventeen hundred miles Wilkes sailed westward amid the ice floes, losing two of his ships,



THE ICE BARRIERS OF ANTARCTICA

The ice cliffs make it very difficult to set foot on the actual soil of Antarctica; and the broken ice is a constant menace to ships.

but catching occasional glimpses through fog and mist of high mountains which reared their heads beyond the barrier. He was not able to find any spot where he could reach the actual coast and make a landing.

Since Wilkes' time explorers have discovered two widely separated regions in each of which they have been able to set foot upon this strangely guarded continent. They have learned that the storms of the Antarctic drive mainly toward the east, and so where a long stretch of the coast of Antarctica looks eastward it is comparatively sheltered and free from ice. One such stretch of coast lies beneath the mountains of Palmer's Land; and here in what is called Weddell's Sea, explorers have found open water reaching to within a thousand miles of the Pole. So perhaps Antarctica is only an archipelago after all.

The other east-looking shore, the one by which explorers at last penetrated to the Pole, lies south of New Zealand. It is a range of high mountains rising directly from the sea and separated from New Zealand by two thousand miles of ocean. This coast is called, by the British, South Victoria Land, though in truth it is but part of the region first discovered by Captain Wilkes, and which should in fairness be called Wilkes Land. Here, in the lee of the great mountain range, ships can penetrate through open water to within a thousand miles of the Pole. Then the route is blocked by a huge, active volcano, Mt. Erebus, which rises over thirteen thousand feet directly from the water's edge. This peak was first discovered by the British explorer, Captain Ross, who commanded two ships, the Erebus and the Terror, and named from them two mountains, this one and a similar volcanic but inactive peak nearby. Victoria Land with its two giant volcanoes is by far the best known region of Antarctica. Erebus is a wondrous spectacle with its snow-white sides and ever-glowing luminous top where the fires of its crater are reflected against the pale gray sky.

By the side of Erebus, there sweeps down to the ocean the most stupendous of all glaciers, so vast that all the other glaciers of the world would seem like toys beside it. The explorers of Victoria Land have discovered that the heart of the Antarctic continent is a great table-land, several thousand feet high. Its summit is covered by a solid mass of ice; and in the Victoria glacier all this age-old accumulated world of ice seems to be sliding slowly down toward the sea. The ocean face of the glacier extends over hundreds of miles, making a stupendous ice wall even more precipitous and menacing than that

which encircles the rest of the continent. As this frozen mass is pushed forward upon the water, it cracks and breaks with a noise wilder than all that was ever dreamed of pandemonium. Then the great pieces go floating off as ice-bergs driven by the storm-winds. Man is here but a dwarf indeed amid the stupendous forces of the elements.

By the side of, and even across the face of, this great glacier, the English explorers, Shackleton and Scott, and the Norse explorer, Amundsen, attempted to make their way to the South Pole. Shackleton, the first to try, found his path so blocked by storms, that his provisions

WINTER QUARTERS OF AN EXPLORING PARTY ON VICTORIA LAND

gave out, and he was forced to turn back when little more than a hundred miles from the goal. It was he who first told us that, beyond the glacier, the table-land rose to ten thousand feet in height, and that at its summit in the high thin air, amid the deadly cold, an eternal storm-wind swept forever across the fairly level Arctic pole-land.

In 1911 Amundsen, crossing the glacier at a point several hundred miles away from the British forces, found weather conditions more favorable than theirs. He and his men were expert walkers upon skis; and upon these Norse snow shoes they made their way with surprising speed, and in a struggle of but a few days reached the region of the

Pole. Here they hoisted their Norse flag. They saw still higher mountains dimly outlined against the background of the midnight sun; they took scientific observations all around; and then they sped back to escape the killing cold.

Less than a month later, an English expedition headed by Scott toiled successfully over the hard road up which Shackleton had climbed. Scott and four comrades thus also reached the Pole, only to find that Amundsen had preceded them. The Britons had exhausted themselves in the desperate struggle; and perhaps the disappointment of having been beaten in the race told on them also. All five of them perished on the return march. They succumbed to cold and to starvation. Their bodies were found by their comrades the next year, with their daily records and all their collected data to show how they had died, each striving to save the others.

There in fact we touch one of the most awesome qualities of this empty southern world—its changelessness. There is no life whatever upon this Antarctic table-land, no animal, no bird, not even the faintest trace of vegetable life to make things change. There are even no germs to cause the change which we call decay. As the bodies of those explorers lay, so they would have lain for a thousand years, unstirred except as the increasing snow-sheets drifted over them.

The height of Antarctica above sea-level adds to its coldness. Its average elevation is greater even than that of Asia, formerly reckoned the highest of the continents. Around the edges of this huge Antarctic block of land, there rise islands almost equally bleak. The islands, however, gather some faint warmth from the ocean, chilly though it is. As we escape a little northward from the great ice barrier, the ocean swarms with life. Seals and walruses abound, kept warm by the huge masses of fat that enclose their vitals. Here too is found the sea-elephant, a great seal twenty feet long, with a flap of skin pendulous from his snout like an elephant's trunk. By means of this snout the sea-elephant makes a tremendous roaring noise which seems his main defense. He is only found in the farthest south; for seal hunters have exterminated his race on the more northern islands. So too the whale, when driven by man from all other waters, found refuge here, along the edges of the Antarctic continent.

A little farther north, we begin to meet sea-birds in vast quantities. They are water-birds, such as the penguin, which we saw on the Australian coast. There, the penguin seemed stupid in the midst of

A THRILLING RESCUE

Each explorer of the Antarctic has told of the terrible danger of slipping into ice-crevasses which seem bottomless.

more active animals. Here the penguin is king of life, and seems to have developed an intelligence, an orderly system of penguin society. Explorers have jestingly spoken of the penguin civilization. The birds live in large colonies. They are almost wingless, and cannot fly, but they swim and dive like seals, and have far more speed and power in water than on land. When a penguin mother lays an egg, she cannot leave it on the ice to be frozen, but holds the precious burden on her broad flat feet, even waddling around with the egg thus carefully balanced. It is held in place by a drooping fold of skin until the young bird is hatched.

When we come to South Georgia, an island almost a thousand miles off the South American coast, and in the same latitude as Cape Horn, we find a few faint vegetable growths, chiefly a sort of moss, on which sheep and horses could live, as we saw the reindeers living in Lapland. South Georgia belongs to Britain, and the Britons are already planning to use it for sheep-raising. Its main interest to mankind, however, lies in the fact that Sir Ernest Shackleton, the South Polar explorer, died here in 1922. His remains were carried back to civilization but were afterward sent here again, to lie beneath a stately shaft, guardian of the polar regions with which he had battled so long.

The most southern really civilized islands are the Falklands. These lie some two hundred miles east of South America, not far north of Cape Horn. No trees grow here, but a coarse grass which has enabled the islands to support thousands of sheep. Britain has planted a little town on the Falklands, Port Sydney, and they seem a prosperous place despite their eternal grayness. Here indeed we begin to escape the rigor of the Antarctic.

The land at first glance looks all a faded brown; but it has a vegetation of its own. There are no trees; but there are shrubs three or four feet high, and there are tall and rather beautiful waving grasses which grow sometimes ten feet high, around shallow fresh-water tarns in the middle of the islands. The little town is bright with fuchsias and other hardy blooms. It does a considerable business in ship-repairing, for the ships that have come buffeting their way around Cape Horn, often stop here in sore need of help. The "Government House" is a substantial structure of gray, stone walled and slate roofed; and the other houses are painted white and enclosed in glass porches to catch what little sun there is. Port Stanley has even a British-built cathedral; but upon the whole we must admit that sheep thrive better than men upon the Falkland Isles.

THE PAMPAS AT THE NORTHERN RIVER BOUNDARY OF PATAGONIA

CHAPTER III—SOUTH AMERICA

Patagonia and Southern Argentine

Most of us are accustomed to think of South America as a tropic land, because we approach it from the glowing warmth and the rich vegetation of the West Indies and Central America. If, however, we reach the continent from the south, we not only find at its extreme end the bleak wildernesses of the Antarctic Ocean, but we also find that for two thousand miles or more, we advance northward through a temperate climate not unlike our own. The chief powers, the greatest wealth and the most progressive peoples of South America exist in this temperate region. It contains the great progressive states of Argentine, Chile, and southern Brazil. South America was originally settled by the Spaniards and Portuguese; but in the last half century so many settlers from other European countries have entered these temperate lands, that the whole region begins to assume an appearance and character not unlike that of our own United States. This is even more true of Argentine than of the other South American countries.

Of course we shall see nothing either of culture or of the life of the white races, as we approach Argentine by way of Cape Horn. Here there rise above the stormy southern ocean only the cliffs of a group of rocky islands, including the bold promontory of Cape Horn itself. These are the last peaks of the long mountain range of America before

it sinks beneath the waves. Along the frigid and barren shores of these islands, there still dwell the remnants of a race of Indians, the Yaghans. They are the most southern dwelling people in the world, and among the most primitive of mankind. The only food to be found amid this cold is that which comes from the sea; hence the Yaghans live almost wholly in their light skin canoes. They paddle from bay to bay among the islands hunting for some new bed of shell fish, or some herd of unwary seals. When a dead whale is cast up on the shore, there is a gluttonous tribal feast which lasts for weeks; and everybody gorges to the full.

At night the Yaghans throw up a hasty tent of skins or shelter on the shore; but they have no permanent homes. Fire is their chief treasure. They feed it mainly upon bird dung, and they carry it carefully in their canoes from place to place, because if once lost, the fire is almost impossible of replacement. No Yaghan ever dies of old age; because the food supply is so scanty that in periods of want, the older and less active folk are left to starve. So little indeed has the race advanced in humanity, that if the huge storm billows threaten to overwhelm a canoe, the men throw their women overboard, in order to increase their own chance of safety. So much of the Yaghan life is passed in this paddling about in search of food, that the people have developed broad shoulders and sturdy arms, above little spindly legs which leave them feeble and inactive when on shore. Their only idea of clothes is a loose seal skin which they shift from one side of their bodies to another to shield them from the bitter wind.

North of the barren Cape Horn group of islands which is home to the Yaghans, we come to the large and valuable island of Tierra del Fuego. This is separated from the mainland of the American continent by the long and winding Straits of Magellan. The name Tierra del Fuego means the land of fire, a grimly inappropriate title bestowed upon it by a man who never saw the land. The first Spanish explorers reported to their monarch, the Emperor Charles Fifth, that this region was so covered with mist and rain that it seemed enveloped in smoke, and that every landscape here showed always of the same dull gray. The Emperor objected to the dreariness suggested by such a name as the land of smoke, declaring that where there was smoke there must be fire; and so he changed the name to the startling, crimson, Tierra del Fuego.

On this island we have reached sufficiently far from the Arctic

PATAGONIAN INDIANS

The "Big-Feet" or Patagonians are a large and stalwart folk of ability and intelligence.

cold to find a vegetation. It is mostly of rough grass, well fitted for sheep raising; and the land today is occupied by great herds of sheep owned chiefly by English and Scottish herdsmen who have settled here. It seems a drear country indeed for any one to choose deliberately for settlement, but it is not much more bleak than Scotland. Ranches can here be had for nothing, and they offer a profitable home to the hard pressed, hard toiling north Britons.

There were Indians on Tierra del Fuego when the white men came; but as the white men's sheep crowded out the wild guanaco, a sort of native sheep on which the Indians lived, these Indians, probably with no thought of wrong, began to help themselves from the white herders' flocks. This seemed to the white men manifest robbery, and they began a war of extermination against the Indians. It is said that they even poisoned the whale flesh cast up on the coast, thus destroying the Indians' only other source of food, and causing them to die by hundreds. Today the island is almost wholly "a white man's country."

Few ships today run southward past the Land of Fire and around tempestuous Cape Horn. They pass from ocean to ocean by means of the Straits of Magellan. These, being over two hundred miles north of the Cape, offer a much shorter and warmer as well as less dangerous voyage. They form a strange winding passage like a Norwegian fjord, deep and narrow, with cliffs rising upon either side. They are over two hundred miles long and in one place only a mile wide. Their narrow yawning chasm was very difficult of navigation in the days when ships depended wholly upon sails; but for steamers, they are like a specially built canal. Both shores of the straits belong not to Argentine but to Chile, which claims all the water ways extending inland from the Pacific up to the very edge of the Atlantic Coast.

Midway of the strait upon the northern or mainland shore, there stands a city of some fifteen thousand people, the southmost city of the world. It is called Punta Arenas which in our language would mean Sandy Point; for here alone in all this rockbound region is there a low natural coast and a flat point on which a business city could be erected. Punta Arenas is the commercial center, not only for all the sheep herders from hundreds of miles around, but for all the shipping that comes through the strait. It is a thoroughly modern city, the product of the last two generations, with electric lights, electric cars, moving pictures, and all the other paraphernalia of civilization. Its people are rapidly gathering wealth. They are mostly northern Europeans

who seem to have settled down in complete contentment in their far-off home. The chief sport of the city is ice-skating, which can be enjoyed during practically the entire year, though some enthusiasts complain of missing it during the warmth of December and January.

North of the Straits of Magellan, the Andes rise rapidly to great heights and begin their well known division of South America into two parts. The Pacific slope of the mountains is abrupt, so that the western or Pacific countries are narrow coastlands which rise quickly into a coldly elevated district; but the eastern slope of the Andes is slow, and between

A MULE TRAIN PREPARING TO SCALE THE ANDES

the mountains and the Atlantic there spread vast flat plains, which form the "pampas" or prairies of the temperate regions, on which much farther north we shall find the trackless forests of the tropics. The Atlantic plain stretching northward from Punta Arenas now belongs to Argentine; but until quite recently it was known as No Man's Land, a region too bare and chill to be of any worth, or to be claimed by any of the countries to the north.

This region was named by the early Spanish explorers, Patagonia, which means the land of the big feet. They found upon its shores foot-prints so large that they promptly decided this must be a land of

giants, and named it without ever seeing the people. The Patagonian Indians are indeed a large-bodied folk, though far less terrible than the Spaniards imagined, seldom weighing over two hundred pounds. They represent one of the ablest Indian stocks in America, and it is a pity that they too seem dying out like the wild tribes farther south. The Patagonians are being exterminated, not by warfare with the whites but by the attack of the dread disease consumption, which the white man has brought among them.

The few survivors still present an attractive race, intelligent and vigorous. They are wonderful riders, having learned the use of a horse from the Spaniards, and having devised to accompany it, the "bolo," the odd national weapon with which they hunt. The bolo is a length of rope with small stones or leaden balls on three or more rope-ends. It is not used as a lasso, but is hurled at the legs of the quarry pursued, so that the twining balls cause the rope to tangle itself about the legs of its victim and send him stumbling and crashing to the earth.

Most of the Patagonian plains are too barren to support any form of life, but the region nearest to the foot of the Andes is kept fertile by the mountain streams. Here extends a long chain of marshes or lagoons, which support an amazing and most attractive variety of bird life. This includes the rhea, an odd form of South American ostrich, which roams over wide desert regions. Here too we shall find the guanaco, a native beast somewhat between a sheep and a camel, with long shaggy wool that is very warm. Most of Patagonia is too cold for cattle; but wherever the grass is sufficient, the white men have introduced their sheep herds. The rest of the land is left for the wild Patagonians to roam over in their search for the still wilder guanaco.

The largest river of this region is called the Chubut. Its entire valley has been taken possession of by a Welsh colony. The founders of this came here as early as 1860, determined to have a free home of their own in No Man's Land. Many Welshmen have joined the first comers, and the region has prospered, and developed into a genuine New Wales. Gradually the settlers have spread over hundreds of miles of new land, and have specially settled around Lake Nahuel Huapi, a very beautiful region which lies on the Argentine boundary directly underneath the Andes. This has recently been connected with the coast by railroad, the most southern railway in America; and the region beyond Huapi has been made by Argentine a national park, because of the grandeur of its mountain scenery.

WILD HORSES IN PATAGONIA

The early Spaniards brought their horses to America and from these are descended wild herds which the Indians have learned to capture and ride.

The Welshmen thought they were planting an independent colony; and since Argentine claimed the land the settlers have had much trouble. Taxes have been laid upon them, and military service demanded of them. On the whole, however, they have managed to maintain a comfortable semi-independence; and the civilization which is growing up in Patagonia is almost wholly that of the British Isles.

There is no definite dividing line to separate Patagonia from the more Spanish land of Argentine. In a general way we may say that north of the Rio Negro, which flows into the Atlantic at a latitude about equalling that of New York in the northern hemisphere, the country shows a marked change in character. In this warmer, more northern land of Argentine, the bare plains become covered with the thick grass of the genuine pampas, and the native population becomes more numerous, more civilized and more permanently settled.

We meet here the racial stock which we shall find over most of South America, a mingling of Indian and Spanish blood in ever varying proportion. This mixed stock has bred a virile race, especially when as here it has dwelt amid the wild free life of the great plains. The "gauchos," as these plainsmen are called, are forever on horseback. They are the cowboys or cattlemen of South America. When they are not riding after their herds, they are visiting one another. Even the children ride horses from one lone ranch-house to another many miles away; and to see an Argentine gaucho dancing the native dance, the tango, is a revelation in free and vigorous and yet graceful motion.

This country of vast distances and open air makes the gauchos a sturdy, frank, and hospitable folk, quick to anger, but eager for companionship. They hail the stranger with readiest warmth and real affection. Everything they have will be ours while we are among them, and the surest way to arouse their anger will be to refuse any hospitality they shower upon us. This has its inconveniences. For when it comes to a choice between sleeping in an ill-aired and not always cleanly ranch hut, or lying in the open underneath the wondrous South American sky, most of us would avoid the hut if we could. That will be impossible if we have once clapsed hands with its gaucho owner.

WHERE THE PARANA JOINS THE SILVER RIVER, THE LA PLATA

CHAPTER IV—SOUTH AMERICA

Buenos Aires and Northern Argentine

Let us now approach Argentine in the manner usual among our countrymen, that is by one of the handsome and powerful steamers which run down the Atlantic coast and land at Buenos Aires (bwā′nōs ā′rēs), the capital and metropolis of the republic. North Americans are slow to grasp the importance of this great city. It contains nearly two million people, and is the largest Spanish speaking city in the world, perhaps four times as large as Madrid, the metropolis of Spain. Next to Paris, Buenos Aires is the greatest of all Latin cities, and there are many who declare that they find even Paris less attractive than this gay southern city.

Buenos Aires is certainly as cosmopolitan as Paris. Southern America is a land that is growing so fast that we must be prepared for anomalies here; and one of these is that while Buenos Aires speaks Spanish, it is not a Spanish city. The original semi-Spanish Argentines have been quite overwhelmed by the flood of immigration of the last two generations. In this inrush of new settlers, Italy has figured most largely. In the capital city today there are many more people of Italian than of Spanish race. The languages of these two peoples are so much alike that an Italian immigrant easily adapts himself to the prevailing tongue. Hence Spanish continues the language of Argentine,

though we shall see many advertisements and placards printed also in English. The Britons are numerous here, and so are the other peoples of northern Europe. Most of the newcomers are not visitors; they or their fathers settled here to become Argentinos, and they have rapidly acquired a love of their new land. They not only desire and work for the patriotic improvement of the city and the country; they are actually amalgamating into a new and vigorous race.

The Argentinos expect to be, some day, contestants for leadership in the organization of the world. At present the entire land contains less than ten million people, fully a fifth of whom dwell in Buenos Aires. From this you will realize how largely the city dominates the nation, in much the fashion that we found the large Australian cities dominating their states. Buenos Aires has often been declared the most beautiful city in the world, but this applies to the city itself and its man-made adornments, not to scenic beauty of location.

As our ship approaches the land, we enter a vast and rather shallow bay, the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, one of the great rivers of the world, which carries down to the sea as much water, and half as much again, as does our own Mississippi. Yet this river finds the waiting bay so large, that the down-flowing waters cause little current, and the early Spaniards called this estuary a river of silver, the Rio de la Plata. As we approach the southern shore of this broad estuary, on a plain far spreading and flat, the edge indeed of the great pampas themselves, we see the famous metropolis gradually rise from the waters before us.

The main feature of the Buenos Aires' sky-line is made by the huge grain elevators. These, as in some of our own western cities, overtop everything else; for the Argentine, once only a herders' country, is rapidly becoming one of the foremost of wheat producing lands. Around these elevators, when we leave our steamer, we shall find the docks and warehouses and poorer quarters of the city. She certainly does not put her best appearance forward to attract the stranger. Here along the docks are what are known as the Italian quarters. Most of the Italian immigrants have been very poor, and while the earlier ones went boldly out into the country, and took up the rough farm work, and have fairly established themselves and their children in comfort, the later comers now show a distinct tendency to cling together in the great city, and retain their own tongue. Instead of becoming Argentinos, they accept the position of a laboring class for the other more shrewd or fortunate races.

THE COWBOYS OF ARGENTINE

The gaucho of Argentine is as skilled in handling horses and cattle as are our Western riders.

Only when we escape from the water front to the great avenues of hotels and shops, do we begin to realize the wealth and beauty of Buenos Aires. You will be impressed and perhaps a little awed as an extremely handsome and well kept taxicab drives us up the Avenue de Mayo, which is one of the famous streets of the world. Fifty years ago it was nothing, an empty thoroughfare lined by the old style Spanish houses, the kind that presents a blank wall to the street and keeps all its beauty for a courtyard enclosed within. Now such houses are to be found only in more secluded streets; the Avenue de Mayo is all new, newer than any street in New York or Chicago, and as a whole more handsomely built. There are no sky-scrapers tall enough to rival those of the north; but that is only because all buildings here are subject to the approval of an established commission of architects. These watch that the streets are kept harmonious, so that each one has a general character and dignity of its own. On the Avenue de Mayo, the older Florida Street and other chief thoroughfares, much money is spent on the ornamentation of each new building.

Argentine has been going through a period of rapidly rising wealth; and how better can each man who has been luckily caught up in the golden flood expend his money than in adornment of his home, his office buildings and his city. That is why Buenos Aires is beautiful. It has had more money devoted to its decorations than any other city. The expenditure has been extravagant, often wasteful and marred by political graft; but it has certainly achieved results. Nowhere shall we find better hotels or more gorgeous theatres, a more lavish opera, or gayer places of entertainment than in Buenos Aires.

If one chooses to look to the other side of life there is much that is objectionable here to Northern ladies. The Spanish attitude toward women is not that of the North. Here, it is assumed that any woman who goes forth unprotected invites attention of the rudest sort. The Argentine women are asserting their rights of freedom from masculine rule, as women now are everywhere in the world; but any woman who ventures to walk alone here is constantly addressed most offensively.

The most beautiful of all things in Buenos Aires are its parks. The name of the city means "good airs" or delightful climate, and the title is fully justified. In farthest southern America the constant rains almost flood the lands; but here on the pampas rain is rare, and Buenos Aires seems always sunny, never cold but always cool, with constant winds from across the endless grasslands or the open sea. Hence the

vegetation of the city parks is gorgeous indeed. Geraniums climb fifteen feet or more; sweet peas do not look up to us humbly from around our feet, but nod at us from over the top of ten foot walls. In one park there is a famous rose garden which contains over five thousand different species of rose. This wonderful garden is laid out in streets like a city. Its statues, pergolas, and even its carved benches are made to harmonize with the variety of rose about them. No words could express the beauty of this great garden.

As for trees, the Argentinos have imported the best of every land,

A VILLAGE OF THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS

and all seem to flourish here, though the more tropical palms require careful shelter. These foreign trees are as yet mainly exhibits, except for the Australian eucalyptus, which seems to have adopted the country for its own, and is already spreading out into untrained groves and woods. The native trees are still known by their old Indian names. The timbó tree blossoms in spring, that is in October, into a gorgeous mass of great vermilion flowers. The tipa tree bursts into massed clusters like our wisteria, and many others are also brilliantly flower-laden. There are over sixty Buenos Aires parks a full block in size.

Then the statuary of Buenos Aires! We shall find a statue in

absolutely every available spot. The city seems as crowded with them as with people. Moreover most of the statues are recent, costly, and artistic. In 1910 Argentine celebrated the completion of the first century of her independence from Spain; and almost every country that sought the friendship of the growing nation, even Spain itself, recognized the occasion by presenting the capital with a patriotic statue. Indeed the Spanish monument is particularly noteworthy. A beautiful figure of the angel of victory raised high upon a marble pedestal, rich with many striking scenes and figures. The four chief groups of these typify the four natural sections of Argentine, the Andes, the Pampas, the higher plains, and the tropic river region of the farther north.

These statues suggest one of Buenos Aires' advantages: it is the political as well as the commercial and social center of the nation. The Avenue de Mayo expands at either end into a park; and its vista is closed at one end by the President's mansion, and at the other by the Capitol, the home of Congress. The President's home is a great pile like our White House, but of a pink or rose color and hence called the Casa Rosada, or Rose House. This central region, and perhaps the entire city, displays its greatest beauty at night. Everything is then illuminated with electric lights of every color and size and picture-making design. The House of Congress in particular has its every section outlined and emphasized by rows of light. The parks too share in this fervid flood of color. It is when we sit in one of the Paris-like open air cafés and gaze upon all this and watch the gay and laughing crowds flow by, that we exclaim in admiration that Buenos Aires is the most beautiful of cities. The Argentinos call the people of the capital "keepers of the gate" and the country-dwellers are called "campos" or field folk.

There are other cities of course in Argentine, and these, though overshadowed by the capital, have each a charm and value of their own. Let us take one of the well-appointed river steamers to visit Rosario, the chief river city of the north. The boat is shallow-bottomed, because all the rivers here are full of unexpected mud-flats swiftly formed and swiftly dispersed again. When the La Plata river becomes really a river instead of a bay, it is called the Paraná; and up this we steam two hundred miles or more, finding its current swift and impressive enough now, for it is really the second largest river in the world. The scenery changes as we advance. Instead of the open Pampas we see wheat fields, then carefully tended farms and orchards,

A LOCAL CAPITAL OF THE PAMPAS

Tucuman is just a "cow town," the trade center of north-western Argentine; but it has, like most of these cities, an old Spanish beauty and dignity, and it has its own university and art museum.

and then forests. The central region of South America is still one of the great unknown, unexplored portions of the globe, and the Paraná and all its tributary rivers flow down from this vast hidden region, "out of the unknown into the known."

Most of the river banks are low and marshy; but Rosario stands on a high clay bluff, so that freight steamers can draw up close to its banks and be loaded directly from the huge grain warehouses which form as at Buenos Aires, our first view of the city. It is a thoroughly business town of about a quarter of a million people, almost all of whom are Italians, though they have adopted the Spanish tongue.

The other Argentine cities which we shall find of most interest are Tucuman and Mendoza. Tucuman is the herders' city of the north. Mendoza is the center of the grape-growing, wine-making region of the west. Mendoza, unlike Rosario, is an old-time city which still retains much of its Spanish appearance. It lies six hundred miles to the west of Buenos Aires, directly under the shadow of the Andes. We reach it by the great trans-Andean railroad, which climbs the tremendous mountain barrier between Argentine and Chile. Mendoza has prospered as the trading center of all these highlands; and its citizens are as eager to beautify their city as are those of the capital. Mendoza contains only about fifty thousand people, but its public buildings and its parks would do credit to a city three times that size.

One park in particular has been made by cutting a circular automobile road to wind around and around a steep hill until it reaches the summit. At every point new vistas open over the broad hill and mountain scenery about us. Every curve is beautiful with flower beds; and at the very summit the hill-top has been leveled off and from it there rises a splendid monument, one of the most majestic we shall see anywhere upon our travels. It commemorates General San Martin, the hero of Argentine's war for independence, and his "Army of the Andes," which he led in repeated daring exploits across these terrible mountain passes. Every Argentine city has its statue of San Martin, but this splendid monument is the finest of them all. It displays of course an angel of victory at the top; but at the base San Martin himself, a splendid lifelike figure, rides on his great horse. He seems coming directly out of the stone at the head of his Army of Victory. The figures of his followers are some of them as vivid as his own; others fade into the stone work, and the general impression is as if this heroic band were indeed actually marching forth to reappear on earth among us.

A PATAGONIAN LAGOON

Bird life is nowhere more abundant than in these unpeopled wastes of the far south.

TOCOPILLA, A CHILEAN PORT FOR THE HOT DESERT MINES

CHAPTER V—SOUTH AMERICA

Chile

At Mendoza in Argentine we are on the line of the famous railroad which climbs the Andes into the country of Chile, so that now is our opportunity to see this most prosperous and most powerful of the Pacific nations of America. Since the Andes rise so close to the Pacific, Chile is a very narrow country, the distance sometimes measuring no more than a hundred miles from mountain crest to ocean. To make up for this lack of breadth, Chile is the longest country in the world. It extends twenty-seven hundred miles north and south. If placed along our own Atlantic coast, it would reach from Florida into the far Arctic regions. The railroad from Buenos Aires will land us just about midway of this great length; and here we shall find both Santiago, or Saint James, the inland capital of Chile with half a million people, and Valparaiso, the chief seaport and business city, which almost rivals the capital in size.

Let us first essay the railroad trip across the mountains. If we listen either to Argentine friends along the Atlantic or to Chileans along the Pacific, we shall be well-nigh frightened away from the journey; for these people love to talk excitedly of the terrible effects on both heart and lungs of the sudden ascent to the great altitude of ten thousand feet, which is what the railroad must climb. As a matter of fact

few foreigners note anything except a slight shortness of breath and a throbbing of blood in the head. They are apt to be much more affected by the condition of the cars, which are close-crowded, stuffy, and wholly shut off from air. Fortunately the train stops frequently during the heavy climb, and gives one opportunity to get out and breathe; otherwise the trip might be disastrous indeed.

From the Argentine side, we can see little of the great mountains we are ascending. The climb is gradual. We are shut around by many hills; and the railroad winds its way up narrow and rocky river gorges. At the top of the climb, our train plunges through a three miles tunnel, and emerges in Chile. A score of years ago, before the tunnel was completed, there was no way of crossing here except on foot by a steep path, which still exists and which surmounts the ridge some three thousand feet above the present tunnel. Many tourists and all Argentine patriots still make this trip afoot, leaving the railroad at the tunnel and returning to it again beyond; for this is the famous pass by which San Martin and his army scaled the heights.

As we clamber up the rocky road, we shall find no lack here of wonderful scenery and glorious mountain air. Except for the cleft by which we cross, the mountains here rise to nearly twenty thousand feet; and to the north we can see Mount Aconcagua, the topmost summit of the American world. It is some twenty-three thousand feet high, and is outranked only by the tallest peaks in Central Asia.

As we approach the summit of our lesser climb, we see looming ever larger before us a great and noble monument, which is world famed. It is the "Christ of the Andes." We should scarce think that men would care to war over the ownership of these bare and desolate heights, where no man lives. Yet there was for years a dispute between Argentine and Chile as to just where among these mountains their boundary line should be drawn. Several times they almost came to actual battle; but at length they agreed to let a king of Britain arbitrate their claims. Pleased with the result, they mutually pledged themselves against any future war together; and they raised here upon the boundary this gigantic figure of the Christ upholding his cross, as a reminder to both nations to preserve the peace. Towering in this wild and lifeless region, the great benign figure is impressive indeed.

Down the far steeper slope of the mountains into Chile our train carries us at a rattling pace. It is almost as though we were coasting the entire way, on a rather rickety bob-sled with a rather reckless

MARKET DAY IN CHILE

This town of Chillan is a typical Chilean cattle-town where all the populace gather on each market day.

steersman. You will feel relieved when we reach Santiago, the Chilean capital, and are safely established in one of its excellent hotels.

In this thread-like three thousand miles of Chilean coast, you will not expect to find always the same climate. As a matter of fact there are really three wholly separate lands in Chile; and only one of them is practically habitable. That is this central region which is well-watered and fertile and has a charming climate. Its people are fond of calling it the California of the South. Here lie Santiago and the other chief cities, and here nine tenths of the Chilean people dwell.

We have already seen something of the southern region which extends from here to Cape Horn, over a thousand miles to the south. Southern Chile is a cold and dismal land in which, as the Chileans say, it "rains thirteen months in the year, and men grow web-footed." The Straits of Magellan form a typical fjord of this region of submerged mountains and steep, wind-beaten cliffs. The land is cut by thousands of deep and narrow water channels, and thousands of rugged islands hide the main coast with their bewildering confusion. The mountain bases are so thickly covered with trees and vines, that the woods are as difficult to march through as a tropic forest; but a few thousand feet above the sea all vegetation ceases, because of the cold. Above this the stark rocks rise in grim and awful nakedness.

No one knows all the channels and islands here, except the Indians who dwell among them. These are the Araucanians, a strong and sturdy stock who seem to have outlived all the diseases and disasters which befall the dark races from contact with the whites. The Araucanians were the inhabitants of Chile before the Spaniards came, and the Chilean of today is himself much more Araucanian than Spanish. The Spaniards never penetrated into the far southern end of the land to harry the Indians, and these still speak their Araucanian tongue. They are now, however, in constant touch with the half-Spanish Chileans farther north. The Indians take part in Chile's government; and they sell their stocks and farm produce to their northern neighbors.

The far northern section of Chile is just the reverse of this cold and rain-soaked southern land, and is equally uncomfortable. The north end of Chile reaches well into the tropics, and is hot and rainless. Here a barren stretch of desert extends onward for several hundred miles into the next northern country, Peru, and constitutes one of the longest, cruelest desert stretches in the world. Probably no desert is absolutely rainless; but rain in this Chilean region is so rare, and so

scattered, that many sections do not get a drop of rain for years. Then there may come a brief pelting storm from some cloud that lost its way upon the ocean; and then the rainless years will recommence. So dry is it, and so glaring is the sun, that the earth cracks open for considerable depths, and exposes old salt deposits buried here in some different era.

Both Indians and Spaniards long shunned this desolate region with horror; and you can imagine how little any government cared about its ownership. Then our modern chemists discovered that the salt deposits were some of them almost pure borax, while others were pure

AN ARAUCANIAN INDIAN GOVERNOR AND HIS STAFF

nitrate of soda. Both of these salts are valuable commercially, especially the nitrates, which are used both as fertilizers and as an ingredient in gun powder and other high explosives. The result of the discovery was that both Chile and Peru claimed the nitrate region. They fought a war for its possession, in which Chile was signally victorious. That was nearly fifty years ago; but because of it the Chileans still pride themselves on being the chief Power among South America's Pacific States. Chile placed the development of her salt fields almost wholly in the hands of European managers. Then the World War brought nitrates into great demand, and the Chilean government became rich.

Hence Chile does not need to lay taxes upon her people. They are in the unique position among nations of having a government which supports itself and has even an excess of wealth. This results in rather reckless expenditure and the building of public improvements for which there is little need. It results also in much discontent among the native population, especially those who are almost wholly of Indian blood and get no share in the country's wealth, except by laboring hard in the salt mines. Moreover, the nitrate deposits are by no means inexhaustible. Already their ending seems in sight, and both government and people will then have a reckoning to pay.

It may interest us to visit Iquique (ē kē′kā), the chief port of the salt mines; and we must certainly visit Arica, for here was fought the chief battle of the war with Peru, the contest which South America calls the Peruvian Waterloo. Just outside of Arica there rises on the shore a five hundred foot cliff called El Morro, which means the fortress. The Peruvian fortifications here may still be traced, and one may find upon the field the buttons and brasses of old uniforms. When the Peruvian general saw that defeat was certain, rather than surrender, he rode his horse to the edge of El Morro's cliff and leaped into the sea. Iquique, a city of some forty thousand people, is built obviously and solely for the business of shipping nitrates. Everything for supporting life must be brought here from afar, just as it must be brought into the desert lands beyond. Even water is shipped here in great tank steamers, and then carried into the desert in smaller tanks by the railroads. Every particle of the workmen's food, every green thing, every flower, is brought here to play its momentary part—and disappear. Man is here matched against the desert, and man has won the victory! But Iquique is not a pleasant town for an abode.

If we travel back into the mining settlements themselves, the "oficinas" as they are called, the life there seems even more hard and drear. On each oficina a manager and his assistants direct the labor of some four hundred natives who generally do not want to work, but who have contracted to do so, and are kept under strictest discipline. No extra persons are allowed in camp, and each settlement consists of a long row of desolate looking huts set down upon the bare sand. The huts have hot corrugated iron roofs; and since there is no rain no glass is put in the windows. Thus the air can at least blow through; but with it comes the sand, drifting over everything and into everything, so that not even the water or the food escapes. The companies pay men high

SANTIAGO, THE CHILEAN METROPOLIS
Above the city rises the park of Santa Lucia, and above this, the snow-clad mountains.

wages indeed to work in this blank and baking desert of northern Chile. In the rainy region of Southern Chile, government officials are not only paid high salaries, but each one is given six months vacation every year upon full salary. Thus he can get back to Central Chile, and get thawed out.

You will see therefore why most of our stay in this southern land will be spent in the intermediate region of Central Chile, which the original explorers called "the Vale of Paradise." That name is now limited to the chief seaport, Valparaiso, but the title is not unfitted to the whole charming region. In Santiago you will feel it specially appropriate. Valparaiso is just a big seaport where people devote themselves to the rush of modern affairs. The Chileans are fond of calling themselves the Yankees of South America; and when they say this they think of Valparaiso.

Santiago, however, is another story. It is only a capital and not a business city. The concentrated life which we saw in Buenos Aires is here divided between two cities, and Santiago gathers to itself the more formal, aristocratic and social part of the nation. It has been called "the city of a hundred families," since most of its wealth and aristocracy is found within this limit. The city retains much of the old Spanish air of grace and dignity. Its life still centers around its old town square or Plaza des Armas. Here every evening the young ladies, with an occasional duenna, stroll up and down one side of the square, while the young gentlemen stroll upon the other; and many a burning look is shot across. The beauty of the city depends upon its natural surroundings. It lies in the center of a long and narrow valley, with tall mountains, many of them snow-capped, enclosing the vale on every side. The play of morning and evening light upon these distant heights is exquisite beyond words, and every mountain forms a different picture.

In the very center of the otherwise level city there rises an abrupt hill, Santa Lucia, which has been turned into a park. It is quite unrivalled among such beauty spots, for Santiago has devoted a century to decorating it. There are formal beauties of statues and great gateways and broad flights of steps that lead to the restaurant upon the summit; but the main charm of the park depends upon its steep hillside walks. These are so overlaid with trellises and overgrown with vines that we walk everywhere through a green tunnel; and wherever we part the leaves and look out, we catch a new view of the gay city underneath and of the calm and distant mountains.

ANTOFAGASTA, THE PORT FOR BOLIVIA'S CHIEF RAILWAY

CHAPTER VI—SOUTH AMERICA

Bolivia

Our journey now is to be to the roof of the new world, the high central table-land which corresponds to Asia's table-land of Thibet in the midst of the Himalayas. On our continent this "roof" is Bolivia. It is as high as that of Asia though surrounded by mountains not quite so lofty as the Himalayas; and the American roof is larger than Tibet, more populous, more beautiful, and far more civilized. It is named after Bolívar, the chief leader of the general revolution by which all the South American Republics secured their freedom from Spanish rule. That revolution began in the Bolivian mountains, and the patriots here were the first to suffer the punishments of Spain; but here also was fought the final great battle of Ayacucho, by which the freedom of all the republics was accomplished. The chief city of Bolivia is called La Paz, which means "the peace," or more fully La Paz de Ayacucho.

To reach this mountain city of "Peace," which is the highest capital in the world, we shall have to journey by railroad from some port in Chile or Peru; for Bolivia has no sea-coast of its own. It is wholly an inland state, and has had to pay its neighbor republics for building the railroads which climb from the Pacific to its mountain heights. Bolivia had a sea-coast until that war for the nitrate deposits of Chile some half century ago. Much of the nitrate desert coast had been

claimed by Bolivia, and it was she who began the war against Chilean aggression. Peru was also drawn into the contest by her claims, and became Bolivia's ally. Both of them were completely defeated by Chile, so that today our climb into Bolivia must start from a Chilean seaport. The commercial needs of Bolivia have made this seaport, Antofagasta, a prosperous railroad town.

The coast here is abrupt and the Pacific not far off shore reaches to one of its main "deeps," its bottom being more than twenty thousand feet, or four miles, below the surface. As the mountain peaks of Bolivia rise more than the same distance above the ocean, we are facing here the greatest inequality of the earth's surface, the largest of all the wrinkles which lend expression to an otherwise perfectly rounded sphere.

As both Argentine and Chile are countries often visited, the mountain railroad over the Andes between them has become widely exploited as an amazing engineering feat. Yet the little mountain railroads which scale the Bolivian Andes climb to much greater heights and do so in a shorter space. It is an amazing trip indeed by which we mount in a few hours from the tropic furnace of Chile's nitrate desert, to the cold peace and high invigorating air of the Bolivian plateau. We are well within the Southern tropics here, but we are thirteen thousand feet up and so in the midst of an eternal winter. The plateau is enclosed between two parallel ranges of the Andes. The Pacific range which traverses the entire ocean border of the continent, is here more than matched by an inner even loftier range known as the Cordillera Real or "ridge royal." To reach the plateau between these, our railroad surmounts the coast range by a pass some fourteen thousand feet in height.

At the summit we find ourselves in southern Bolivia, not far from Potosi, the highest ancient city in the world. Mount Potosi is supposed to be the richest of silver mines; and, though its vast deposits are but crudely worked, it is the main source of income to the Bolivian government and people. The mines have been known for uncounted centuries, and the first Spanish conquerors established themselves here at the source of wealth. The Potosi of their day is said to have been the richest, gayest, and fiercest of all cities; but that time is long past, and the town is a peaceful spot today, notable chiefly for its fine old Spanish mansions and churches. When a wealthy old Spaniard felt remorse he usually built a church; so that handsome churches, amazingly large for such a barren land, are found in every town of Bolivia.

To reach the larger city of La Paz, our train must carry us hundreds

THE BURDEN-BEARERS OF BOLIVIA

Llamas serve as packhorses in Potosi and the other Bolivian towns. The people live outdoors in the sunshine all they can.

of miles northward. At this great height, Bolivia is of course a treeless land. It has no natural vegetation except coarse grass and a few hardy shrubs. Consider what this means as a hindrance to civilization! There is no wood whatever on the Bolivian plateau, except such as is carried thither over long distances and at heavy expense. Imagine a land where every stick of wood must be paid for at a tremendous price. The rough packing cases in which merchandise is shipped to La Paz from foreign countries are used to make coffins, which are regarded as luxuries to be enjoyed only by the wealthier classes. There is no such thing as a wood fire anywhere in the capital. Indeed there are no fires whatever in Bolivia, except tiny ones for cooking, which are kept alive with dung. Oil stoves are now imported by a few of the wealthier folk, but as a race the Bolivians live without any form of artificial heat. Their houses do not even have chimneys. The small cooking fires are allowed to blacken the walls of the poorer houses and the smoke must find its way out of the door as best it may.

The Bolivians, perhaps making a virtue out of necessity, disapprove of fires. They declare that such warmth weakens the lungs, and leads to all sorts of pulmonary diseases. It must be admitted that these mountaineers are a rugged race and seem to suffer very little from the constant cold. The huts of the country villagers which we pass in our train are mere hovels of clay or stone, windowless, and with only a narrow carefully sheltered doorway. They are built to protect the people from the terrific mountain wind and rain; but in fair weather a Bolivian house is much colder in the day-time than the sunny world outside. A Bolivian wraps himself in his cloak when he goes into a house, and takes it off when he comes outside.

That is not the only thing which we shall find made topsy-turvy by the bleak climate of this high land. Its towns are built not upon hillsides, for the breeze and view, but snuggled in deep gorges for shelter. You will appreciate this better when once we have seen a Bolivian thunderstorm. Even its gathering is terrific. Generally there are no clouds here. We are far above the region of clouds; they lie beneath us clinging to the lower mountain slopes. When clouds do gather they are very black and dense, and they hug close to the higher mountains as if actually resting on these for support. Electricity gathers in the clouds until sometimes they become luminous; a glow spreads all through them with its threat of fire. Then a tremendous wind sweeps the black cloud-mass from its mountain anchorage, and it surges across

the plain with a terrific bombardment of electric bolts. They stagger us, and dazzle us. We do not hear separate bursts of noise; the thunder-roar is continuous and tremendous. The very ground beneath our feet crackles and glitters with electricity. When the rain comes down in a solid all-enveloping sheet, it comes as a relief from the nerve-racking dryness of the electric air.

La Paz, a city of perhaps a hundred thousand people, lies completely hidden in a gorge of its own. If, at a few miles distance, one of our fellow passengers tells us we are approaching the city, we shall

THE PALACE OF BOLIVIA'S CONGRESS IN LA PAZ

look around in amazement. We see nothing but the bare and empty plain. Then suddenly we find ourselves on the edge of a precipice; and looking down we see the city spread map-like a thousand feet below us. An electric railway takes us in abrupt winding curves down the side of the steep cliffs into the attractive looking town. La Paz has many trees, deliberately planted there and able to maintain themselves even at this high altitude because of the sheltered position of the city.

To the native Indians, the city with all its greenery seems a miracle. They do not seek to understand; they worship it. Indeed, if you will

pause to understand these people whom we see around us in the streets, you will realize that Bolivia, though nominally a republic, is really an oligarchy, a country ruled by its aristocracy. Many generations must pass before it can be really democratic. The majority of the people are of pure Indian blood, most of them the Aymará Indians. They were ruled over by the Peruvian Incas or Emperors before the Spaniards came, and they have been ruled by somebody ever since. They are shy of white folks, and if they must address us, they will call us "Tata," father, and be completely obedient and submissive. They are intelligent in small things, but possess little adaptability for progress. Few of them ever learn the Spanish language; and they can neither read nor write. Indeed, printed matter is here so rare that it is carried free by the Bolivian mails.

Outside of the Indians, most of the two million dwellers in Bolivia are half-breeds or mestizos, who in Bolivia are called "Chilos." While they are part Spaniard and part Indian in origin, they have become a race by themselves, wholly separate from the Indians and seldom mixing with them. The Chilos are an energetic and able people, who constitute the shop-keepers, policemen, and better farmers of the country. It is they who fill La Paz with smiles and brightness. They dress in gay colors and their women, as in Tibet, are generally entrusted with the family business and wealth. Every Chilo man wears a high felt hat with curling brim which he proudly imagines is a stamp of civilization. The Chilo women often wear these hats also, but a Chilo woman wins chief respect by the number of her petticoats. Some wear as many as twenty of these, each petticoat substantial and space occupying. The result is sometimes amazing.

The remainder of Bolivia's two million people, considerably less than ten percent of the whole, are the aristocracy, the whites who are mainly or wholly of Spanish descent. The law of Bolivia restricts voting to men who possess either education or property. Hence none of the Indians, and not too many of the Chilos, can vote at all; the government is wholly in the hands of the whites. These offer education to their people, but the Chilos are too busy to study, and the Indians are wholly incapable of it. The latter race still follow their traditions of five hundred years ago; and we can purchase in the market of La Paz drawings made on the spot by an Indian, which represent by lines scarce comprehensible to us, scenes drawn from ancient legends of his race.

LA PAZ

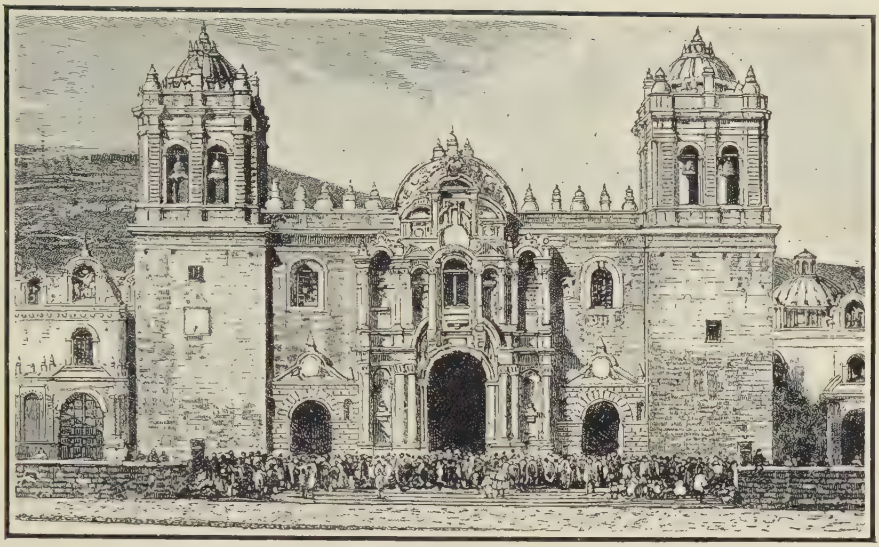
Courtesy of Thos. Cook & Son

A main street and car line in La Paz, where the mountain heights fill every background.

Next to La Paz in importance among the cities of Bolivia is Sucre (soó kră). This was the center of Spanish government in the land before the revolution, and it still remains in some nominal way the capital. It is however, far removed from railroad connection with the outer world. Hence all business is done in La Paz, the foreign legations are established there, and the Congress holds its meetings there. Sucre does not lie on the main plateau but in eastern Bolivia, part way down the series of terraces by which the Andes descend to the vast tropical forests which spread for thousands of miles across Brazil to the Atlantic Ocean. All of the Andes countries lay claim to some portion of this forest world beneath the eastern mountains; but as most of it is a vast dense jungle which has never even been explored, the boundary lines by which one land is divided from another are here wholly theoretical.

To reach Sucre from La Paz, we shall have to journey by the primitive means which are as old as history. Mules are sometimes used by distinguished personages; but most of the travel is on foot. The baggage is carried by llamas, those often pictured animals of the Andes. The llama is scarcely larger than a sheep, but has somewhat the head and appearance of a camel. His cousin, the shaggy guanaco, we have already seen in Patagonia; and the two have also here another cousin, the vicuna. The latter is never shown in our zoos, because like the yak of Tibet, it dies when brought to lower lands. The vicuna is never used as a beast of burden; it is too much treasured for its wool, which is known throughout the world for its softness and warmth.

The journey to Sucre by this primitive means would take many days. You surely will not care to undertake the trip. There are no hotels here; but the government has established inns or stations all along the route, at which we can sleep and eat if we have the hardihood to do so. These inns are used and intended for the traders who carry the produce of Sucre up to the table-land for sale. They are mere hovels, such as the peasants use, and they contain many unpleasant inhabitants, such as rats, tarantulas, flying cockroaches, scorpions, flees, bugs, lice and native porters. A Bolivian Indian never washes. In warm weather or at low altitudes he strips himself entirely of clothes, and the rain may wash him if it will. On the table-land he wraps himself in all the cloaks and skins he can gather, and never takes them off. Without a hide like his, a night in one of these native inns would be absolutely unendurable.



THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF CUZCO

CHAPTER VII—SOUTH AMERICA

Peru, the Land of the Incas

Bolivia does not possess the whole of the great Andean table-land. This extends north for several hundred miles, so that almost half of it, the less elevated half, lies north of the Bolivian boundary and forms the Highlands of Peru. This northern, warmer, and more fertile portion of the mountains was the chief center of that remarkable Inca empire which ruled over all the more habitable part of the Andean lands. So well-organized and kindly was the wise government of these Inca rulers that it has often been said that the Spaniards destroyed a far better civilization than their own. The Indians of both Bolivia and Peru look back to the Inca days as a sort of golden age. The present Indian race has sadly degenerated in character through the centuries of oppression which they suffered at Spanish hands; so that we must judge of the Incas, not from their descendants of today, but from the mighty ruins and other relics of civilization which still lie scattered over all these mountain lands.

From La Paz a short railroad journey brings us to Lake Titicaca, which lies on the Peruvian boundary, but with much its larger portion in Peru. This mountain lake is the highest large body of water in the world. It is as big as our own Lake Erie, yet it lies twelve thousand feet above sea level, and is itself almost a thousand feet in depth.

Titicaca is today only a remnant of a far larger sea which must once have filled this giant bowl within the hollow of the mountain tops. The lake seems now to have reached an exact balance between the many streams which flow down to it from the snow-capped mountains and the Desaguadero River which flows away from it toward southern Bolivia. So rapid is evaporation in this high dry sunshine that though the Desaguadero begins its course as a large and rapid river, it gradually lessens and at last fades away into a marsh, which the natives call Lake Poopo. This hardly varies in size from year to year, but its waters are rapidly becoming so salt from evaporation, that we can see here in process of creation just such a great salt bed as we saw in the treasured Chilean nitrate deposits.

A steamer will take us across Lake Titicaca, a steamer every smallest portion of which had to be carried up from the far-off ocean by the little, puffing Peruvian trains. Now the steamer will carry us, in a very comfortable cabin, along the narrow twisting channels of the southern end of the lake, and so out into the broad Peruvian portion. There we shall pass completely out of sight of land, except that in particularly clear weather we can always see the snowy summits of the two great guardian mountains of the Lake, Illampu and Sorata.

On this journey, we shall wish to stop first at Tiahuanaco. This is a mere ruin now, but local scholars call it "the oldest city in the world." The phrase is fantastic for no man knows the city's age; but it was already a ruin when the Incas rose to power. It was the home of men who built huge structures of enormous stones, and who decorated these with deeply carven geometrical designs and inscriptions. They erected also tall stone monoliths, pillars skillfully carved to suggest a giant human form, grim featured and solemn. If not the oldest city in the world, Tiahuanaco is at least the oldest known city of South America.

Let us stop at two large islands in the lake, Coati, the Island of the Moon, and Titicaca, the Island of the Sun. These were the sacred places of the Incas, and traces of stately temples may still be seen. This lake has been well called the "Galilee of the Incas;" for all of their earliest religious traditions were associated with it. They taught that these two islands were the home of the earliest man and woman, the Adam and Eve of their race; and that from here there came forth, at a period which would be about our year 1000, their first religious leader, Manco Capac. He was a holy man born of a virgin; and he and his sister taught the people all the arts of peace and ruled over them so

CUZCO'S SQUARE OF THE CABILDO

This ancient capital of the Incas is still chiefly inhabited by Indians and retains many such memorials as this quaint Indian statue.

wisely that the Incas kept his descendants as Emperors until the coming of the Spaniards. Moreover the Indians believe that the race of Manco Capac will one day come again to create for them a perfect kingdom. All of the Indians here are followers of Christianity today, but this does not prevent them from remembering and whispering to one another many of the old Inca beliefs. This is especially true as we go onward into Peru where the natives are mainly of the Quechua (kã choo′ă) tribe, direct descendants of the Inca race.

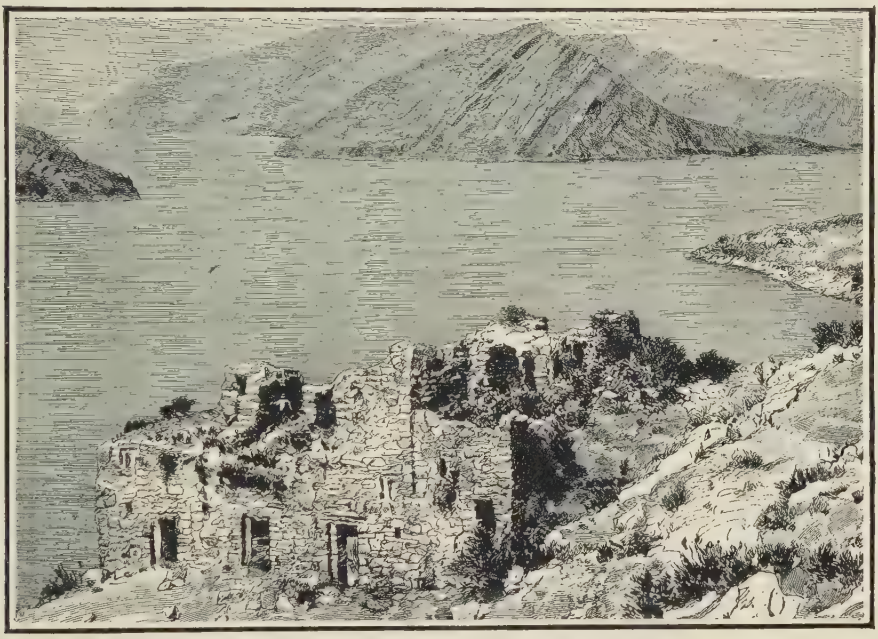
One queer art which the natives still retain from Inca days is that of weaving boats from the tall tutu reeds which grow along Titicaca's shores. This reed is in fact used for almost every purpose. It roofs the houses, is woven into mats and cloaks, and feeds the llamas. The boats made of it are wholly water-tight; but gradually the water soaks into the tissue of the reed, and the boat becomes water-logged and must be laid up on shore to dry out in the sun. Many of these queer, almost circular, craft pass us upon Lake Titicaca.

The chief Inca capital was at Cuzco, over a hundred miles north of the lake. The roughly paved roads of the Incas may still be traced along much of this route. These roads connected all their lesser cities with their capital. Cuzco remains today one of the chief Peruvian towns; but the old Inca temples were long since torn down and their stones used for building the old convents and churches which have now for over three centuries replaced the Inca shrines. In a few places we may still trace Inca palaces by their foundation walls of great stones so heavy the Spaniards could not overthrow them; but upon the whole Cuzco is today just a quaint and dignified old Spanish town. There are more ancient remains to be seen outside the city than within its limits. The oldest and most noted of these remnants is a remarkable fortress known as Sacsahuaman, which rises high upon a monutain overlooking the city.

This fortress is often reckoned among the chief wonders of the world. It is not an Inca structure, but of far earlier date, perhaps erected by the builders of Tiahuanaco; for like the latter, Sacsahuaman is built of massive stones sometimes twenty feet in height and weighing many tons. Ancient though it is, it was the work of some people with considerable knowledge of the art of fortification. There are three huge defensive walls set one within another, and the walls stand at various angles or salients, so that each front is commanded and guarded from attack by another. An old Inca scholar of the early Spanish days tells

us of this fortress as having been a wonder to his people and speaks with amazement of these mighty stones cut in all sorts of shapes, yet fitted so exactly that "one could not thrust a knife between the joints of stone." The phrase has become traditional, and is often repeated now by those who gaze upon the mighty ruins; but alas it is no longer literally true. The crumbling stones gape wide in many spots. Even these sturdy ancients could not build for all eternity.

There are many Inca ruins remaining in less public spots than Cuzco. The most noted of these today are at Machu Picchu, a site recently



LAKE TITICACA WITH THE TEMPLE RUINS OF COATI ISLAND

unearthed and investigated by a United States scientific expedition from Yale. This expedition labored until under its direction the entire city of Machu Picchu has been laid bare. It seems to have been one of the earliest Inca cities, erected at a time when these people were still upon the defensive against other Indian races. It was built on the steepest summit of a steep mountain ridge, and looks down from sheer precipices to the Urubamba River, which flows in a gorge hundreds of feet beneath. The city was all of stone and could only be approached by narrow paths of masonry winding up the mountain side. On these an attacking foe would have been fully exposed to view, and also to complete destruction

from the walls above. Even today, the city would be almost impregnable. Its streets on this high peak were mainly stairways, and it rose terrace above terrace to a beautiful little temple on the summit of the "sacred hill." This enclosed the stone sun-dial which is typical of all Inca worship.

It was natural that a people living on these bleak heights should set tremendous value upon sunshine; and it is quite clear that the Incas worshipped the sun, not as a god itself, but only as the symbol and servant of the Almighty Power behind it. When the Incas extended their conquests to the coasts, they found the main resistance rose from their enemies' antagonism to sun-worship. A native of the parched and burning coast plains knew the sun as a power of destruction, and so feared the Incas chiefly as "the children of the sun." The symbol of worship in the center of each Inca city was a sun-dial.

Among all the Quechua tribes today there still remains a curious Inca custom. As their land is to the south of the equator, June 21st, on which the sun swings farthest north, is their shortest, or mid-winter, day. On that night the old Inca priests lit fires everywhere to lure the sun to return to them. Today from a thousand mountain heights the coaxing fires still leap up on that one night. They flame mysteriously until the sun returns at dawn. No Indian will admit that he had part in gathering wood or feeding the flame; for this is not a Christian ceremony. Yet the yearly fires have never failed through all the centuries.

Even more wonderful than the high, stone-built city of Machu Picchu are the other Inca relics through all the Urubamba valley. This river flows north from near Cuzco, and passes through the beautiful valley of Yucay, a truly wonderful scenic region with a delightful climate. It seems to have been the chief summer home of the Inca rulers. As a race, the Incas must have appreciated beauty deeply; yet they appreciated practical values also. The Urubamba valley must have supported a very large population; and to support these the Incas had invented a most elaborate engineering work of artificial irrigation. The river which seems now to run in such wild abandon is found on closer search to be shut in many places between artificial walls, which curb its current even yet. The slopes of the mountains are terraced so as to make level fields for crops. Moreover in many places this terracing is carried, as in the most over-crowded and civilized parts of China, to the very summit of the mountain, rising through thirty or forty

A CUZCO REMNANT OF THE INCAS

Courtesy of Thos. Cook & Son

Tradition says that this was the original palace of Manco Capac, founder of the Inca Empire.

stages. There is not an inch of space through all this wild and desolated valley but was once made subject to scientific farming.

The Incas used not only artificial sun terraces and artificial irrigation, but artificial fertilizers mixed with their man-made soil. The potato seems to have originated among these Peruvian highlands and to have spread thence over the rest of America and then over Europe. Several different kinds of corn or maize and other foods were also developed here by these early experimental gardeners.

As to the social system established by the Incas, one of their conquerors himself wrote home in contrition to the Spanish Emperor: "In all the land neither a thief, nor a vicious man, nor a bad woman was known. The men all had fair and profitable employment. The woods and mines and all sorts of property were so divided that each man knew what belonged to him, and there were no lawsuits. An Indian with a thousand pieces of gold and silver in his house, left it open, only placing a little stick across the door as the sign that the master was away; and nobody would go in."

Under Spanish slavery these people lost most of their culture. The Quechua Indian today has many excellent qualities of faithfulness and endurance; but he is wholly mastered by strong drink. He will swallow all the aguardiente he can possibly obtain. The race seems to shrivel early and die young. This is largely the result of the chewing of coca leaves from which they absorb cocaine. The coca shrub is of course a plant wholly different from the cocoa tree. The coca leaves act temporarily as a powerful stimulant. When a native is set to work in the mines or travels a long distance, he will surprise you by the amount of energy and endurance which he draws from his apparently feeble frame. But while he toils, he will eat scarcely anything at all. He is subsisting on his constant chewing of cocaine.

The Indians seem to have no other want than these leaves—they seek no other treasure. If a native has a cocaine supply for a year ahead, he is accounted rich and wholly above the need of labor. There is as little present possibility of making self governing individuals of these Quechuas as of the Indians of Bolivia. No genuine democracy is yet possible in Peru.

SAN MATEO, A TYPICAL PERUVIAN VILLAGE NEAR LIMA

CHAPTER VIII—SOUTH AMERICA

The Coast Lands of Peru

The modern civilization of Peru centers not upon the highlands, but upon the coast region. This in a general way resembles the coast of Chile. In most places it is a desert of sand and its nearness to the equator makes it at times even hotter than Chile. There are stretches of the Peruvian coast whereon a shipwrecked mariner might die of thirst or starvation long before he could find any trace of food or water or place of human habitation. There are scarcely even any harbors along the coast. When the steamer in which we voyage north from Chile does sight a town, this presents itself as a mere bleak village of iron-roofed sheds and store houses from which a tiny railroad runs back to the habitable interior.

At each so-called port, the steamer must anchor a mile or more off shore in the open ocean, and the cargo is carried to the land in small boats, skillfully steered across the gigantic billows which seem wild enough at sea, but which break in tremendous surf upon the beach. Even passengers are seldom trusted to descend from a steamer into a shore boat upon this rolling ocean; they are lowered in large iron cages which open at the proper moment and set the passenger free in the waiting boat. The boatmen and indeed almost all the people one meets in these coast ports are of the half breed or mestizo type, like

the Chilos of Bolivia. Their lives here seem mainly a struggle against the desert dust, which penetrates everywhere and covers everything. We shall flee as fast as we may from every ordinary Peruvian seaport.

As for all the bare stretches between these ports, their only occupants are the thousands of sea-birds which rise like great clouds into the sky when anyone passes near. These are even more numerous on the occasional uninhabited rocky islands off the coast; indeed, their breeding has become one of the large industries of Peru. The birds are not valued for their flesh or feathers or eggs, but for their dung, which is known as guano. It is a very valuable fertilizer, because it is rich in nitrogen, one of the most difficult of all nature's elements to capture, and one of the most essential to vegetable growth.

The Incas knew the value of this guano and used it on their fields; but later generations forgot about it until its use was again re-established about the middle of the last century. By that time there had gathered along the Peruvian coast, through several centuries of quiet, many huge deposits of guano, sometimes a hundred feet in thickness. Only under the peculiar conditions of Peru could this material have been preserved. Rain would have swept it into the sea; vegetation would have dissipated it; animal life would have driven away the birds. They seek this shore because of its solitude and the mass of fish life in the warm and quiet sea.

Hence the guano had accumulated, until suddenly its worth was recognized, and the Peruvian government began selling it in vast quantities to any one who would buy. For a time there was such wealth here for Peru as the nitrate deposits have since brought to Chile; but the stock of guano was soon exhausted, and the country sank back into a poverty the more bitter because of the recent prosperity. Today the guano industry has been re-begun upon the much smaller but more lasting basis of the yearly deposit of the birds. These are now carefully protected in their possession of the coast. All forms of sea-birds are alike called guanays by the Peruvians, as they are valued only for the guano. The chief birds in the vast flocks here are really the white breasted cormorants, and the pelicans common to our own southern shores.

Along most of the Peruvian coast an extra range of mountains, known as the Coastal Range, stands close to the sea, and the Andes rise behind these, with broad valleys between. These valleys are the chief centers of Peruvian life. They have scarcely any more rain than the coast, but the snow-fed rivers which flow down to them from the Andes furnish plenty of water for irrigation. Over all this land the

THE HARVARD OBSERVATORY AT AYACUCHO

Behind this great modern scientific observatory rises ancient Misti, the celebrated Peruvian volcanic mountain.

Incas once maintained wide-spread irrigation works. These were buried or destroyed during the centuries of Spanish misrule; but of late years engineers have in many places recognized where such irrigation works would probably lie, and have been able to clear away the sand and actually discover, and easily re-establish, the ancient systems. Thus the Peruvian valleys are again blossoming today from the work long since invented by the Incas.

The largest example of the way the farms of Peru are thus dependent on its rivers, is to be seen in northern Peru where the city of Payta is the chief center of the Piura River district. The Piura is a large river which flows for some hundred miles through an extensive valley. Each spring-time it comes down in flood and extends its muddy waters over the land, as the Nile does in Egypt. The natives watch for this rise of the river as the main event of the year. The spring-time greeting given to every passing stranger is, "Where is the river today?" As the slowly advancing, wide-spreading flood comes down the valley, the people of each district go forth in procession to meet it. They hail it with religious blessings and joyous ceremonies, and accompany it downward through their town, to pass it on to the next waiting procession below. Cotton is grown here; and the Piura River cotton is known to dealers everywhere as a variety which possesses unusual value because of the length and softness of its fiber.

There is just one good harbor along the thousand miles of Peruvian coast. This is at Callao, where an actual deep-water bay with the shelter of surrounding hills opens into the land. Callao has thus become the chief seaport of the nation, a town of some forty thousand people; and the Peruvian capital of Lima (lē′mă), with two hundred thousand people, lies only seven miles inland from Callao. Lima is in a valley; but even the bottom of this valley rises some five hundred feet above the sea-shore, and Lima though in a tropic land has never an uncomfortably heated climate.

This capital city, comparatively small though it may be, is very definitely the center of modern Peruvian civilization. There is no great wealth in Peru, such as enables all the rich Argentinos to concentrate in Buenos Aires. A Peruvian must live where he can support himself; but it is the dream of every white and mestizo in the land to make a visit some day to Lima. Then, having visited it, each one begins to dream of dwelling there. Historically Lima is the most noted of all South American cities, for it was here that the Spanish conquerors set up their

capital. From Lima they ruled the rest of South America throughout their era. Pizarro, the first conqueror of the Incas, is buried in the cathedral of Lima. His withered remains are enclosed in a glass coffin and raised upon a pedestal for all visitors to see.

Pizarro conquered the empire by treachery. The Inca ruler Atahualpa came to visit the strangers with but a few attendants. The Spaniards made him prisoner and ruled the empire in his name. Atahualpa offered to fill his prison room with gold, if his foes would set him free. The offer was accepted, and the Inca people piled up in this room

THE BANKS OF THE RIMAC IN LIMA

a ransom which has been reckoned as representing about twenty-five million dollars worth of gold at modern prices. It would have had at least a dozen times that value in Pizarro's day, and so was the hugest ransom ever paid by any man. When the store was complete, Pizarro had the emperor slain. This was but the beginning of the wealth with which the Spaniards made Lima a spectacle of splendor. Pizarro named it "the City of the Kings."

Lima was captured by the Chileans during the war of half a century ago and was reduced to almost utter ruin. Hence except for the great churches, protected because both sides were Roman Catholics, Lima is

today a new city. The Peruvians are, however, a most conservative race, and they have reconstructed their city much as it was before, except for the modern improvements of electricity and sewerage. One typical feautre of Lima's domestic architecture is its covered balconies or bay windows which overhang the streets and are often richly and artistically carved. Another feature is the prevalence of the Spanish type of dwelling house, bare-walled outside, and with all its beauty of decoration facing an inner courtyard which here is rich with gorgeous tropic flowers. There are flowers everywhere in Lima, parks in which the vegetation is so luxuriant it can scarcely be restrained from smothering the paths. This is particularly true in the noted Cuinta Heeren, a park faced by the American Legation building.

Peru is one of the few South American countries which still cling to the bull-fight as a national sport; and the great bull-ring at Lima ranks with the cathedral as the largest building in the city. The mass of the people are intense in their religious devotion and a church procession in Lima is a sight long to be remembered. There will be a few dignitaries of white race who march quietly and decorously; but the great mass of their followers will be half-breeds who in their devotions give themselves over to every extravagance of voice and deed. Through the middle of Lima, the Rimac river flows down to Callao and the sea. This is the largest stream along all the Pacific coast of South America, and to it the Lima valley owes its fertility. The swift stream also furnishes plenty of electric power, and is crossed by many picturesque old Spanish bridges which add to the quaint beauty of the city. Beyond Lima, the Rimac serves as a road leading to the fairest farmlands, and along its rugged banks the railroad climbs into the Andes behind.

Lima is not the only handsome city in Peru. Arequipa, the metropolis of Southern Peru, is another Lima on a smaller scale. It lies on ground far higher up toward the central plateau, and is said to have the most delightful climate of any South American city. Because of the clearness of its air, the city was selected by Harvard University as a site for one of the most noted of astronomical observatories; and the volcanic mountain, Misti, which rises behind the city, is famous for its clear-cut beauty. Arequipa is also the center of the Peruvian wool trade, the market for the guanacos and vicuñas of the plateau.

If, however, we think of Peru only as the land of the sea-coast and the plateau, we shall lose track of what is, in square miles, the largest part of all her territory. This is the forest land on the eastern slope of

CERRO DE PASCO

This shows the people and the central square of the highest town in the world, 14,400 feet high.

the Andes. Peru has, by ancient claim and by dickering with her neighbors, secured to herself a larger part of this eastern slope than any other of the Andes countries. All the upper waters of the vast river system of the Amazon belong to Peru; and the energies of the country are gradually being turned toward the development of this inland region. It is called the Montaña. The railroad from Lima climbs not only to the central plateau but crosses the inner top-most range of the Andes, and begins the descent upon the Montaña side. It is extended further and further as these forest lands are opened to civilization; and the ultimate exploration of all this unknown forest land in the center of the continent, a hidden region with a territory as large as Europe, may ultimately proceed from Peru and the west rather than from Brazil and the mouth of the Amazon upon the east.

The Lima railroad which is intended to open this Montaña region is really what neither the Chilean nor Bolivian roads could claim to be, the highest railroad in the world. To reach the central plateau here it has to scale a mountain pass which is 15,665 feet high. It climbs by the valley of the Rimac River until it reaches Chosica, the favorite summer resort of Lima. Then, higher up, the road has to cross the dreaded Verrugas Valley. This is the seat of a mysterious disease, perhaps a copper poisoning from fumes that rise out of the waters here. A high fever is followed by many eruptions on the skin and on all the membranes inside the body, and the Verrugas disease is usually swiftly fatal. It is so dreaded that trains do not stop at all within the valley.

On the upper table-land the railroad reaches to the mining city of Cerro de Pasco, which maintains twelve thousand inhabitants at a height of over fourteen thousand feet. It is the highest town in the world. The mines here were worked by the Incas, and yield silver as well as copper. Today they are among the most important of known copper mines, and they are in the possession of a syndicate of United States capitalists. Near here the Rimac River takes its rise; while, only a half-dozen miles beyond, we meet a stream which flows not to the Pacific but down the eastward mountain slopes. So we stand here at the "Great Divide." We are at the head-waters of the great Marañon River which flows down to help form the Amazon. Here begins the descent into the Montaña, a wonderful world which we must visit in a later chapter.

A VIEW ACROSS THE LOWLANDS OF ECUADOR

CHAPTER IX—SOUTH AMERICA

Ecuador

North of Peru upon the Pacific coast we come to Ecuador, the land of the Equator. When Pizarro and his followers first explored this coast, they sailed southward from Panama; and for centuries the Spaniards' main knowledge of their "South Sea," the great Pacific ocean, was gathered from the voyages of officials between Panama and Peru. From this knowledge they well named their ocean the Pacific. Titan though it can be, it is here the most quiet of all seas, a stormless ocean of eternal summer calm. From the cold Antarctic there flows north along this coast a mighty ocean current, called from its discoverer the Humboldt Current. Its chill waters yield little moisture to the sun; and a colder layer of air lies close upon them so that ocean storm clouds from the west are usually diverted into some other course. The Andes shut off the eastern winds; and between the two barriers this coast lies undisturbed.

The Humboldt Current carries its coolness and its more temperate climate almost up to the equator; but here, midway of Ecuador's coast, South America reaches out to its farthest west. The curving shore deflects the Humboldt Current, and causes the northern coast of Ecuador to be wholly different from the desert coast which we have followed up from Chile. Above this point there are copious rains and

the Ecuadorian shore bursts into a luxuriant and tropic vegetation. We find even mangrove swamps, as in the Far East, throngs of crowding roots by which the land builds its way out into the sea. The region here is so dank and fever-stricken that it is as if an enchanter's wand had suddenly transferred us from desert to jungle, and from sunshine into darkness and gray mist.

In Ecuador therefore, until very recent times, the people lived almost wholly amid the high lands of the interior, on the Andean plateau. There were no lowland cities such as Lima or Santiago, and there was no very large community of white folks. There was not even an extensive group of mestizos. Ecuador, more markedly than any other of these lands, has remained an oligarchy, wherein a few educated whites of Spanish descent govern a mass of Indians. Hence Ecuador is still the most backward of these Andean lands in general civilization. Of late the rulers have consented to let foreign capital develop their country; but they still remain suspicious of the stranger and cast many obstacles in his way. When a doctor who had been engaged as a health inspector for Guayaquil, the chief port of Ecuador, reported that he had found typhoid germs in a rat, and urged the port authorities to prepare against an epidemic, they accused him of spreading the germs himself so as to prolong the period of his employment.

Guayaquil used to have the reputation of being an actual poison-hole, the most deadly city in the world; but after the United States surgeon General Gorgas, had driven fever from the Panama Canal, he was employed by the Ecuador government to clean up Guayaquil. Much improvement has been made. The city has been given modern sanitation, the fever-breeding puddles in the town itself have been dried up; but from its situation it can never be a healthy city.

Guayaquil possesses the only good harbor between Panama and Callao, the Peruvian port, and has thus developed into a town of fifty thousand people. A deep gulf here cuts into the Ecuadorian coast, and a broad though sluggish river, the Guayas, opens a channel many miles inland. On its bank, a few miles from the sea, the city looks attractive as we approach; for a single long facade of white-fronted houses looks out over the stream, and the docks beside which our steamer lands are well-built and modern. The atmosphere, however, is always of that dank heat which we associate with the equator; and swarms of annoying insects of many sorts hover about us even on the water. Ashore the mosquitoes make life miserable; and the hordes of tiny ants that swarm

THE MAKING OF PANAMA HATS

The women of Ecuador are the world's chief makers of "Panamas." They give infinite care and patience to selecting and weaving only the finest straw.

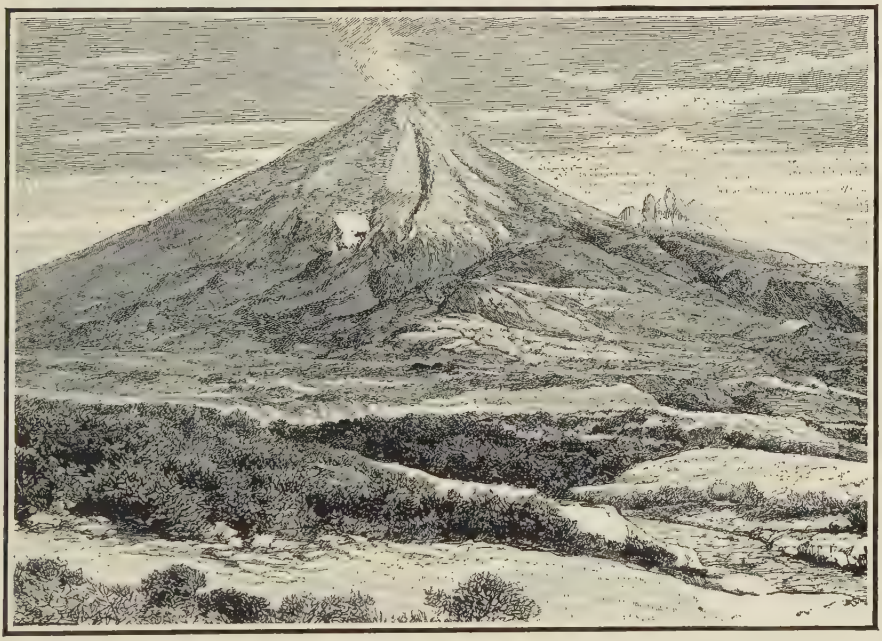
everywhere are as numerous as, though less terrible than, those of tropic Africa. White folks all flee from Guayaquil as quickly as business will permit.

The laborers whom we see upon the docks are partly Indians, but mainly of a different class, a new people we have not elsewhere met in South America. They are a mixture of many races. The Indians of the mountain tribes perish quickly in this pestilent spot; and the necessities of labor led, even in Spanish days, to the importing of considerable numbers of negroes. These, mingling with the Indians, have bred a mixed race called Zambos. Later when the Chinese and other Oriental people were barred from admission to the United States, many of them began to spread to Spanish America. Farther south they were not welcome; but lowland Ecuador wanted laborers at any cost. Many Chinese settled permanently in the country and took to themselves native wives. The lowland populace here is now such a mingling of red and black and yellow blood, as we shall scarce meet anywhere else.

Back of Guayaquil a small steamer would take us most of the way to the foot of the mountains which lie less than a hundred miles inland. Some of this rainy jungle region has been cleared for plantations, and most of the exports which we saw stacked ready for shipment on the docks of Guayaquil are the product of these marshy plains. Chocolate, drawn from the cocoa bean, has long been the chief source of profit in Ecuador. The second is what all the commercial people here speak of as "buttons." A large proportion of the buttons used on all our clothes today are made from the nuts of the tagua palm or ivory-nut tree which grows here. This tree produces a nut whose pith is half the size of your fist and is smooth and white and almost as hard as ivory. It is of course much less expensive than the real ivory, and machinery turns it quickly into the ordinary white buttons of commerce. The Indians have found a quainter use for it. They carve it into tiny figures, usually of old Inca gods. These little statues are much treasured by the natives themselves and are a curio frequently offered for the purchase of travelers.

Here too grow the thin fibered palm leaves from which panama hats are made. In the old days all these hats were shipped to the great Spanish port of Panama, and thence distributed over the world. To strangers they took their name from the port of shipment; but everyone locally connected with the trade knew that they came from along this southern coast and chiefly from the town of Jipijapa. They are known here as Jipijapa hats; but they are woven by hand in every Indian

village, even as far south as Peru. They are made from the fiber of a fan-shaped palm shrub called the toquilla. This grows only in these seaside forests, but is often shipped to neighboring lands to be worked on there. Hats of the most delicate grade of toquilla straw require months of hand labor. The straw is kept under water to make it pliant and is even woven there. When finished it can be folded into all sorts of creases without breaking the fiber, so that when unpacked it quickly recovers its shape. It is used not only for hats, but for card-cases and various other trifles. When these are to be of the very finest work-



COTOPAXI, GREATEST OF VOLCANOES, WITH THE ROYAL MOUNTAIN BEYOND

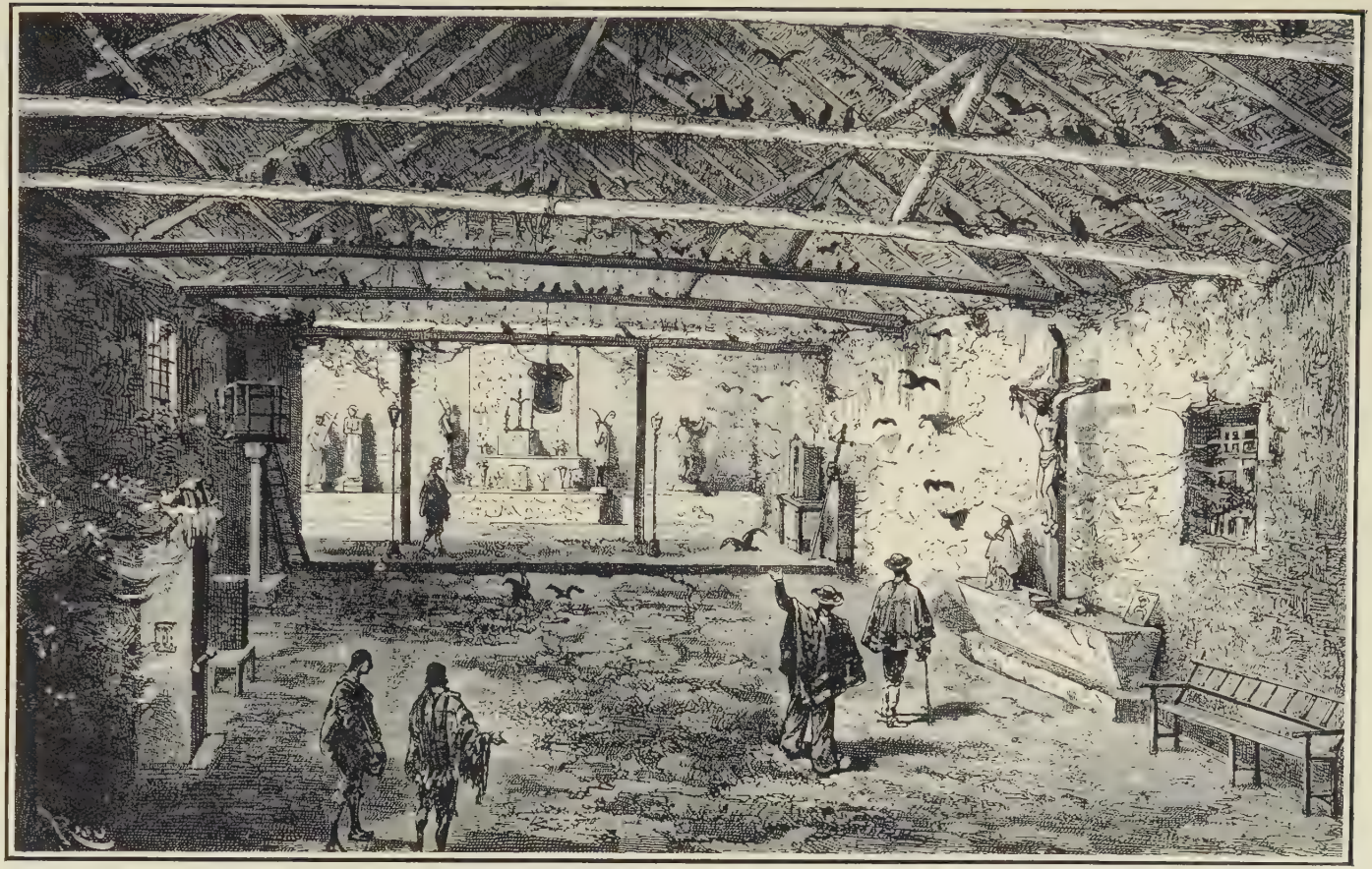
manship, they are usually contracted for well in advance; and as much as $500 is sometimes paid for a piece thus made to order.

The upper Ecuador which we shall find high among the mountains is of very different character. Something of the polyglot population of the lowlands has extended there; but upon the whole the highland people resemble those of Peru. They consist of perhaps a hundred thousand whites of almost pure Spanish descent ruling over about a million Indians, mainly of the Quechua or Inca stock. The capital, Quito, lies directly on the Equator, but at a height of nine thousand feet. We climb to it by railroad from Guayaquil.

Upland Ecuador has no such broad table-land as separates the two main chains of the Andes farther south. The two ranges here draw closer together, forming an inextricable jungle of mighty ridges and ravines crossing each other in all directions in a chaos of indescribable grandeur. Each mountain city is thus like a capital lying in the center of its own little domain, surrounded by its own fortress peaks. All the Andes show something of a volcanic character; but Ecuador is the obvious and tremendous center of their fiery activities. Its chief peaks almost equal in height the top-most summits farther south, and they rise more abruptly from lower valleys, so that their spectacular effect is much more grand. Chimborazo, their most giant peak, can in clear weather be seen from the lowlands around Guayaquil. Towering thus over twenty thousand feet in air, it is as beautiful as it is gigantic. Chimborazo, whose name means the snow mountain, was once a volcano but has been seemingly extinct for ages. Its top is a great snow-cap which, seen in the reflected light of sunset, is a spectacle we might gladly travel even thus far to admire.

Another peak of great beauty is called by the Quechuas Capac Urcu, meaning the King Mountain. They say that it formerly towered thousands of feet above all the other summits, but that it once blew its entire top off in a tremendous eruption. Watching the vast jets of steam which sometimes rise from the active volcanoes here, we can well believe that an explosion of this, if pent without escape, would tear to pieces even such titanic rocks as these. The Capac Urcu of today presents a group of eight snow-topped peaks arranged with peculiar symmetry like the towers of a fortress, so that even now it well deserves its stately name.

Chief of the vigorously active volcanoes of the region is Cotopaxi, which presents to us perhaps the most amazing scene of fire anywhere to be found. Our railroad line to Quito runs daringly across the lower slopes of this dreaded peak, the crest of which rises almost as high as Chimborazo. From that crest there ascends, not a slow trail of slumbrous smoke such as we have seen above some eastern volcanoes, wafted by the changing wind, but huge jets sometimes white with steam, at others black with smoke, hurled forth as from a cannon. Brave scientists have more than once climbed to the rim of Cotopaxi's crater to study the marvelous scene within. The geologist Whymper describes it thus: "Cavernous recesses belched forth smoke, the sides of the cracks and chasms no more than half down shone with ruddy light, and so



A CHURCH INTERIOR IN ECUADOR

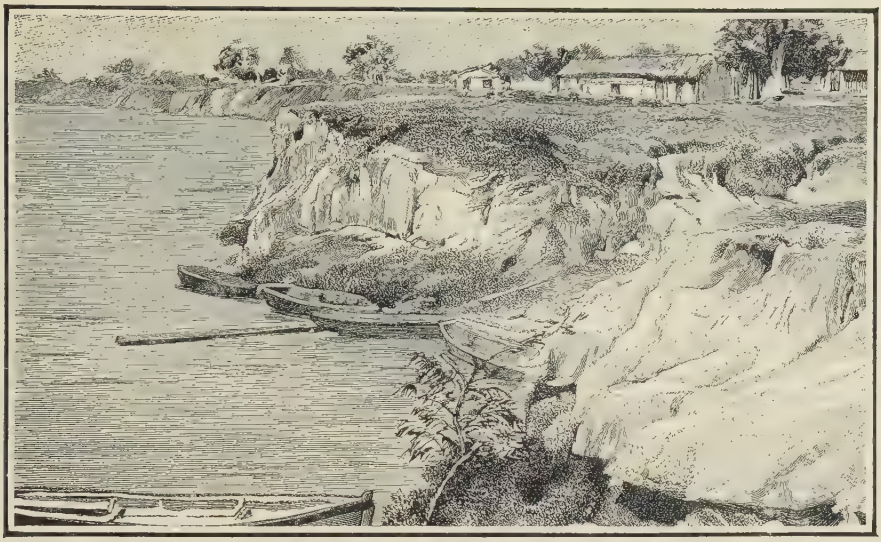
The little towns in the heart of Ecuador can show many a huge old church; far too large for the present Indian population, and sadly uncared-for.

it continued right down to the bottom, where there was a ruddy circular spot about one-tenth of the diameter of the crater, the pipe of the volcano, its channel of communication with lower regions, filled with incandescent if not molten lava, glowing and burning, with flames traveling to and fro over its surface, and scintillations scattering as from a wood fire, lighted by tongues of flame which issued from the cracks in the surrounding slopes."

Quito (kē′tō) is a picturesque city, in the midst of a valley unusually fertile for these mountain heights. From the surrounding ridge it shows as a cluster of red-tiled roofs over shadowy gray and yellow houses of the old Spanish, colonial, half-Moorish style. Most of the people in the streets are Indians who, especially upon feast days, wrap themselves in ponchos or cloaks bright and many colored. Amid these swarms the few whites who move about form the oddest of contrasts, All of them are dressed in European style and some affect the latest Parisian costumes. The gentlemen wear stiff high hats and long morning-coats of fashion. They are treated with much deference by the Indians, and if we visit one of the rural estates, we shall find the white owners dwelling like feudal lords over many submissive subjects.

There are no large business activities in Quito. It is merely the political capital and the market-town for all the surrounding "haciendas." The Plaza Mayor or main square of the city is fronted on one side by the national government building, the Palacio, with a long handsome row of columns. The other sides of the square are occupied mainly by the churchly palace of the Archbishop, by a large and dignified cathedral, and by the rich and elaborately decorated church of the Jesuits. Many of the whites of Ecuador enter the church as monks or nuns; and Quito holds a dozen large monasteries or nunneries. One of these, the convent of San Francisco, is said to be the largest structure of this type in existence today.

Ecuador, like all the other Andean republics, claims some portion of the east slope of the Andes; but being smaller and with less military strength than her neighbors, she has gradually yielded most of these vague claims. The Nipo River, one of the main streams which form the Amazon, rises on the slopes of Cotopaxi. By following its eastward path, we should find a fairly easy road to the land of the wild Indians of the interior. By this track some of these still pagan savages occasionally visit Quito; and down this slope went the first Spanish explorers who discovered the great Amazon, and traced its course to the sea.



THE HIGH EAST BANK OF THE PARAGUAY RIVER WHICH MAKES PARAGUAY

CHAPTER X—SOUTH AMERICA

Paraguay and the Great Swamp

Having ascended the Pacific coast as far as the equator, let us now turn back to Argentine to follow the eastern coast of South America. Passing up the Atlantic seaboard, we can visit the lands of this less elevated shore. The great Rio de la Plata, which we saw in Argentine, separates that land from two smaller closely related countries to the north of it. These are Paraguay and Uruguay.

If the rule of the Spanish whites has not made life wholly satisfactory for the millions of Indians in the Pacific lands, we have, in the so-called republic of Paraguay, a hideous warning indeed as to how much worse their lot would have been if left to the government of their own race and the half-breed mestizos. Paraguay is an oddly located country; it lies far inland, yet has direct steamship connection with the ocean. Hence it has always been easily accessible though shut away a thousand miles from every coast. We reach it by going straight into the heart of South America several hundred miles north from Buenos Aires following up the broad open waterways which reach the ocean through the Rio de la Plata.

The first Spaniards who came to settle Argentine found themselves so ferociously attacked by the Indians at the mouth of the river, that at last their entire band, over a thousand hard-fighting caballeros, as-

cended the river until they found at Asuncion (ah soon thē ōn′), the capital of Paraguay, a site more hospitable and easily defended. Here in 1536, almost a hundred years before the English settled in New England, these Spaniards built the city which still stands today, the oldest, still existing, European city in South America.

Wholly lost to Spain and to later explorers, these caballeros settled down to life among the Indians, took to themselves Indian wives, and founded the nation of the Paraguayans, whose name still partly recalls that of the Guarinás, the Indians with whom they united. In later generations Spain, through the Jesuits and other missionaries, established some vague control over this hidden race; but always they remained to a considerable extent independent. When modern republics were proclaimed throughout South America in the early nineteenth century, Paraguay also adopted the names and forms of a democracy. In truth, however, she was ruled over by a series of dictators, some of good purpose and some of evil, but all dependent wholly on their armies for support, and all quick to destroy any rival whom they suspected. The scenes of horror, massacre, and torture which have since darkened Paraguay, are too hideous for telling.

The military method of each dictator was to force his soldiers to attack in battle by having a reserve row in the rear to shoot down any man who halted or turned back. So particularly atrocious was one dictator, Lopez II, that in the 1860's all three of the adjoining countries Argentine, Uruguay and Brazil, united in war against him. It was a particularly murderous war, for the soldiers of Lopez, driven on by the weapons of those behind, fought until his armies were practically exterminated. Those armies had included all the men of the country and even the little boys, sometimes only ten years old. Paraguay remained a defeated land, occupied only by helpless women and little children, and held in subjection by a wild Brazilian soldiery.

Lopez had previously slain almost all the old-time, partly Spanish aristocracy; and his own death in the war left Paraguay in the hands of an utterly ignorant populace. Even today, it remains a land of peasant women. They outnumber the men by three to one, and they do almost all the work. The number of men has been constantly kept down by later civil wars of the same old sanguinary type, each man forced into the army and shot from behind if he faltered. Recent rulers have sought to persuade foreign capital to come in and develop the land; but few white men have cared to take the risk of facing a

EL GRAN CHACO

Here by the mouth of the Pilcomayo River, steamers can go a long way into the otherwise impassable Great Swamp.

Paraguayan dictator in one of his more outrageous moods. The country nominally owes each of its neighbors an enormous sum as indemnity for the war against Lopez, but nothing of this debt has even been paid. Each creditor country wants some other one to annex Paraguay and assume its debts.

Thus you will see, this is no ordinary, comfortable land which we are about to enter. The steamer from Buenos Aires to Asuncion is large and modern; but that is only because it serves all the Argentinian towns along the route. Asuncion lies at the terminus of the trip, just beyond Argentine's frontier. At the head of the estuary of the Rio de la Plata, our steamer travels up the largest of the rivers which flow into it, the Rio Paraná. Some hundred miles up this we reach the junction of two great rivers. The one which comes directly out of the north is slow and broad and sluggish. It is the River of Paraguay. The other which flows down from the far northeast, from amid the highlands of Brazil, is broken by rapids, and is narrower but far more swift than the Paraguay. It carries the greater bulk of water and retains the name of the Paraná River.

Up the more open and quiet river of Paraguay, our steamer continues straight into the north. Paraguay itself now lies on our right hand, a fairly abrupt and hilly shore. Asuncion is still more than a hundred miles up the river, and for that distance the land on our left still belongs to Argentine. This western shore now assumes a totally different appearance from the other bank. We are on the edge of what is known as El Gran Chaco, the great swamp. This extends for hundreds of miles to the west and north. It seems to be the old bed of an inland sea, which perhaps extended here through the whole center of South America, reaching north to the Amazon, and dividing the continent in two. Now nothing is left of this ancient sea but the swampy lands of the Gran Chaco, with the Paraguay River draining its eastern edge.

A dozen years ago this swamp region was utterly unknown. Many exploring expeditions had attempeed to cross it, but all had perished in its depths. It is the haunt of great pythons, and of hundreds of other snakes. It is also inhabited by little groups of the wild Tobos Indians, cannibals, whose practice was to slay any stranger upon sight. Their ancestors had known the Spaniards, and had left to their descendants a tradition that white men were particularly terrible as torturers, and were always to be slain. Indeed the only recorded expedi-

tion which ever crossed the swamps was that of the first Spanish explorers. A few of these won their way to the mountain heights of Bolivia beyond, almost dead from the miseries they had endured.

The present century discovered that one tree growing thickly in this region, the quebracho, was very valuable for making tannin and also for building with hard wood. In the search for the quebracho, lumberers have gradually penetrated the swamp. Beyond it they have found a higher region of rolling hills and excellent pasture land; and now cattle, driven north by the Argentine gauchos or southward from

A STREET IN ASUNCION, THE PARAGUAYAN CAPITAL

Brazil, are beginning to fill this very desirable land. There are still, however, vast reaches of the swamp, unknown and unexplored. Its snakes and insects are as deadly as ever. The broad Pilcomayo River, which is well known at its sources in Bolivia, loses itself for hundreds of miles in the Gran Chaco and only reappears within human knowledge close to where it empties into the Paraguay. We may still find in this wilderness some of the strange creatures with which Indian legend peoples it. They tell us of snakes with the head and bark of a dog, and of weird, uncouth, prehistoric creatures.

Now, our steamer is about to land us at Asuncion. It is a pleasing-

looking city from the river, standing on the high east bank on sandy bluffs which rise some two hundred feet. In the course of its four centuries of existence, Asuncion has acquired some solid, dignified, old, Spanish-looking buildings. Its water front, where steps sometimes come directly down into the river from the broad doors of ancient mansions, has sometimes been compared to that of Venice. The walls of the old houses are white or brown or pink in tone; the roofs are red with the familiar Spanish tiles; and there are plenty of green trees in parks and plazas.

The moment that we land, however, we find that almost all the houses back from the river are the mere mud huts of the Indians. The city has been credited with containing ninety thousand people; but its numbers fluctuate greatly and all estimates are guesswork. We shall see, as we had expected, mainly women in its streets. Men are so rare that they are held in special honor, and live usually in idleness. Even the slaughtering of cattle is undertaken by the women, when there is no man by to show his prowess. The women have also adopted many of the habits of men. They smoke constantly as they move along the streets, though the native cigar is of such strength that few white men could endure it, much less enjoy it. Their cigarettes, on the contrary, seem particularly mild; but the ladies do not care for these. A few automobiles are now to be seen bumping over the cobble stone streets, which have so often flowed thick with blood.

At first glance many a visitor has spoken of Paraguay as a tropic paradise. Gorgeous flowers show everywhere; and strange trees grow so thickly that the oranges are a nuisance. Their only commercial value is in the labor of gathering them. You may pluck all you will from any of the trees, or buy a dozen for a penny in the city. At the wharves we shall see long lines of women passing baskets of the fruit to be dumped into the holds of steamers for transport to Argentine.

Every village as we go back into the high rolling lands on this east bank of the Paraguay is bowered amid strange tropic blossoms and fruits. The people live mainly on these fruits and on a floury paste made from the manioc root. This manioc or "yucca" is also the source of what we know as tapioca. In its native growth, the manioc is a tall bush with bright green flowers, and through all its parts there runs a milky juice which is a deadly poison. Long since, however, the Indians learned that heat quickly drives out this poisonous acid, so that by any form of cooking the plant becomes harmless. Its heavy

INDIANS OF THE GRAN CHACO

Of these once powerful Indians who held the Spaniards at bay, few now survive. They have been almost exterminated as members of Paraguayan armies.

root, sometimes weighing thirty pounds, is ground into "farina," a flour from which the Paraguayans bake cakes like our buckwheat cakes, or the starch of the plant on being heated turns into the little masses called tapioca. With food so easily obtained, and shelter scarcely needed, life requires little effort here; and little work is done except under the compulsion of a dictator. Death means nothing to these languid poor folk; they have seen too much of it. The infant mortality is said to be as high as forty percent, and a mother carries off her dead babe to be buried with no ceremony and with apparently very little feeling.

To penetrate up the Paraguay river beyond Asuncion, we must transfer from an Argentine to a Paraguayan steamer. The difference is startling. Scarce any one ever travels here except the natives; and the filth of the boats is indescribable. We could follow the river all the way up into the forests of central Brazil; but there are no large towns above Asuncion. We shall pass only villages, from which supplies are sent to the herders in the hills, and to the farmers of the maté plantations. Maté is a sort of tea, the drinking of which has spread all over the Atlantic coast of South America. Most of the supply is grown in Paraguay.

In a few hundred miles our steamer reaches beyond the great swamp upon the western side of the river, and both banks offer fair lands for many dwellers in the future. The most dangerous animal in this region, after we have passed the python district, is a fish, a little fish only about eight inches long which is called a paranha. It has a huge mouth for its size, and this is armed with an extraordinary set of keen and powerful teeth, so that the paranha seems always broadly grinning. These fish are as blood-thirsty as they are numerous. A swarm of them will attack a much larger fish and devour it completely. They will even assail a large animal, especially if the beast is bleeding, so that the scent arouses their ferocity. No one ever bathes in the rivers of Paraguay, and if a native falls in by accident, he splashes madly and frantically until he can get out. It is not safe even to wash your hands at the river border. Sometimes in pursuit of their prey, the little fish leap clear out of the water, and the clashing of their teeth can be distinctly heard. What with snakes and bugs, paranhas and dictators, Paraguay is not a land where anyone would dwell from choice.

ON THE PRAIRIES OF URUGUAY

CHAPTER XI—SOUTH AMERICA

Uruguay and the Forest Rivers Beyond

Uruguay, the smallest independent country of South America, lies upon the Atlantic coast between Argentine and Brazil. It is the land on the north or eastern shore of the Rio de la Plata and is officially known as the Banda Oriental or eastern shore. In the old Spanish days this land was reckoned as a part of Argentine, and might easily have remained so today; but in the course of the many civil wars with which the Argentinos celebrated their first freedom from Spain, the Uruguayans grew weary of obedience. They declared they would separate from all the other quarreling states, and set up by themselves. Being sheltered from Buenos Aires by the thirty-mile wide river, they were able to make good their defiance. Their country, however, has been more than once in the grip of either Argentine or their equally powerful northern neighbor, Brazil; and their civil wars have been so numerous, that it is only within the last generation that Uruguay has had any security or assured form of government.

Even now the people are divided sharply between two parties in a most vehement opposition. The conservatives are called the "Whites" and the liberals the "Reds." Governmental power has remained for years mainly with the Reds; and they have carried Uruguay further in the direction of socialism, or at least in the direction

of state ownership of many national resources, than any other South American land. Nevertheless, in the face of all its modern socialistic laws, the country remains resolutely old-fashioned. Men still occasionally fight duels here for honor's sake; and life in Uruguay resembles the life of Spain more nearly than in any other South American country.

We shall appreciate this old world air the moment we land from the "night boat," a handsome, modern river steamer which carries us from Buenos Aires to the Uruguayan capital, Montevideo. The two cities are about a hundred miles apart; for Montevideo is considerably farther down the Rio de la Plata, lying indeed just where the broad river makes its junction with the ocean. Hence it is a common practice for business men in one city to take one of the comfortable night steamers, and so be ready for business next morning in the other town.

If Buenos Aires is sometimes looked on as being almost the whole of Argentine, Montevideo even more definitely draws to itself all of the fashion and business, and most of the power, of Uruguay. The nation is composed of only a little over a million inhabitants, and fully a third of these dwell in Montevideo. The business section of the city, the part that we shall first see as we approach the land, lies on a narrow peninsula. The far side of this faces the ocean; while the nearer side is the last barrier to hold back the brown and muddy waters of the river, separating them from the clear green of the sea. Across the width of this peninsula the short streets of the city run from shore to shore. The river side has been made into an excellent modern harbor by the building of costly breakwaters. Behind the peninsula, the residence portion of Montevideo spreads out widely through many tree-lined streets, with houses in the old secluded Spanish style.

There are no remarkable "sights" in Montevideo, in the common acceptance of that term. The churches are handsome, the public buildings large and dignified, and the shops are of excellent, modern class; but the city has made no effort to rival its great Argentine neighbor in any of these details. Perhaps for this very reason Montevideo is often spoken of as the most pleasant, comfortable, homelike town in South America. Its people still retain many of the old Spanish customs. Its young men still "eat iron." That is, a young lady is wooed by the romantic method of having a lover or "dragon" stand outside her window and gaze through its iron bars. Since most of the houses

MONTEVIDEO'S PLAZA OF INDEPENDENCE Courtesy of Thos. Cook & Son

A main Avenue of July runs through the center of Montevideo, opening out into this and two other main plazas on its way.

are of but a single story, the barred window does not really keep the young couple very widely apart; but the stimulus of forcible separation is there, and the young ladies usually remain coquettishly withdrawn well within the interior of the room, so as to increase the ardor of the swain. Montevideo boasts that its young women are the handsomest in South America; and it is true that the old Spanish type seems here least intermingled with other races. Recent years have drawn to Uruguay a considerable Italian immigration; but neither the total number of immigrants, nor the intermixture of modern races has gone to anything like the extent which we found in Argentine.

So equable is the semi-tropic climate here, and so attractive the bathing in the Atlantic, that Montevideo is looked on as a sort of summer pleasure resort for both of the larger countries that border upon Uruguay. Close by the seashore here, there is a famous government hotel, the Parque, sometimes called from the pretty park in which it stands, the Hotel Urbano. It is often referred to as the center, the very hub, of the highest South American society. This unique hotel is run by the city government in a very handsome, and also very costly, manner. Any Montevideo social organization that wishes to give an impressive banquet or reception, does it at the Parque. There is also a gambling casino connected with the establishment, in which large sums are risked at roulette and other games, amid the most elaborate surroundings. All the profits go to the city government. The national government, to gain equal funds with the city from such an easy certainty, runs a lottery, and urges everyone in the land to buy chances.

Another establishment which draws to Montevideo a throng of visitors from the neighboring lands, is the bull-ring. Uruguay is preeminently a cattle country, and its cow-boys or gauchos love to parade the streets of the capital in their tall hats with their long gay-colored cloaks or ponchos draped over one arm. Uruguay boasts that her gauchos are better riders than their rivals of Argentine, that they can handle cattle much better, and that the bulls of this country are much the fiercer. At any rate, since bull fighting is legitimized in Uruguay and not in Argentine, every one flocks here to view the sport.

The name Montevideo means the mountain viewed or seen. On the edge of the town, a hill rises some five hundred feet above the sea. In the low-lying La Plata lands, so high a hill is unique, a mountain to be viewed indeed. So much is this hill, the Cerro, treasured, that it appears as a mountain on the coat of arms of the republic, just as the

llama appears on the coat of arms of Bolivia. The Cerro is said to have been the first point "viewed" and landed upon by Magellan, the original discoverer of these coasts. At any rate the first Spanish fort was built upon the Cerro as a defense against the Indians, the Charrúas, reckoned the strongest and fiercest in America. Stone was quarried from the Cerro itself to make the old fort, which still today retains a garrison of soldiers.

Montevideo has also several smaller hills; and the city finds in this another reason for triumphing over Buenos Aires, which lies on the

THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE PARANÁ VALLEY

perfectly flat pampas. Uruguayans assert that Buenos Aires has frequently attempted to buy some of their hills and transport these bodily across the river, for the further beautifying of the rich metropolis; but that all Argentine's wealth will not suffice to accomplish the transfer of a single hill. Of their chief hill, the Cerro, the Montevideans have not taken such care as to prove any deep pride in its possession. They have permitted it to be covered with squatters' hovels, when it might easily have been converted into a park as beautiful as the hill park of Santiago. The old, abandoned stone-quarry of the Spaniards still stands empty; and the old fort is crumbling into ruins.

From the summit of the Cerro we can look forth over much of inland Uruguay, the "purple land" as its patriots love to call it, a faintly undulating plain of rich pasture land, broken here and there by purplish hillocks. Wandering forth into this countryside, we find it peopled by a friendly folk, half Spanish, half Indian, and vigorously self-assertive. They will hail us on short acquaintance as "ché" the Spanish-American word for mine, or my friend, and will usually add to it a descriptive phrase. As folk of northern birth we are likely to be hailed as "ché rubio," dear ruddy one. So little however is there any color line drawn here that, if particularly dark, we may be addressed as dear black one, "ché negro." Uruguay has no old-time negro stock of its own; but a few colored folk drift down here from Brazil, where they are very numerous.

We shall see many broad fields of wheat and many rich pastures crowded with cattle; for Uruguay is a fertile land and wholly occupied with these two industries. There are few trees to break the broad sweep of prairie. The nationally adopted tree is the ombú, which usually rises in tall and stately loneliness on the crest of a knoll. The national poets say that the ombú rises thus alone because it loves to stand above the foolish world and laugh at folly. Scientists explain that the tree grows from a single seed dropped by some bird in flight and thriving only on dry ground raised well above the marshes.

Windmills vie with the ombús as the landmarks of the country. These windmills are substantial structures, for water must always be pumped up for the use of the stock. The usual country farm house, on the other hand, is little more than a mud hovel with palm-thatched roof. The owners of estates all dwell in Montevideo. There are few towns, and a village is seldom more than a "pulperia" or store which subsists mainly by selling liquor to the gaucho. Here on his own heath, the gaucho reigns supreme. He meets us as an equal in frank democratic fashion; and if his book-learning is of the smallest, his knowledge of horses and cows is broad and practical. He is better fitted to this land than we. He dresses in "alpargatas," long crinkling leather boots of notable softness, and in very broad "bombachas" or Turk-like trousers, with a short coat and a gay kerchief knotted about his neck. A broad leather belt carries separate pockets for everything he may ever need; and his wide hat and his riding-whip would be the joy of a moving-picture hero. Not many women are to be found on these broad plains, and the few who dwell here are treated with much

A CATTLE MARKET IN URUGUAY

The gauchos meet purchasers and with great celerity transfer calves still "upon the hoof." They bring their household along in a camp wagon.

Spanish dignity by the gauchos. They are usually mothers of many children, who rollick about on the warm life-sheltering earth; but the mother will frankly tell you she does not know the fathers of most of her offspring. Neither law nor church has much power in inland Uruguay.

The most satisfactory among unusual animals which we may find in Uruguay is the "tatu," a little chap who seems part turtle and part lizard, with a scaly shell like medieaval armor. When roasted, shell and all, over a hot wood-fire, the tatu makes a dish fit for the gods. There are no wild Indians here. In this open land the fierce Charruá Indians were driven either to unite with the whites or to disappear into the deeper wilderness.

To these outer wildernesses which lie beyond the Uruguay River and hence beyond the territory of Uruguay we must venture for one wonderful trip; for here, in a sort of no-man's land, a dense forest claimed partly by each of the surrounding lands but hidden away from civilization by hundreds of miles of jungle, there lie several remarkable waterfalls. One of these, the Guayra Falls, carries more water than Niagara, and another, the Iguazu Falls, is higher than Niagara. To reach their hidden beauty, we ascend the same swift Paraná river which led us from Buenos Aires toward Paraguay. Now however, we cling to the Paraná, the valley of which turns eastward toward Uruguay and Brazil. After following the river as far as possible by train and boat, we must push on through the wilderness on foot until at last, far up the Paraná, we come upon the Guayra Falls.

The great river here is forced by rocky ledges to contract suddenly from two miles in width to but two hundred feet. It therefore runs with great swiftness beating madly against its banks in a huge volume of water. Suddenly the ground drops from underneath and the headlong waters take a giant leap outwards and downwards more than sixty feet. The height is less than half that of Niagara; but the volume of water and the speed and tumult which make up its grandeur are far greater. The other hidden falls is close to the mouth of the large Iguazu river, a tributary of the Paraná. Here the Iguazu plunges over a cliff two hundred feet high, so that in height, though not in volume or scenic beauty, these falls excel Niagara. The upper waters of the great Paraná drain the southeastern highlands of Brazil, the enormous country we are next to explore.

CABINS OF THE CIVILIZED INDIANS OF BRAZIL

CHAPTER XII—SOUTH AMERICA

Southern Brazil

The huge country of Brazil occupies almost half of South America. It is a land of Portuguese ancestry; while all the other Latin American lands, some sixteen separate republics extending from Argentine to Mexico, have a Spanish ancestry. Brazil is thus unlike all the others in both its people and its enormous size. It is larger than the United States, nearly three thousand miles wide and almost equally long. It consists of twenty-one separate states or provinces, each of which elects its own president and acts with more individual separate power than our own states. Nobody knows just how large some of the western provinces of Brazil really are; but at least four of them are larger than our state of Texas, and one of them Amazonas, is more than three times the Texas size.

In a land as vast as this, we shall not expect to find everywhere a similarity of climate and occupation, or even of race; yet in many ways Brazil forms as real a unit as our own land. It was settled by the Portuguese four hundred years ago, and into it they poured all of the energy which the smallness of their country prevented them from expressing in Europe. They thus kept the development of Portuguese America at fairly equal pace with that of the Spanish colonies, and the Brazil of today holds over twenty million people. Perhaps two mil-

lion of these are the descendants of the German or the Italian colonists who have flowed into the land in the past hundred years; and there are uncounted thousands of wild Indians hidden in the central wildernesses. The great majority of Brazilians, however, are of mixed Portuguese and negro ancestry.

In colonial days almost all of the labor here was performed by negro slaves imported from Africa. The last slaves of Brazil were not freed until the year 1888. Through all these centuries the negroes of Brazil so far outnumbered the Portuguese, and so little attention was given to the color line, that today there are few Brazilians who are not partly of negro blood. To them this is no cause for discontent. Their scholars argue, in fact, that the melancholy Portuguese strain has been brightened by the sunny African temperament, and that the bodily strength and health of the Brazilian race has been improved.

Wherever we travel in Brazil, this is one of the things which will seem to northern peoples most startling, and in which we must guard ourselves so as not to be discourteous to our hosts. Brazil knows no color division whatever. If we are introduced to a famous singer, she may prove to be a mulatto lady with the distinct features of the negro race. Or we may dine at the President's table and find the guests on either side of us of definitely African ancestry, yet with manners and culture that will be all the most aristocratic among us could desire.

As for the language here, if you know Spanish you will have small trouble in speaking Portuguese. The two are but variants of the same mother tongue; and the Brazilians are fond of saying that theirs is the more purely preserved form of the original. To an outsider the speech seems like Spanish with most of the consonants left out. In Spanish, Saint James is Santiago; in Portuguese it is Sao Jao and is pronounced Sah-o-yah-o. A Spanish "General" becomes in Brazil a "Geral," and so on. Brazilian money will not long puzzle us either; for it clings to the old Portuguese method of reckoning by the "rei," a decimal system just like our own except that the rei is only a tenth of a cent. Actually, because of depreciated money values it is worth far less, so that all prices except for trifles are reckoned in milreis, or thousand reis. One of these is written 1 $ 000; so that to our eyes even the dollar sign seems to have lost its way.

From Montevideo and the south, we can enter this vast Portuguese land by either train or ocean steamer, which will take us up the coast to the capital, Rio de Janeiro. This famous city is well down toward

THE CLIMB INTO THE BRAZILIAN HIGHLANDS

Several railroads, like this of Paranagua, climb from the tropic Brazilian coast up to the temperate climate of its mountains.

the southern end of Brazil, a fact that may help us somewhat to realize the size of the country, when we find that the railroad journey thither from Montevideo will take us six days. Brazilian train methods, of course, are not the same as ours. The railroad lines are intended far more for freight than for passengers; and the trains seem to ramble out from the stations only when station master and engineer can think of no additional subjects for conversation. As we travel first class we shall frequently have a compartment or even an entire car to ourselves. There is considerable second class travel among laborers sent from one plantation to another; but these are prevented from entering our car by a quaint Brazilian law which declares that no one may travel first class without shoes and a coat.

Everywhere in fact we shall find that clothes instead of race are made a social dividing line. The weather in Brazil is always hot, even in the far south; yet if we meet any gentlemen of foreign race, we shall find them perspiring in heavy, rather elaborate, European costume. They tell us that only thus can they preserve the respect of their Brazilian associates, and the obedience of the poorer classes. As for a Brazilian political leader, his high hat, tailor made black coat and white collar are an essential part of his traditional attire. Even a Brazilian millionaire who has been swept ahead on the fullest tide of the continent's new wealth, wants all his children to marry into the families of "doctors," that is men of learning, however poor.

Southern Brazil is a world in itself in which there is much for us to see before we reach the capital. This part of the country is mountainous. All along the Brazilian coast of the Atlantic there rises, somewhat abruptly, a mountain range three thousand feet or more in height. On the summit of this there extends a rolling table-land descending gradually to the west and north until in the course of a thousand miles or so, it sinks almost to sea level, and forms the great central tropic river basin of Brazil, the land which may once have been an inland sea. This high plateau of southern Brazil has every requisite for becoming in the future a fertile, populous, temperate land of homes. The present settlers are enthusiastic in asserting that here rather than on the plains of Argentine will lie the great land of the future, perhaps the chief home of civilization and of power.

This is the portion of Brazil which has attracted most of the German and Italian immigration. So completely have the Germans taken possession of some parts of it, that they have sometimes elected Ger-

man "presidents" and other officials of these Brazilian states, men who could scarce speak or read the language in which their official decrees were proclaimed. To think of these leaders as Germans is, however, misleading; for their ties bind them wholly to the new land in which most of them have been born. They are South Americans, who still possess some German traits and sentimental leanings. They have even welcomed into their communities a large mixture of the Brazilian race. We shall see here some little flaxen-haired Teutonic girl walking arm in arm with one of African blood; and the two

ARAUCARIAS, THE REMARKABLE UMBRELLA TREES OF BRAZIL

chat gaily together with no sign that either thinks or knows of racial difference.

As our train sweeps across the broad Brazilian uplands, we shall find these at first much like the rolling pasture-lands of Uruguay. Cattle raising is the chief business of Rio Grande do Sul, the most southern Brazilian state. Soon, however, the temperature outside our moving train grows warmer, and the landscape becomes marked by little groves of the most characteristic and perhaps most beautiful of Brazilian trees. This is the araucaria or umbrella pine. It is a tall tree, whose central trunk of valuable hardwood timber rises straight

up without a single branch until its summit is reached. There, in marked resemblance to an umbrella, it spreads its branches in a wide and slightly drooping circle.

Soon too we shall begin to meet the famous carnauba palm tree. To the poorer natives of Brazil the uses of this palm are as many and as varied as those of the bamboo in the Far East. The carnauba is not a very large tree, but its strong and sturdy trunk makes excellent timber for fence posts and house beams. Moreover it stores so much sap within itself that it remains green and vigorous when other trees are withering under the occasional prolonged droughts, which are the most serious menace to agriculture along the Brazilian coast. So rich is the carnauba in liquids that wine and vinegar are made from its sap, as well as a sugar such as we extract from the maple. Starch is also made from the softer pulp of the wood, and this pulp is used as an ever ready and not unpleasant food in time of necessity. The pith of the carnauba is also used for corks; salt is extracted from it, and so is an alkali which is used in making soap. The milky nut of the tree forms a drink used instead of coffee; and a wax drawn from the leaves makes the candles which we shall find everywhere employed in rural Brazil. This might seem enough service for one tree; yet the roots of the carnauba are used to make a spring medicine, much like our sarsaparilla. The straw of the leaves is used for thatching roofs; it is so supple that it can be made into hats like those of Panama, and is so strong that it also serves for mats and baskets. It forms in fact a considerable article of export to weavers in other lands.

There is another Brazilian tree, though this we shall not find until we get farther north into the very tropic heart of the land, more noted in one way than either the umbrella pine or the carnauba. This is the "brazil wood" from which the country takes its name. Brazil wood was known to Europe as a rare and valuable dye before America was discovered. The first Portuguese explorers of this coast gained wealth by shipping home an entire cargo of brazil wood before Europe realized how much of it could be gathered here. So this became known to Europe as the land of the brazil.

As our train carries us away from the cattle lands into an ever more thickly wooded region, the trees of main interest to the inhabitants are none of these independent forest woods we have described, but the carefully cultivated little trees which produce the coffee bean and the maté or Paraguayan tea. These instead of cattle become the

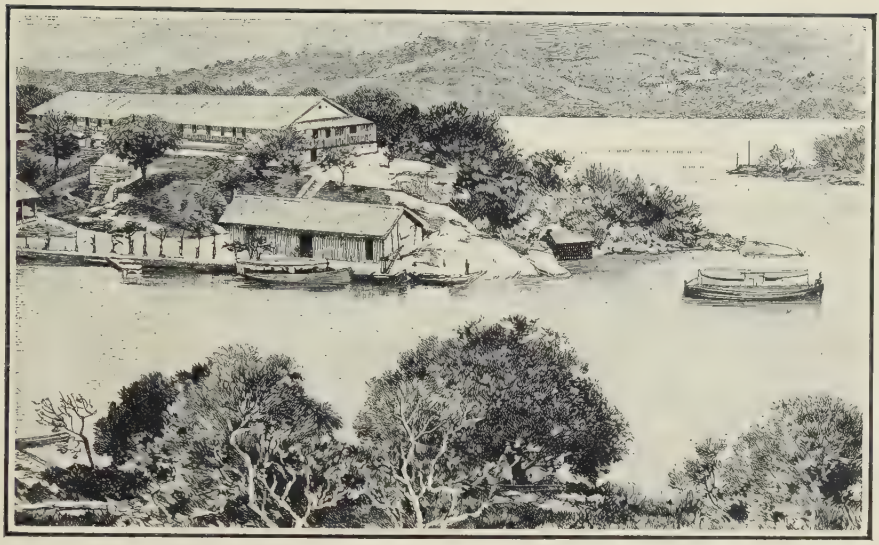
THE INVALUABLE CARNAUBA

These sturdy carnauba palms are employed for a hundred different arts. They are the Brazilian staff of life.

chief commercial product of the land, its source of occupation and of wealth. The Brazilian state of São Paulo produces more coffee than any place else in the world, and its large land owners are coffee millionaires. Seventy percent of all the coffee in our markets comes from Brazil, and most of it from São Paulo.

The coffee tree is really more like a large bush than a tree; it is about ten feet high and covered with bright red berries. The two hard seeds in each berry become the coffee beans of our knowledge. The growth of these trees eventually exhausts the fertility of the land, but there is so much land in Brazil that the inheritor of many square miles of it from some early ancestor can shift his coffee plantation as often as he requires. Everybody in Brazil drinks coffee. It is made very thick and almost like a paste and served in tiny little white cups which seem to have been manufactured in millions, all from the same pattern. Everytime that our train stops, and it stops everywhere, our fellow passengers all drift out in leisurely fashion and are served with coffee from the numerous little stands which await their trade. Most Brazilians sip a cup of coffee casually, at least once an hour, if it is at hand. But of course the real profit of coffee comes from exporting it. Today it is a world drink which almost every country imports from Brazil.

The drinking of maté is a much more formal ceremony than this coffee sipping. Maté is the drink of hospitality and of welcome to a stranger. The maté tree is a sort of holly which grows wild in such profusion that there is small need to cultivate it. The leaves of the maté are crushed and tight packed into bundles of tea, over which hot water is poured to make this most widely used of drinks in South America. Coffee is largely confined to Brazil; maté is found and used almost everywhere. It has a decidedly stimulating effect, and seems to have no evil influence. The Jesuits introduced it into Europe as a medicine, so that it was long known as "Jesuit tea"; but it has never become popular outside of South America. Brazil grows vast quantities of it, and when you visit a friend in the country, maté is promptly served you in an elaborate little vessel of silver, or the best the household can afford, with a tube from which it is to be sucked up. Just as the Indian of the Andes has always chewed his cocaine; so the Indian of the pampas has always drunk his maté.



THE IMMIGRANT STATION ON FLORES ISLAND IN RIO'S BAY

CHAPTER XIII—SOUTH AMERICA

São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro

The largest city of southern Brazil, the metropolis which has grown rich from coffee, is São Paulo, capital of the state of the same name. São Paulo (sah′o pow′loo), the chief city anywhere upon the South American uplands, holds fully half a million people; and is second only to Rio de Janeiro (rē′ō dĕ zhă nā′rō) among Brazilian cities. It is close to the Atlantic but has been built high upon the crest of the coast mountains so as to get the value of the cool air of the plateau, and escape the really torturing heat which here curses the muggy lowlands by the sea.

The modern coffee millionaires of São Paulo have made it a beautiful city; but the mass of the people here are still the workers in the fields. You will appreciate one side of their character best if you will visit the neighboring shrine of the church of Penha, the most noted of several similar places in Brazil. If anyone is in danger of an accident here, or suffers pain or disease in any portion of his body, he recklessly vows that portion to some trusted saint, usually to the Virgin of Penha. Then if he escapes his suffering, he fulfills the vow by presenting not the actual member but a wax model of it, or perhaps a painting of the threatened accident. Striking indeed are the trophies of gratitude thus exposed to view at the Penha shrine. These include pictures of

folk just escaping, perhaps from before a train, or from a stumble over a precipice, the danger always being checked by the Virgin's upraised hand. As for the models of human anatomy, they are only slightly restricted by a sign declaring that only models of decent parts may be displayed. We are told that the "miracle-room" becomes so crowded that its trophies are all cleared out about once a month to give place for another lot.

In contrast to this form of encouraging religious trust among the very ignorant, let us look to the Butantan Institute of São Paulo. This is a collection of thousands of snakes kept in scores of little domed cement houses like a zoo. The purpose here, however, is not exhibition but study. Anyone finding a new species of snake is required to send it to Butantan. Antitoxins for each snake-bite are carefully devised and are sent out wherever needed. One particular snake, the mussurama, which is like our black snake but often eight feet long, is bred in quantities because it devours poison snakes. It thus saves many Brazilians from an ugly death. Regular test fights are sometimes held here between a mussurama and some particularly deadly snake; and the fight always ends by the mussurama binding the other in his coils, crushing its head when it is helpless and then proceeding to devour a meal, often as big as himself. You can really see sixteen foot boa constrictors at Butantan. Larger ones must be looked for in story books or native chatter in the market place.

A railroad takes us down the mountain from São Paulo to Santos, its Atlantic port and therefore the chief coffee distributing center of the world. This railroad has a peculiar government contract which forbids it to make more than a certain profit, so that when times are good it has to expend its surplus somehow on equipment. Even its switch-lamps are said to be silver-plated. From Santos we can take a comfortable steamer north some two hundred miles along the coast to Rio de Janeiro. All this Brazilian shore is beautiful. It is lined with palms and coral islands, like the tropic land it is; and long lagoons lie sheltered behind the sand-bars of the beach. Few people dwell along the shore; and wild life abounds, the life of parroquets and cockatoos and noisy tropic birds, with silent sluggish alligators in the pools. Beyond the richly verdant shore, the mountains rise, abrupt and sharp. They are what geologists call "young" mountains; that is their sharp thin edges have not been worn away by the weather of the ages, but rise thin and jagged as saw-teeth against the deep blue

THE RIDE TO PAO DE ASUCAR Courtesy of Thos. Cook & Son

The remarkable car-ride by a single aerial cable to this peak is one of the "lions" of Rio.

sky. Along this shore the excellent automobile roads which are now being built in Rio, extend farther every year, opening to the visitor a land of wonderful scenic panoramas varying at every turn.

It is odd how names attach themselves to the most unfitting places. Far-spreading Brazil is named from a cheap dye-wood and Rio de Janeiro preserves the title of a river which does not even exist. Amerigo Vespucci, who has lent his name to our hemisphere, was the discoverer of the bay where the Brazilian capital now stands. He was led by its mighty entrance and deep water to suppose it the mouth of a great river; and, as he had discovered it on New Year's day, he called it the River of January. The settlement which afterwards grew up here was called São Sebastião de Rio de Janeiro, a name which time and some feeble sense of brevity has shortened into Rio Janeiro, or more commonly, just Rio.

The Brazilian capital of our day holds over a million people. It is the second city of South America in size, and perhaps, because of its leadership of the great state of Brazil, the first in importance. Many enthusiastic Portuguese poems have been written about the beauty of Rio's harbor. It certainly ranks with the bays of Naples and Cape Town and Yokohama as among the most beautiful ports of the world, and it should perhaps be ranked foremost of them all. The beauty of Buenos Aires is that which men have been able to make of an originally colorless site. Rio has also been richly adorned by man, but his decorations are pale beside the natural color and splendor of the scene.

Through the maze of tropic islands, our ship boldly approaches what seems a sharply defiant mountain wall. The rocks part, and an opening appears between them less than a half mile broad. This swiftly widens into an open bay, curving river-like in the shape of a letter S, and big enough to hold all the navies of the world. On its banks there rise low green hills, partly city-covered today; and immediately enclosing these is a circle of abrupt and rocky mountain cliffs some two thousand feet in height. The most impressive of these sharply pointed peaks rises almost at the entrance of the harbor, a pinnacle of rock like a monument, fifteen hundred feet in height. This natural obelisk is called the Sugar Loaf, which sounds much more prettily in Portuguese as the Pão de Asucar. The folk here like to say that when God had finished this beautiful harbor, He added the Sugar Loaf as an exclamation mark, a monument to call attention to

the wondrous work here offered to mankind. Another peak called the Corcovado rises directly above the city, and is so precipitous that it can only be mounted by means of a cog-railway which climbs to the summit. From this we gaze down on a wonderful view of Rio underfoot.

Even more striking is the Brazilian method of reaching to the summit of the Sugar Loaf. Its precipitous wall was scaled once by an expert and then a stout wire cable was suspended between its summit and that of another height more easily ascended. Along this cable, a car flying through the heavens like an aeroplane carries visitors

A VIEW OF RIO FROM THE SQUATTERS' HEIGHTS

to the Sugar Loaf and the inevitable restaurant that stands there looking down upon the sea. About this soaring ride Brazilians like to terrify the stranger, as do the Argentinos about their railroad over the Andes. In Rio you will hear that the Sugar Loaf aerial cab whirls you madly to and fro and leaves you so deplorably seasick, that people who have reached the haven of the restaurant, sometimes insist desperately on staying there. They have to be chloroformed to get them down again—or at least so runs the Rio tale.

To this vivid natural scenic effect of stern rocks and gorgeous flowers and blue, blue sky, the builders of Rio have of late years added

all that art and money can accomplish. The millionaires from cattle and coffee and rubber and gold and diamond mines have gathered in the capital, and the old-fashioned Portuguese city of an earlier day has been completely transformed. The broad Avenida Central or Rio Branco, has been driven as a main street right through the heart of the city from the sea to the hills. Old houses were ruthlessly cut in half to give it passage, with the result that many of the shops are strangely shallow behind their gorgeous facades. One avenue, the famous Avenida Beira-Mar, extends for six miles around an inner fold of the great bay, called the Botofogo. On the Botofogo waters are held the brilliant Brazilian boat-carnivals; and the broad avenida which surrounds it is the chief home of Brazilian fashion. This sea-side promenade is lined with palm trees and flower-beds, and with gorgeous villas on its landward side. It is the chief drive for all the aristocracy of the city. Not to be seen and saluted by everybody toward sunset time on the Avenida Beira-Mar is to admit that you are unknown and unregarded in Brazil.

In the old days the city was made terribly unhealthy by mosquitoes and other insects. Today, however, the sanitation is perfect and mosquitoes are practically unknown. There is not an insect screen or netting in Rio. If you so much as see one of the dreaded insects, you are supposed to telephone the fact immediately to a department specially in charge of the matter. Inspectors hasten at your call for aid, and trace the wild beast to its secret lair, to destroy the breeding place and all the diseases that might spring from it. Strangers sometimes come away from Rio declaring that it is a perfect city, its beauty unmarred by any poorer quarters. They think so only because they do not lift their eyes sufficiently high. Nobody climbs hills in the tropics unless they must; so the summits of some of Rio's steepest hills have been left to the poor. Up these we may climb by winding cliff-like paths, mounting from hovel to hovel toward cooler and purer air.

Of course it is hot in Rio, sometimes terribly hot; but there is always a cooling sea breeze at night, to give joy to the gay official dances and receptions. Moreover, most of the foreigners live, not in the main city, but in some suburb on the mountain tops to which a railroad does the climbing for them. There is one such mountain town, Petropolis, which is the home of all the foreign ambassadors and legations. These have here a social circle and European clubs of

THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE OF RIO

This chief theatre stands in an open park along with the Monroe Palace at the start of the main Avenida of the city.

their own. There are also many notable sightseeing trips for visitors to all the surrounding heights. Weeks may be spent with new and charming automobile explorations each day. There is one bold peak called Tiyuca Mountain which the natives regard as a barometer. There is much rain to mar the pleasure of life in Rio; but when Tiyuca suddenly stands out clear from amid the haze, everyone says confidently, "Now we shall have fair weather."

Of beautiful buildings in Rio, the one most interesting to United States visitors will naturally be the Monroe Palace. This is a public building intended for convention meetings. It was built and named in honor of our President, as a recognition that Brazil at least fully appreciated South America's debt to us for having established and maintained the "Monroe Doctrine." This has prevented modern European Powers from seizing possession of South America. The civilization of the land has thus been perhaps delayed; but its future has been made sure for democracy.

In contrast to the Monroe Palace we must visit also the former Imperial Palace. Brazil continued as an Empire until 1889, ruled over by descendants of the old Portuguese royal house. A bloodless revolution established a republic, chiefly because the aristocracy were indignant that the empire had abolished slavery. Deprived of their slaves, the great land-owners refused to give further support to the old and kindly and popular emperor, Dom Pedro. So perforce he abdicated his throne. His palace is now a National Museum, well-kept and interesting, full of relics of the Brazilian past. One of its curiosities is the largest known meteorite, a mass of un-earthenlike iron, ten thousand pounds in weight, which fell from the outer space beyond our atmosphere.

Amid the mountains back of Rio there is a United States city, Villa Americana. It was founded in 1867 by Southerners who left our land after the Civil War, and set up here a slave-holding community of their own. For a time Villa Americana prospered, but the freeing of the slaves of Brazil deprived it of its peculiar character. Many of the settlers or their children returned to the United States; and today the once noted "Slaveholders' last refuge" has little to distinguish it from other Brazilian towns. This land was not intended for North Americans.

RECIFE OR PERNAMBUCO BEHIND ITS HARBOR OF THE REEF

CHAPTER XIV—SOUTH AMERICA

Northern Brazil

As we go north up the long Brazilian coast, we must also travel east; for the coast extends so far eastward that its outmost point, Cape Branco, is some two thousand miles to the eastward of New York and is nearer to Europe's ports than to some of those on our Atlantic coast. The Brazilian table-land extends eastward with the shore-line; and here on the plateau above Rio we find ourselves in the large inland state of Minas Geraes. This stately and re-echoing name means only "mines general" or the universal mining district. Here we may visit the gold and diamond mines for which Brazil is famous, and also the less noted but even more profit-bringing iron mines.

It was for this state that the Brazilian government recently built a capital to order. They called their city Belle Horizon, because of the open view in all directions; and they erected it within a year, from start to finish, completing everything, even to the post boxes. Then they moved the Minas Geraes government suddenly into its new-built home. In the outer quarters of Belle Horizon, we may actually "pick up gold in the streets." We could do it in almost any unpaved upland town of Brazil; for the gold lies as a thinly scattered dust close to the surface. A sifting of almost any of this earth by the old-fashioned hand methods of early miners will reveal a few flecks of gold, but not

in paying quantities. The richer surface deposits were long since dug away; and Brazil is not a great gold-producing country today.

Diamantina, the ancient capital of the diamond district, stands among the highest ridges of the Minas Geraes table-land, almost a mile above the sea, amid bare and rainless hills. It is a city mainly of hovels now; for the diamond mining, never a well conducted business enterprise, has dwindled sadly of recent years. The ancient world knew of diamonds only as a rarity from India. When the early gold miners on these Brazilian heights first found diamonds also, the Portuguese government eagerly claimed a monopoly of the gems, and sent out a royal governor, whose ancient palace may still be seen upon the heights above Diamantina. So numerous were the diamonds here that the gems became common in comparison to their former rarity; and gradually a society of the most aristocratic Portuguese nobles was gathered here around the profitable mines. Diamantina saw much stately ceremonial then, of powdered wigs and minuets and duelling. One governor even built an artificial lake beside the palace and had a miniature ship in which his guests were borne about, so that they might not forget that they were a seafaring race. For centuries Brazil held a practical monopoly on the world's diamonds. But when the mines of South Africa were discovered, the poorly worked, ill-handled Brazilian mines could not compete with them. Today eighty per cent of the world's diamonds come from Africa.

Nominally, all diamonds found in Brazil pay a large tax to the government; but practically most of them slip into circulation with illegal quietude. Diamonds are found near the beds of streams in a peculiar clay. The owners of a promising stream will hire natives to shovel up the dirt in cartloads, and it is then sifted out until only a stack of pebbles is left. From among these an expert picks out the few diamonds. To an outsider, the stones look like white, half transparent pebbles; but any negro boy in Diamantina will tell the real jewels at a glance. So well is our common human nature understood in Brazil that, if you are at all prosperous looking when you visit the mines, you are apt to be approached by some tattered, furtive looking negro carefully staged for the purpose. He will offer you rough diamonds, and tremblingly explain that he cannot get the stones out of the country but that you can carry them away without any danger, so he will sell them to you for very little. You buy them—only to find later that they are not diamonds at all, or else are gems so full of flaws that you have paid

TRANSPORTING GOLD FROM THE MINES

All the rich minerals of the Brazilian table-land must be carted by mules to a railroad or down to the sea.

much more than their value. There are grades of diamonds as well as of other stones, and no amateur can judge them in the rough.

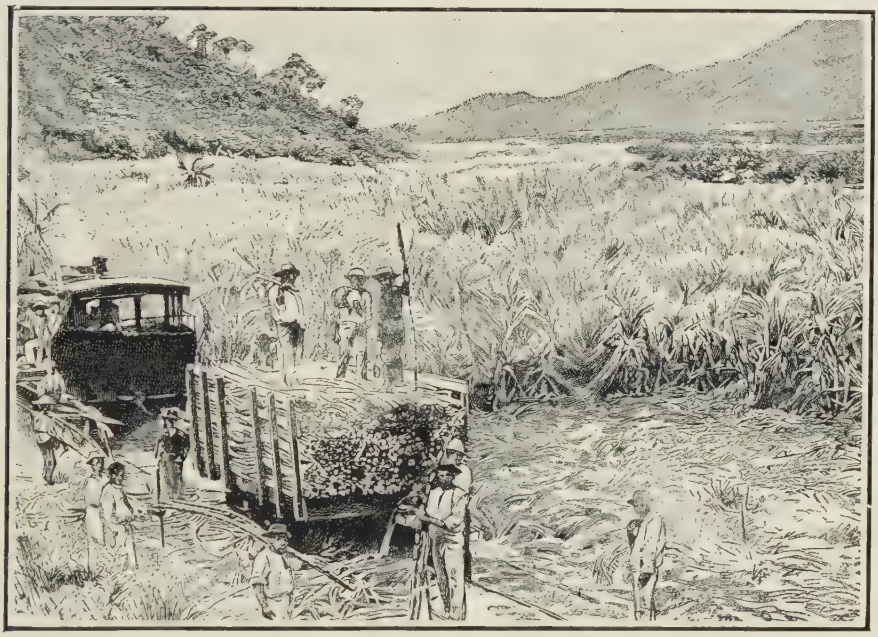
As we go farther northward, out of the state of Minas Geraes into that of Bahia, the diamond district continues, but the character of the stones changes. They become chiefly of that peculiar luster which causes them to be called black diamonds, a coincidence, since this region is itself known as Brazil's "black belt." The name refers, however, not to stones but to people. We are within ten degrees of the equator, and negro slaves were once numerous here because no one else could work in this heat and survive. Hence almost everyone we see will be largely or wholly of African blood. If we descend from the mountains to Bahia itself, another sea-shore port, and the third largest city of Brazil, we shall find its streets thronged with negroes.

There has never been any accurate census taken of Bahia, but it holds fully 300,000 people and the highest estimate of the number of white folks here sets them at only 60,000. You may walk for blocks without seeing a white face. Freight is transported through the streets mainly on the heads of laughing negroes, more than half unclothed. The voodoo man is still important here; and many a well-reputed citizen carries a pair of young roosters into a dark and secret hovel that they may be used for the blood rites by which he hopes to propitiate evil fate. Everyone in the streets seems puffing a fat, black cigar, women and children as well as men; for this is a region of tobacco raising. It is famous for one natural beauty, the falls of São Paulo Affonso. These, rank with the falls of the Paraná on the far southern boundary of Brazil, as being as mighty and impressive as our own Niagara; but they are so far inland in this difficult, feverish and unattractive region that they are rarely visited.

Bahia is the one remaining large city of South America which is still wholly without modern sanitation, and where the dread diseases carried by rats and insects lie ever in wait for the unwary traveler. Death is so common, that the passing of one's neighbors is here looked upon quite casually as a matter of minor interest. We get a glimpse of life as it was lived in an older day when medical science was unknown and all illnesses were accepted as heaven-sent and inescapable. The Brazilian black belt is a place we shall be much wiser to visit in imagination than in actuality.

From Bahia a steamer will carry us some four hundred miles up the Atlantic coast to Recife, more commonly known as Pernambuco,

though the latter is really the name of the entire Brazilian state of which Recife is the capital. Here we are at the easternmost edge of South America. We have also reached a point only five hundred miles south of the equator, and the heat close down to the ocean is overwhelming. All this part of the Brazilian coast is sheltered by a great barrier reef, such as we saw off the Australian continent; but while the Brazilian reef is partly of coral like that of Australia, much of it seems of a different rock which has hardened during the ages into a solid sandstone. This forms a perfect shelter for the shallow waters within



GATHERING THE SUGAR HARVEST ON A MILLIONAIRE'S PLANTATION

the reef; and the voyage along the coast in the usual quiet weather is like sailing on a mill pond. The name of the capital city of Pernambuco is in fact merely the Portuguese word for reef, and this city of two hundred thousand people, the fourth largest in Brazil, is thus really known merely as The Reef. So also Bahia was the Bay, and Rio the River; all names here have a frank simplicity hidden from strangers by the foreign tongue.

Recife has not even any harbor of its own, except the great barrier reef. This is here broken by a channel, so that small boats come directly up to the city docks while larger ships lie outside. The city

is an important port for sugar and for cocoa. If you could once see the oozy, hot and half melted sugar handled by Pernambuco negroes who have never heard of any satisfactory reason for washing, you would be forever chary of using South American sugar; though of course it is all refined later and cleaned for commercial use.

Recife is really three towns built upon three sandbars, separated by shallow, salt-water lagoons. Many concrete bridges connect the various parts of the low city, and you would guess at once from its waterways and its buildings that it had been founded by Dutchmen. So it was; this was originally a Dutch colony, but after a time the Portuguese crowded out their rivals. Many of the older houses have still the high peaks and gables of Dutch architecture. Upon the whole, however, we shall find Recife almost as backward in civilization as was Bahia. No tourist should trust to one of the hotels on shore, if he can possible stay upon his ship.

Northward, another four hundred miles from Recife, our steamer brings us to Pará, the prosperous modern port at the mouth of the Amazon. We enter here a wholly different region. Few Portuguese and fewer negroes ever settled thus far north, and the vast region of the Amazon was left for centuries almost wholly to its native Indians. Then the sudden remarkable development of the rubber trade, at the beginning of the twentieth century, brought to the Amazon an influx of foreigners, from every race and clime. Pará, a city of one hundred thousand people, is the chief rubber distributing center of the world, just as we found Santos the chief coffee port, and Bahia the center of the Brazilian tobacco trade. The old government buildings of Pará still peep forth at us from a rich tangle of tropic trees and flowers. A huge old Portuguese cathedral with some of the finest of Brazilian pictures looks down on us. But beyond and around these on the flat shore there are many modern warehouses; trolley gongs clang everywhere, and the tropic night is bright with hundreds of electric lights.

It is difficult to convey to one who has not seen it any sense of the vastness of the Amazon, earth's largest river. In truth the river is more like a mighty sea; the Indians call it the Sea River, and its use to South America has often been compared to that of the Mediterranean, which opens to the ocean all the cities and lands of Southern Europe. Some day the Amazon too will be the center of such a civilization. At its mouth it is a hundred miles wide. Ocean steamers may ascend its stream for days without getting any sight of its distant shores. A

THE FALLS OF PAULO AFFONSO

These falls on the São Francisco, the largest river of eastern Brazil, rank among the chief cataracts of the world.

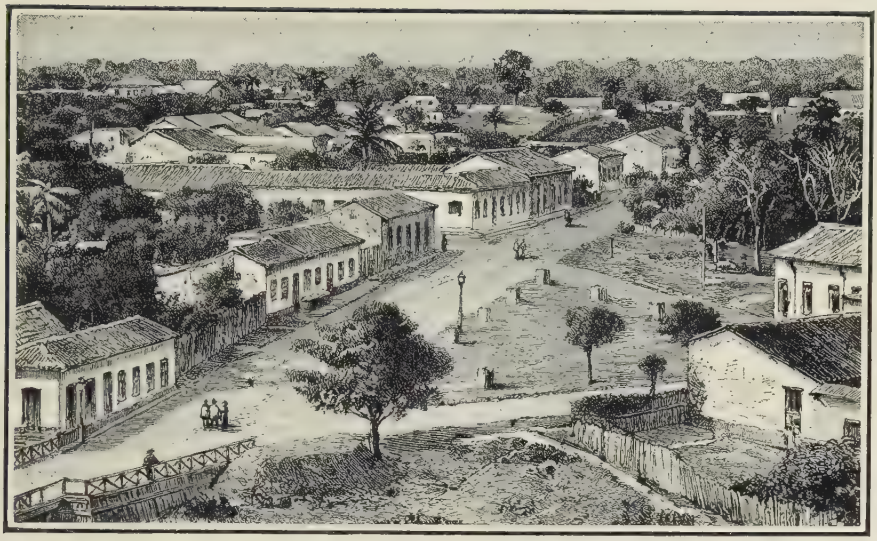
thousand miles inland from the Atlantic these steamers dock at Manaos, the new built capital of the rubber dealers. The river channel thus far up will vary in depth from seventy five to over two hundred feet.

At times an ocean steamer goes right on up the river to Iquitos, which is 2,200 miles from the ocean, and is not on Brazilian territory at all, but is a city of Peru. This too is one of the surprising developments of the twentieth century. Peru, known for ages as a state of the Pacific Ocean, has become the possessor of an Atlantic seaport, not by extending her territory, but only by discovering the true size of the Amazon. From Iquitos you can take direct passage for London.

Between Iquitos and Pará, the Amazon receives a dozen tributaries, each of which would compare in length and volume with our Mississippi. This whole equatorial region has a heavy rainfall, so that one or another of the Amazonian tributaries is almost always in flood, and the main river is always full. In the early Fall and early Spring the floods rise highest, and the Amazon then comes down to the sea in a majestic flood often forty feet above its summer height, drowning its banks for hundreds of miles inland, and pouring into the ocean such a mass of fresh water that ships feel the current and find the water of the ocean fresh two hundred miles off shore.

In the very jaws of this mighty river as it flows into the sea, there is an island, Marajo, as large as the whole of Massachusetts, or as Italy's great island of Sicily. Marajo was once occupied by populous tribes of Indians; and after the Portuguese had killed all these, or carried them off as slaves, the isle lay empty for generations. Now, modern cattlemen have begun repopulating it. It is a low-lying, fertile region of open pastures, well-fitted for cattle-raising, except because of the difficulties which come from the Amazonian flood. If our steamer passes here at a season of high water, we may see the odd spectacle of great herds of cattle in water almost up to their necks. The loss of stock because of alligators has sometimes risen to over fifty thousand head in a year.

The name of Amazon was given to the great river by the first Spanish explorer, a lieutenant to Pizarro, who led some of the bold "conquistadores" down from the Andes in Ecuador, all the way to the Atlantic. Their entire journey was one long battle with the Indians, in which the Spaniards owed their escape wholly to their iron armor. In several places the women fought them quite as desperately as the men; and so they called the stream the "River of the Amazons" or woman fighters.



AMID THE SUBURBS OF MANAOS

CHAPTER XV—SOUTH AMERICA

The Unknown Central Region

In writing of the twentieth century at some future date, a South American observer may well speak of it as the age of rubber. When Columbus and other American explorers first touched this southern continent, they noted that the Indians played a game with a queerly active, bounding ball. It was made of rubber, which the natives used also for flasks or bottles. The Spaniards marveled at the strange substance; but the world gave little heed to it except as a curiosity until after the beginning of the nineteenth century. Then men discovered that rubber shed water and could be used for water pipes and rain clothes. As electricity developed, rubber became valued for all forms of insulation; and then when bicycles and automobiles were invented, it became invaluable for rubber tires. Chemists tried to make it in their laboratories; but though they could analyze its constituents they failed wholly to give to artificial rubber the "life," the resiliency which is its most valuable natural characteristic. Hence there was no other way; "live" rubber must be gathered from the forests, just as the Indians had gathered it centuries ago.

At first there were no rubber trees found anywhere, except in this vast forest which covers the whole center of South America; and that is why from about the year 1900, the whole Amazon district woke

suddenly from its age-long sleep. Since then rubber trees have been planted in other tropic lands and regular plantations have been developed from which the rubber can be gathered much more readily than from the wild Amazon forests. Hence these have lost something of their importance, but they are still the chief rubber-producing region of the world.

We must pause for a moment to realize the vast size of this secret, and in many ways terrible, unknown world of which the town of Manaos, a thousand miles up the Amazon, is the outer portal. The swamps and forests spread both north and south from the main river for hundreds of miles. They cover a region almost as large as Europe, a region so filled with malignant influences that human life is here almost impossible; and the entire hidden space probably holds only a few thousands of wild Indians clinging to a poor existence amid its miseries. Through this impenetrable region the great rivers form the only possible pathways, and even these are often so lost in swamps that it is difficult to trace their course.

When we find a river bank where solid earth does rise to any height above the marshes, it is covered with a vegetation so thick that the plants are thrust bulging out above the water like a solid wall. Neither man nor beast could force a way through this wild tangle of thorns and creepers and clinging vines. Explorers have to hack a passage slowly with hatchet and the big "machete" or sword-knife. If in this fashion we manage to reach some little distance from the river, and perhaps climb higher ground, we shall find space a little freer. Here the sunshine cannot penetrate with its life-giving warmth, and hence the growth is not so thick as it was along the river.

These deeper forests are wrapped in heavily shadowed gloom. Every tree struggles upward toward the light; and vines climb by means of the tree-trunks, so as to thrust their tendrils also into the upper air. Thus a tightly woven forest roof is made, enclosing a land of eternal twilight. Yet the vegetation is still so thick as to bar all passage, except for the chattering parroquets and monkeys and poisonous insects overhead, or the snakes that wriggle underneath. Amid this smothered world no one tree or shrub appears in a grove or cluster of its own kind. A thousand varied forms struggle against each other for every inch of light and space. Hence the rubber trees, like all others here, are to be found only at intervals, often long distances apart.

Through this unhuman world the rubber hunters spread out in

THE AMAZON IN FLOOD

The Amazon spreads through its forests often without regular banks, flooding many miles of woodland. The Indians raise a thatched shelter on any ridge above the water.

search of their spoil. There are several varieties of rubber trees, the most profitable being that known as the seringa. The rubber is really a whitish gum that looks like milk, and flows from the tree when it is cut. The rubber hunter gashes the tree with a knife, fastens a tin cup beneath the gash, and comes back hours later to find his cup filled with the rubber milk. He then gashes the tree again, lower down, and replaces the emptied cup. At night he takes his day's collection of the milk and prepares it for transportation. He smears some of the milk upon a stick and dries this over a smoky fire, then smears more above the dried residue and smokes that in turn, until he has a hunk of thick rubber almost a foot in diameter. He cuts this in half to free it from the stick; and in this shape it forms the rounded rubber "hams" which can be easily transported and which form the raw rubber of trade.

This rubber is brought down to Manaos from a thousand different streams. It comes in Indian canoes, rudely hollowed from some strange giant tree whose very name is unknown to civilization. Or it comes in Brazilian "batelãos," queer-looking boats with thatched straw roofs, whose tiny shelter is all the home their owners ever know. Or it comes in sailboats, patched together from the products of many lands. Or it comes in puffing, important little steam launches, which have usually seen hard service and show it plainly. All of these gather at the docks of Manaos, which is the old but newly enlivened capital of the vast Brazilian state of Amazonas.

Manaos stands on a high bank which looks down upon the Rio Negro, a few miles above its entrance into the Sea River. Manaos is a wealthy city, where men who must dwell there to direct their rubber interests have established themselves with as much comfort as they can. The town contains perhaps fifty thousand people, and has a handsome, modern cathedral and one of the best theatres in South America. The deep water comes directly up to the high bank; and ocean steamers mingle here with all the strange little river-boats.

The "cauchero," as the professional rubber hunter is called, is a striking if not wholly attractive person, when met here in his own domain. Manaos is his town, to which he comes to celebrate, after months of labor in the wilds; and the scenes here resemble those of our own vanished frontier of the West. Usually the cauchero is a half-breed, not from Brazil, but from the Spanish Indian races of the Andes. The first rubber hunters came down into this region by following along the streams which led them from the heights of Peru and Ecuador.

Many of them do their rubber hunting now by proxy. That is they have gone among the Indians of these forests, and partly by persuasion, but more largely by force, have set the redmen to gathering rubber, which the cauchero collects. This practice once bred terrible atrocities, the caucheros really enslaving the Indians and forcing them by torture to toil to an impossible degree. Whole tribes of Indians were exterminated, and others fled still deeper into the wilderness, filled with an abiding terror and hatred for all civilization. These brutal practices have been officially ended by foreign interference and Brazilian and

SHOOTING FISH, AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE MADEIRA

Peruvian command; but no man other than the caucheros themselves knows all that takes place when they have left Manaos behind.

Iquitos, the Peruvian city of the upper Amazon, is another Manaos on a smaller scale. Even here, more than two thousand miles from the ocean, the Amazon is two miles broad with a depth of over ninety feet. The caucheros of this region were those most particularly implicated in the "rubber horrors." The Indians of the forests are of many different types; and those of Peru seem to have been a particularly kindly and unwarlike people. There are, however, some tribes here who are head-hunters, and their ghastly trophies are sometimes

displayed at Iquitos and other frontier towns, and even sold as souvenirs. The Indians have learned the use of strange drugs drawn from wild plants as yet almost unknown. By some such means they shrink the human heads which they preserve. Even the skull is contracted beneath its shrivelled skin, so that these hideous monstrosities look more like the heads of little children or of frightful monkeys than of men.

We have told of the wide use of cocaine among the upland Indians of Peru; but some of the tribes of these lowlands have found a stimulant of even stranger quality. This is a potion brewed from the yagé plant, which grows thickly in the forest. This yagé dulls pain and hunger, and serves to drive off some of the forest diseases. It has also à strange telepathic effect, such as science has not yet fully investigated. The caucheros, many of whom use the drug freely, declare that under its influence their minds remain, not in the forests with their work, but in far off homes or cities. The men insist that in these distant places they see, not past events, but whatever is occuring at the moment, so that they return home not as strangers, but familiar with all that has happened in their absence. Medical men of white race and scholarship have testified to similar effects from the use of yagé. Its persistent employment is said to produce madness. Its Indian victims imagine themselves to be wild beasts, and live as such, in startling contrast to their usual mildness. They prowl the forests until they die, and attack with beast-like savagery any person or animal they meet.

The deepest penetration into the great wilderness has been made by way of the Madeira River, the chief tributary of the Amazon from the south. The Madeira is almost as broad and flat as the parent stream, so that ocean steamers make their way up its channel for several hundred miles to the little village of Porto Velho, which lies in the very center of Brazil. Here their passage is blocked by the first rapids or swift flow of the Madeira. Across the midst of South America there seems to extend a great ledge of solid rock in marked contrast to the usual marshy woodland. These rocks must once have risen almost into a mountain barrier, but they are now worn down to mere ledges over which the Madeira river rushes furiously, a startling source of noise and motion in this quiet, stagnant land. The rapids extend for quite two hundred miles; but so valuable is the Madeira, as the one great highway leading across all this land, that men have three times attempted, and at last succeeded in, the building of a railroad around the rapids to the upper river. The tale of deaths from poison and from

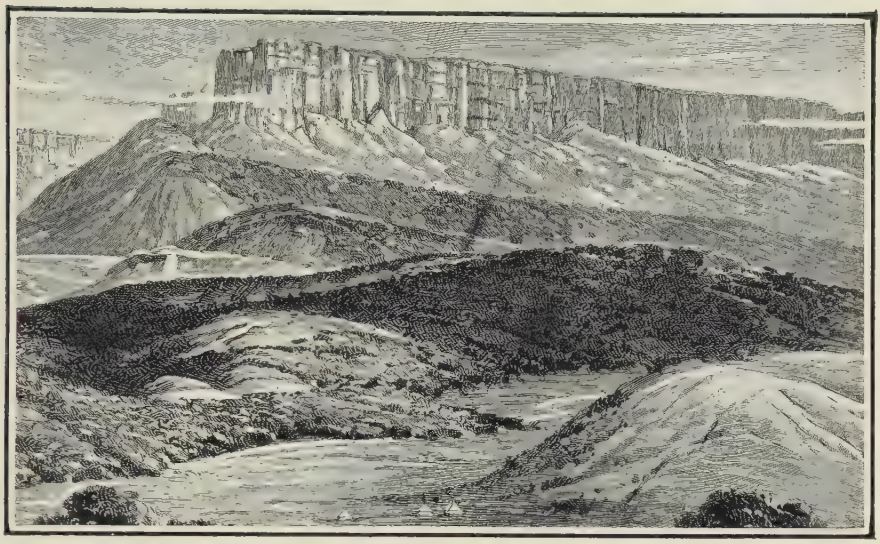
INDIANS OF THE UPPER AMAZON

These tribes never see the clear light of day except in the rare moments when they venture out from their forests to the open river.

fever which accompanied the building of this road is pitiful indeed. The work was twice abandoned in defeat before its recent success. Today, this railroad has opened a route through central Brazil to the Andes of Bolivia; and this country too, begins, like Peru, to attach itself to the Atlantic coast.

The Indians of the Madeira seem even more terribly shy than those of the north. They are very small, and they go wholly unclothed, except as they cover themselves with mud as a protection against insect bites. They will often follow a white man's march for days, watching him without his seeing the slightest indication of their presence. They are experts with the "blow pipe," which is indeed widely in use among all Amazonian tribes. This is a hollow reed, carefully straightened, and sometimes a dozen feet in length. It is used for blowing forth a poison dart; and by long practice from childhood, the Indians will shoot such a dart over a hundred feet. In the thick jungle, away from the rivers, this is a weapon as deadly as a rifle. An enemy cannot be seen at all a hundred feet away; and the dart comes in utter silence from an unmarked spot. The poison most commonly used is that of the curare, a mere touch of which paralyzes the muscles and soon causes death. The Indians, however, use it much more for hunting than for warfare, the peculiar curare poison seeming to have no evil effect upon the flesh of its victim. All the Indian tribes of the forest are pale of skin through constant living in the semi-darkness. Thus various tales have been spread of white races seen in the remote interior; but further search has always shown these to be but light-colored Indians.

As we approach the Bolivian frontier we meet Indians of much higher type. They do not depend wholly upon the forest for their conveniences, but have secured iron pots from traders, and cloth for garments. They still depend on arrows as their weapons and are peculiarly expert at shooting the fish in their rivers. Even the largest fish are captured in this way, as a string is tied to a clinging arrow and the wounded fish is at length dragged to the surface. These Indians, the Yuracaré, seem to have developed a considerable civilization of their own; yet some of their descendants, having drifted down the Madeira, and so settled finally among the marshes of the lower Amazon, have degenerated rapidly into the much lower type common to the deep forests. It seems that in these forests life is so drear and hard, that it drives men back toward beasthood; they are unable to rise above this dark environment.



RORAIMA, THE MOUNTAIN OF FORTRESS-CLIFFS

CHAPTER XVI—SOUTH AMERICA

The Guianas

Almost the only familiar association which most of us have with the Guianas, is connected with the little pet guinea-pigs which were first exported from there; and even in that idea we have become confused, naming the little rabbit-like creature from Guinea, which is an equatorial province of Africa, instead of from its real home in Guiana (ghē ah′nă), the equatorial land of America. The Guianas form the one portion of the South American continent which has no part in the Americanism elsewhere protected by our Monroe Doctrine. Before the Monroe policy was announced, Guiana had already been taken possession of by the traders of France, Holland, and Britain. Guiana is the coast district which extends along the Atlantic northward from the Amazon to the next great river, the Orinoco. It is today divided into the three colonial provinces of French, Dutch and British Guiana.

Guiana is a country which in its woods and animals much resembles the Amazonian region we have just visited. The boundary which separates it from northern Brazil is a mile high ridge of open table-land covered with grassy "savanahs" or meadows, and rising into one famous mountain, Roraima. From this ridge, the streams which flow southward to the Amazon belong to Brazil; those that flow north to the Orinoco belong to Venezuela; and those that flow eastward, direct to

the Atlantic, traverse the land of the Guianas. Hence this new land that we are visiting consists of three strips of very different appearance. In the west it presents a region of rather high and barren plains; then comes an enormous tangle of forest lands well-nigh impenetrable; and then along the seacoast spreads a narrow strip of low plain, built up by the rivers and generally not more than a dozen miles wide. On this sea-plain the Europeans have established themselves in plantations and started little towns.

French Guiana, the southern section adjoining Brazil, has a higher coast land than the others, and is much more picturesque and attractive in appearance. It is, however, the least progressive of the three, for the French have made of it a convict colony. All the supposedly worst French criminals, those sentenced to transportation for a considerable term of years, are sent here. They are promptly put to hard labor in this deadly climate, to which they are wholly unaccustomed. As a result the death rate is tragically high; most of the convicts do not live through their alloted term of servitude.

The French capital, Cayenne, is situated on a beautiful island off the coast. As its name indicates, pepper was once the chief export of the colony, though the cayenne pepper of today comes almost wholly from other lands. The town of Cayenne is occupied by French officials and their families, who spend their time in longing to return to France, and make little effort to improve or even to humanize the grim society in which they live. Another island off the coast, called Devil's Island, was the place of imprisonment selected for the noted Captain Dreyfus, hero of one of the most remarkable trials in modern history. Much was made at the time of the ugly name of the island on which he was incarcerated. But here in Cayenne, the spot is more commonly known as Health Island; its position in the open ocean gives it far better air than the mainland close to the miasmic forests.

The other two Guianas, unlike that of France, represent serious attempts at colonization. The sea-plain here is lower, much of it being land which has been built out by the growth of mangrove swamps, and some of it being actually below the level of the ocean. That of course gave the Dutch an opportunity for their favorite engineering feat of dyke building. A considerable portion of the coast is protected by this means, and the region has suffered more than once from inundation. On these flat lands, the Dutch colonists have attempted to grow one tropical product after another, sugar, coffee, cocoa beans and bananas;

THE CAPITAL OF FRENCH GUIANA

Cayenne, is a city of negroes and banished Frenchmen in the wilderness, all eager to return to France.

but in each case some new vegetable disease, such as the tropics seem able to produce at a moment's notice, has ruined the plantations. Anyone but a Dutchman would have despaired, but the colonists are now experimenting with rubber trees and also with sea cotton.

Dutch Guiana contains perhaps eighty thousand people, though the number of those of wholly European blood is small. In slavery days the plantations were worked almost entirely by imported negroes; but in this too the colony was unfortunate. The vast forest directly behind their plantations was so like an African forest, that the negroes understood it better than their masters did. An ill-treated slave was quick to flee into the jungle; and gradually this "bush" populace of negroes grew so numerous that they openly defied the Dutch. For years their former masters waged against them a war of extermination, at tremendous cost to the Dutch. Yet the war failed of its purpose, and today there is a broad strip of land lying along the boundary between French and Dutch Guiana, which is wholly in possession of these "bush negroes." They seem to flourish in the climate as no white men could. They are now a sturdy, fine-looking race whose men are usually over six feet tall.

Fully half the civilized populace of Dutch Guiana live in its capital, Paramaribo, a city of forty thousand people, which lies on the Surinam River close to the ocean. To us this town is historically interesting because it is the settlement which the Dutch once preferred to New York. They traded their colony upon our shores, for what was then the British colony at Paramaribo. Today the town with its low river walls, frequent canals, and tall, gabled houses is as Dutch as anything could be in so tropical a land. Its main street is lined by a great, double avenue of mahogany trees, splendid specimens of this rare and valuable wood; and it is on record that the town authorities, some twenty years ago refused the offer of a lumber company to pay them forty thousand dollars for these trees, so that they form a fairly valuable street adornment.

The negroes of Paramaribo are all free now, though they have not fallen back into the ways of their "bush" relatives, preferring the comforts of civilization. They form the majority of the populace, and their bright clothes and ready laughter give a pleasant tone to the quiet city. They speak a language of their own, known as Taki-taki, which seems a combination of Dutch and Portuguese, mixed with words from various negro tribes and also from the Indians. A negro of Dutch Guiana

whether "bush" or "town," seems a far more competent and well-settled person than most of those whom we have met. It is indeed an excellent corrective to our own vanity to meet a few of these Guiana negroes. They are all openly confident that they are a more able race than the whites, intellectually as well as physically. A negro here always adopts a sort of fatherly attitude toward a white employer, humoring him like a fretful child, watching over his health, and assuming a pretence of obedience while really doing exactly what the negro himself thinks proper.

INDIANS OF FRENCH GUIANA, A CARIB RACE FROM THE NORTH

British Guiana is the largest and most populous of the three divisions. It contains perhaps a quarter million civilized inhabitants, most of them dwelling as in the other Guianas, along the ocean strip, though the interior here has also been opened up to some extent along the river shores. Georgetown the capital is a well kept British city of fifty thousand people. It is built almost wholly on piles above the water, and though in recent years most of the mosquito breeding lagoons around the city have been cleared away, it is still a notable place for water lilies. It is the home of the Victoria Regia lily, the largest leaved and perhaps most beautifully flowering of aquatic plants. This was

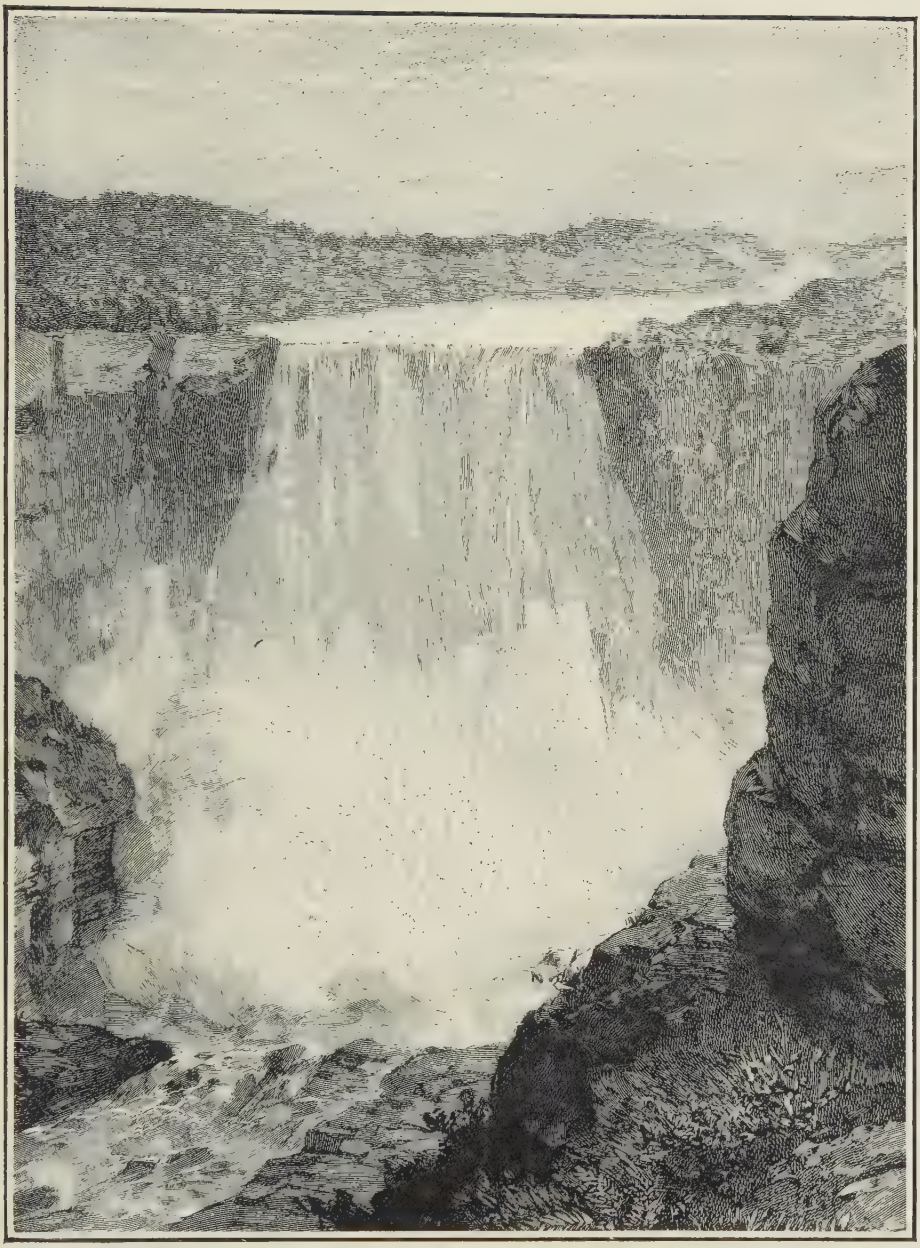
first discovered in Guiana almost a century ago, and has since spread everywhere as an exhibition plant.

A considerable portion of the working class of British Guiana are negroes; but these today are outnumbered by the Hindoos. Britain, as we have seen, has sought to relieve the over-population of India by transporting its people to become the working class in many of her other colonies. Nowhere has the experiment been more successful than in Guiana. The Hindoos here not only work patiently and faithfully, but also manage to improve their position. Today they are the mainstay of the colony. Its chief commercial product is sugar, but it also grows a large amount of rice for its Hindu populace, and begins to export considerable quantities of this grain.

Back of the sugar and rice and coffee plantations, there extends, over all Guiana, the dense tropic wilderness with its Indians. These are on much more friendly terms with the civilized inhabitants than elsewhere in South America. More, therefore, is known of them and of their customs. They live partly by hunting and fishing, and partly by raising crops, mainly of the manioc root, such as we saw in Paraguay. They have, however, no permanent homes. As game becomes rare in any region where they have settled, they gather their last crops and move to some other open space. In a very brief interval, tropic Nature has obliterated almost every trace of their former habitations, and other wanderers may find the same spot satisfactory for a new village. Their huts are loose shacks of poles and thatch, beneath which they both sit and sleep in hammocks, a sensible precaution in a land so filled with snakes and huge poisonous spiders and scorpions.

Gold was discovered along the boundary line between Guiana and Venezuela a generation ago. And this caused some rush into the interior; but the gold fields were not profitable. The number of those who thronged there was not sufficient to offset the deadly fatality, and Nature has been as quick to cover the traces of the passing white men as of the Indians.

Only two great natural curiosities will draw our attention to the interior of British Guiana today. These are the Falls of Kaieteur (kah ē toor′) and the Mountain of Roraima (rō rah′ē mă). Kaieteur is fairly accessible. A little steamer will bring us a hundred miles up a lesser river, from which a narrow railroad takes us a few miles across country to the main river of the colony. This is called the Essequibo, an Indian name meaning "the river of the fire-stones." In this marsh



THE FALLS OF KAIETUR

Kaieteur is the highest large falls in the world, 740 feet high. It sets deep in the wilderness.

land, stones are so rare that when an Indian finds a satisfactory flat one on which to build a fire, he preserves this as a family treasure. It is almost the only possession he carries when he moves his home, a sort of ceremonial transference of his household gods. Once in a large migration thus attempted, a sudden tempest upset all the canoes in the midst of the Essequibo; and while all the other possessions were recovered, the firestones were lost forever. The Indians never forgot this serious disaster.

Many miles up the River of the Firestones we turn aside to follow a swifter, less navigable stream, the Potari. On this, after two or three days of journeying, we shall reach the remarkable falls. The Potari, a fair sized river, three or four hundred feet wide according to the season, finds itself suddenly on the brink of a cliff seven hundred and forty feet high. Down this, smoothly, and without any tremendous tumult, it makes its leap, a beautiful sight from its very smoothness and calm. Imagine, however, the tumult in the chasm below, when this weight of water strikes from this tremendous height! If the wind is drawing down stream, you can scarce hear the falls above; but the tumult below resounds over many miles. In the course of ages the falls have steadily receded, and Kaieteur has dug for itself for several miles a rocky canyon of a thousand feet in depth. From the lower end of this we look up the long vista to the white patch made by the falls miles away.

Mount Roraima is another rock-made marvel, a great cliff whose top is over eight thousand feet above the sea. To reach it we must climb five thousand feet to the summit of the Guiana table-land; and there Roraima still rises more than three thousand feet above us. Its sides are an absolutely perpendicular sandstone precipice forming a complete oval nearly ten miles in length. The uplifted surface on the summit is wholly inaccessible except at one point where the rock has sufficiently broken away to form a narrow path. A more perfect imitation of a giant fortress it would be hard to conceive. From the summit of Roraima several streams leap to the valley beneath. Here then are the very highest known water-falls in the world; but so slight is their volume, and so long their leap, that they are wholly scattered by the winds before they reach the plain beneath. They form no streams, but disappear in spray. Their graceful veils are as charming as the fall of Kaieteur is impressive.

ON THE UPPER AMAZON
A military encampment of Peruvian explorers in the wilderness.

PRIEST AND PEOPLE OF A VENEZUELAN VILLAGE

CHAPTER XVII—SOUTH AMERICA

Venezuela

The Venezuela (vĕn ĕ zwē′lă) of today strikes one as a tragic land which once was joyous. More than any other South American country except Paraguay, Venezuela has suffered from endless revolutions and from the savage plundering of its self-made lords. Its population and rule, until within the last generation, resembled that of the other Spanish lands of South America. A hundred thousand or so of white or near-white people ruled as an aristocracy over some two million of half-breeds or Mestizos and partly civilized Indians, in a not unkindly tyranny. Then, two successive half-breed chiefs, Castro and Gomez, seized dominion over the country by the aid of their half-breed followers. This was not only contrary to all the rules of the game, by which rulership and revolution belong wholly to the whites, it was also a most tragic thing for all Venezuelans. The new forces thus brought into power established a mastery as brutal as it was absolute. The rulers not only plundered for themselves at will, but encouraged their fierce and ignorant soldiery to do the same.

In the larger cities a semblance of law and social organization was retained; but over all the country-side the poorer classes abandoned in despair any effort to grow crops or care for cattle. Whatever they earned might at any moment be taken from them, and its mere posses-

sion involved them in danger and torture. Hence, they have sunk back into that dreary idleness and inertia to which the tropic climate here tempts everyone. The people starve in a land of the richest fertility, or live upon the poorest of its wilder products.

This unhappy land, wherein no man hopes to reap any result from honest labor, occupies all the northeastern corner of South America, lying north of Guiana and Brazil. Its inland section, which extends along the border line of these neighboring lands in the south, is still a forest wilderness, almost wholly unknown. The center of the country is formed by the valley of the Orinoco River, a rich land of open, rolling pastures, once occupied by millions of cattle. Then to the north of this comes the more thickly peopled and more civilized mountain region, which forms the continent's northern coast.

Most visitors to Venezuela from our land come first to this northern coast, sailing southward across the Caribbean Sea to land at one of its little ports. The Caribbean is really a sea of tremendous depths, a great well-hole, plunged into earth's surface, like one of the mighty craters which we see upon the moon. This hole is quite distinct from the Atlantic, separated from it by the ridge of islands which we call the West Indies, the outer, half-submerged, rim of the crater's eastern wall. In similar fashion the inner wall of the great hole is formed by Venezuela's coast. Here the mountains rise more than a mile abruptly from the sea; while, beyond these crests, the land descends once more, but very slowly and with many intervening ridges, toward the valley of the Orinoco. It is this sloping table-land behind the Caribbean mountain crests which forms the chiefly settled portion of Venezuela, the seat of its larger cities and plantations. The capital, Caracas (kah rah'kăs), lies just within the mountain rampart, only seven miles back from the Caribbean, and yet a world away from it in climate and vegetation.

Any United States steamer in these waters will land us at La Guayra (lah gwī'ră), the port of Caracas. As we approach it, we sail directly beneath the great mountain chain and look up to its almost unbroken forests, just as Columbus and the other early explorers did, as they too searched for a harbor along this steep and rockbound coast. Columbus found one island where, he tells us, the inhabitants gathered pearls; but none of these islands off the coast belong now to Venezuela. They were all seized at an early period by one European power or another, Holland, Britain, or France; and the Spaniards were sore put to it to

"LITTLE VENICE"
From these lake dwellings of Indians on Lake Maracaibo the country got its name of Venezuela.

retain possession even of the mainland. They found, however, that these great mountains made a natural fortress, and by building their cities out of sight beyond the mountain crest they managed to maintain themselves against the wild buccaneers of the Caribbean.

It is small wonder, therefore, that the Spaniards did not care to make of La Guayra a rich or gorgeous port. It has really no harbor at all, but is a mere village lying exposed on the rocky shelf between sea and mountain. A modern breakwater offers some slight protection; but ships merely lie off at sea and transship passengers and cargo to the little Venezuelan boats that carry them ashore. Here the customs delays and other formalities are excessive, each official seeking some excuse to charge the visitor a fee, some portion of which goes directly to the official's own profit. Shut in by the mountains and with the sun pouring down upon the sea, the town is hot, intensely so, and unhealthy; and every one who lands here rushes as quickly as the port authorities will permit to the railroad which climbs to Caracas. Back of the La Guayra wharves there is only a single tiny plaza, a poor main street, and then a crowd of tiny houses, occupied mainly by negroes, and climbing by steeply winding alleys up the mountain side.

The railroad by which we escape from this drab heat is truly remarkable. It winds snake-like up and over the great mountain crests, and down to Caracas on the other side. The winding rails traverse more than twenty miles to cover the seven miles that separate us from the capital. The views, as we rise well above La Guayra, are tremendous; and the spectacular leaps of the railroad, from gorge to gorge, are awesome. An old mule trail still leads directly up and over the heights, a trail delightful even now to the hardy traveller. By this a British marauding force once secretly climbed the mountains, burst unexpectedly upon the Spaniards of Caracas, and captured the city with tragic desolation and much plundering.

The Caracas of today is a pleasant looking place of perhaps a hundred thousand people, as good an example of the old Spanish ways of life and architecture as we shall find anywhere in America. It has a handsome statue of Bolívar, the great South American liberator, who was born in this country, and liberated it as well as the neighboring states, so that every Venezuelan town, which had any public spirit in the old days, erected its little statue to Bolívar. Caracas has also numerous pleasant little outdoor cafés, and its people were once fond of calling it the western Paris. It had culture also, and some notable

South American scholars came from here in the old days; but for a generation past everything has been in the grip of the savage half-Indian dictators. Even the newspapers say only what they are told, and all real expression of opinion has vanished.

By Americans who have visited here this is often referred to as the land of "no hay," which is the local idiom for "I haven't it." If you call on a native here for any article, even though he be a storekeeper, he would much sooner tell you "no hay" then take the trouble to search amid his stock. When you call for food in a village inn, you

CIUDAD BOLIVAR, THE CHIEF TOWN OF THE ORINOCO VALLEY

will be met with "no hay," even though you can see chickens running around the courtyard and bananas growing in the surrounding hedge. The one would have to be caught and the other be cut, if its existence were recognized, and the natives here feel assured that no person ever works except under compulsion. If you will go out and catch the chicken yourself, it will be graciously received and cooked; or if you will gather the bananas no one will object to your eating them. Every one assumes that, if you are hungry, you will take what you want.

If we journey either east or west along the Venezuelan table-land, we find ourselves in a country of such charm and beauty that we are

quick to sympathize with the Spanish people who first selected it for their homes. Here there exists no great wealth of minerals, such as first drew the Europeans to the Andes countries and to Brazil. Men settled here because they loved the eternal Spring-time of the mountain-land. No climate could be more perfect; no farm-land more rich. This is the ideal place for outdoor sports. The youth of Caracas have lately taken up baseball as a national sport and they play it all year round with great enthusiasm. It may well bring the reviving touch of energy to redeem the race.

A railroad winds from town to town among these highlands. If we ride upon it toward the west, it will bring us to Lake Tucuman, world known for its beauty, and then to Valencia, the second city of Venezuela, set in the midst of a rich coffee-producing region. Beyond this the railroad winds down the mountains again to another little sea-port like La Guayra. There is here, however, a tiny bay made by a river mouth, and the town is called Porto Cabello, which means the port of the hair, from a local saying that its shelter is so perfect that a ship might here ride at anchor held by a single hair. The visitor will be unconvinced upon this point.

If from Porto Cabello we continue by steamer further along this coast, we shall sympathize with those anxious Spanish explorers who sailed as we do beneath this great mountain range vainly looking during weary days to find some shelter, some single port where they could make a landing, and escape the sun-glare. Then suddenly the mountains give way to a great bay, the Gulf of Venezuela, and in the depths of this bay an inner channel permits us to steam directly into Lake Maracaibo, which is really part of the sea, but is kept fresh by the number of streams which flow down to it. It lies here in a pocket separating the Andes from the northern mountain coast range of Venezuela.

It was from this gulf that Venezuela got its name, for the first Spanish explorers found numerous native villages here erected on piles above the water. Delighted at finding any civilization where they had so long searched in vain, the Spaniards compared these Indian settlements to Venice, and called the region little Venice—Venezuela. The name, despite its obvious inappropriateness for this great mountain land, has clung ever since. There is a considerable city, Maracaibo, built on the narrow strait which connects the inner lake with the outer gulf. It is the port for all the products of the Andes mountains that look down upon it. Most of these mountain regions, however, belong not to Venezuela, but to Colombia, the land we have next to visit.

IN THE ORINOCO MARSHES

The low-lying delta of the Orinoco is a paradise for tropic birds of every sort.

To traverse the southern slopes of the Venezuelan highlands, following them down to the Orinoco valley, would be a difficult task. On the maps there are several roadways across this region which are marked as "the royal roads;" but the name is but a relic of older, happier days. Today the "royal roads" are but foot-paths, often wholly obliterated by the quick-growing vegetation, and used only by Indians as they slip from one impoverished village to another.

Along these lost roads, we shall find prowling jaguars, which the Indians call tigers, slight but powerful members of the great cat tribe. They are said to be almost as dangerous as the Eastern tiger; and tradition represents them as feasting upon human beings. It seems impossible, however, to find an actual authentic case in which this has recently occurred. Much more visible, in the animal life of the region, are the iguanas. These are horny lizards, sometimes four feet in length, and excellent miniature representatives of the ancient dragon. When attacked they swell up to make themselves look as terrible as possible, and they blow fiercely at you as a dragon might have done. But no flame comes forth, and the iguanas are wholly harmless, incapable of self-defense, and very excellent eating. A roast iguana steak is said to carry all the best qualities of pork and chicken; but few white men have actually tasted the hideous looking monsters.

Sooner than face the miseries of this foodless region, we shall prefer to visit the Orinoco from the sea. The river is so vast it forms a smaller Amazon; ocean steamers ascend its waters for some hundreds of miles to the City of Bolívar (bō lē′văr), the central market for this region. The Orinoco has a marshy delta spreading out for hundreds of miles, so that it is not easy to decide which of the many streams represents the main river. Its lower course is also thickly wooded, heavily tropical, and so filled with alligators that a landing below Bolívar would be almost impossible.

This little town, perched high on a bluff above the floods of the river, is the outpost of the "llanos," the great cattle plains of central Venezuela. The llaneros, the old-time cow-boys of the Orinoco, men who lived their lives in the saddle and with spear in hand, all became soldiers in the armies of Castro and Gomez. They thus permitted the plains to sink back into what they are today, an almost unpeopled wilderness. Bolívar is but a shadow of its former self, and the cattle herds, like other forms of wealth in Venezuela, have almost disappeared.

A MAGDALENA RIVER-VILLAGE

CHAPTER XVIII—SOUTH AMERICA

The United States of Colombia

Among all the cities that will attract us in South America, we must place very high upon our list the two Colombian cities of Cartagena (kar tă hā′nă) and Santa Fé de Bogota (sahn′tă fā dā bō gō tah′), more commonly known as Bogota, though that is really the name of the state rather than the city. Cartagena is the ancient seaport, and Bogota the federal capital of this country, which once, in honest admiration of our North American government, imitated even our name and called itself the United States of Colombia. In recent years, however, since we deprived this union of Panama, its wealthiest state, the national admiration for us has become much weaker.

Colombia occupies the north-western corner of South America, extending southward from the Isthmus of Panama and spreading out along both sea-coasts, along the Caribbean to Venezuela, and down the Pacific to Ecuador, both lands which we have already visited. If we approach Colombia by one of our big passenger steamers, we shall come westward along the Venezuelan coast, gazing up at its crater-like mountain ridge, past La Guayra and Maracaibo and so to the peninsula of Goajira. This is the northernmost point of South America's coast, and is the beginning of Colombia. Goajira (gō ă hē′ră) is a wild and rugged mountain-land which will give us our first surprised im-

pression of Colombia. It is a wholly Indian land, which has never been conquered by any whites. Again and again the Spaniards tried to force an entry here; but each time they were met from ambush in the hills and tropic forests, and were compelled to retreat.

The Goajira Indians of today have become semi-civilized, and accept with tolerance the fact that their territory is included among the provinces of Colombia. Yet they have drawn a definite line at their boundary river, the Rancheria. Across that line they have declared that no white man shall pass; and though they no longer insist on this tradition in all its stark severity, yet they permit no government officials to come among them. They are wholly self-governing and self-dependent. They are peaceable farmers and fishermen now and frequently themselves cross the Rancheria, to trade in the Colombian towns beyond; but they avoid every contact with white folks as far as possible. This is the remnant of their ancient horror and hatred of the Spaniards.

Beyond the Goajira peninsula, the Colombian coast displays to us a world-famous scenic effect. Here, directly from the ocean, rise the Santa Marta Mountains, higher than Mont Blanc, the top-most summit of Europe. They are not directly connected with the Andes, but rise by themselves, a single, most exceptional bubble on earth's surface. They exceed all other mountains in reaching their enormous height so directly from the ocean, thus presenting their whole nineteen thousand feet of altitude at a single glance.

Beneath the shelter of these stupendous mountains, we shall see various little trading ports; and if our steamer stops at any of these, we shall find every wharf loaded with bananas. This is one of the chief banana producing regions of the world, with a climate so hot and muggy that only negroes can endure it. Hence all of the labor and most of the business of the region is in the hands of negroes. Their cheerful, comfortable little shacks, and their bright-eyed children peep out at us from every corner. In the easy comfortable prosperity of this land, they have certainly found a happy home.

All of this coast-land, once we have passed the great Santa Marta upheaval, is a flat river plain, the delta land of Colombia's noted river, the Magdalena. This, the fourth largest river of this continent of great rivers, gathers its head waters from the volcanic peaks of the Andes in Ecuador, and flows northward across the whole length of Colombia. The Andes, as we have already noted, consist of two or sometimes three parallel ridges running north and south, and holding

STEAMBOAT DAYS ON THE MAGDALENA
The steamer is here coming to a typical landing, to load up with wood.

a high table-land between them. In Colombia, the Magdalena flows along this table-land, with a mighty upraised mountain ridge on either side. It gradually digs its own chasm deeper between the ridges, until at last it flows through a tremendous gorge and cuts its way out to the sea-level of the Caribbean. Here through ages it has been depositing all of the earth it brings down from the mountains, and so has built these immensely fertile plains of the banana lands.

The Magdalena has no fierce river current to hollow out a channel for ocean steamers. Instead it wanders idly through its delta and spreads out through many shallow passages. Hence we find no great seaport at its mouth. Passage across the delta lands is made almost entirely by railroad to the river port of Baranquilla, on the upper delta. From here steamer traffic takes us up the broad main river. These geographical conditions of the Magdalena's course have stamped the fortunes and career of Colombia. Everywhere else in South America the capital cities stand fairly close to the ocean. Even Bolivia, the inland mountain state, shifted its capital from Sucre to La Paz so as to be as near as possible to the great life-giver, the sea. In Colombia the early Spaniards tried to do the same; they built a mighty city, Cartagena, on the sea coast, intending it for their metropolis. But so terribly deadly is the heat and fever of this tropic lowland that even Spanish recklessness was here overcome. Gradually the chief center of the Spanish official life moved far up the Magdalena River to the delightful climate and eternal Spring upon its upper table-lands at Bogota.

In the old days, the long journey from the coast to Bogota took three months; and even today there is no railroad leading up the entire gorge of the Magdalena. The trip to the capital must still be made mainly by river steamers, and is a matter of weeks. Bogota is thus the most secluded capital in America, and the most secluded city of its size in all the world. More than any other Americans, the Colombians live by themselves, scattered in dozens of charming little cities along this high plateau. Their own life suffices them; and they are quite willing to let the rest of the world go by, while they dwell amid the peace and the quiet beauty of their mountains.

Before we follow into this far, fair, mountain land, let us pause to visit Cartagena. It lies in a little harbor on the coast, close to the boundary of Panama, and thus well to the westward of the Magdalena delta. In the early days the city was connected with the river by a great canal, the chief and costliest engineering work of those

centuries in America. This canal, long neglected and filled up by the river mud, has now been re-opened; and today Cartagena is again establishing itself as the port of Colombia's river trade. The city itself was built at a lavish expenditure equalling that of its canal. It is completely surrounded by an enomous medieval wall, which makes it by far the most picturesque looking city of America, our one perfect example of the great medieval fortress seaports of Europe.

Our steamer approaches Cartagena by the broad waterway, past mangrove fringed shores and groves of feathery cocoanut palms. A

THE FALLS OF TEQUENDAMA AS SEEN FROM THEIR FIRST TERRACE

native guides us through a narrow channel flanked by the old dismantled forts, and opening into a little bay. There, almost entirely surrounded by water, rise the walls, the towers, and the domes of Cartagena. The walls are often forty feet broad, even at their summit, and are uplifted so high above the tops of the houses that only an occasional pinnacle shows within their circle. Such a city certainly serves as a monument of the patience and power of the Spaniards—and hence also of the daring and energy of the British raiders; for the latter twice in successive centuries stormed these walls and captured the city. In other similar attempts they were disastrously repulsed; but

two plunderings, by such master-hands at the work as these British buccaneers, was more than even the golden wealth of Colombia's mines could well endure. In the War for Independence against Spain, the citizens on their own account withstood for four months a siege by all the remaining power of Spain. When at last the walls were stormed, almost everyone within was dead. That ended ancient Cartagena. The empty shell that remained was given an official title as "the Heroic City," but people sought less ghastly homes as dwelling places.

Within, we shall find the city sadly decayed, a mere shadow of its former splendor, and peopled now mainly by negroes, the only race who thrive in such a climate. Some of the great cathedrals still stand to remind us of the time when Cartagena was the seat of the Royal Inquisition, a mighty inquisition whose duty it was to see that none but "true believers" were to be admitted to America. Cartagena has had its victims burning in the central plaza "for religion's sake," just like all the traditional, romantic and unpleasant old cities of Europe.

From here, by railroad or canal, we cross the country to the steamers on the Magdalena. The trip up this river by steamer will prove interesting indeed. It is like going back to our old pre-railroad days on the Mississippi. The huge flat-bottomed, well-appointed boats push their way steadily up the stream against the swift current, their huge, roaring engine-fires fed by cumbrous logs of wood. Every little while we must tie up to the bank at a primitive landing where fresh wood has been stored, and this is taken aboard amid much bustle and excitement. At first we are in the lowlands, and the banks on either side are marked by coffee or cocoa-bean plantations. Then gradually the banks rise higher, until they stand above us in towering cliffs. We reach tiny wharves, connected by tiny railways with towns seated high overhead among the hills. And so at last, hundreds of miles up, we come to a rapids which no steamer could mount. We shift here to a little railroad, which winds along the hill-sides and delivers us and our baggage to the keeping of another steamer on the waters of the upper river, miles beyond. Up this we again resume our placid course, until one of the little railroads on the banks, scarce larger than the others, proves to be the road to Bogota.

Now, we do some of the stupendous cliff-climbing, with which the railroads of the Southern Andes have already made us familiar. And so we come out upon the highland plain of Bogota, a plain which its inhabitants are serenely confident is the happiest, the most beauti-

A FORGOTTEN SHRINE AT ST. AGUSTIN

The Chibchas, the pre-Spanish Indians of Bogota, raised handsome temples with columns carved to represent human figures, such as these.

ful, and the most cultured in the universe. The chief river of this plain, the Funza, leaps over the edge of its cliff at a point near where our railroad ascends, making a noted and very beautiful waterfall, the Tequendama (tā kān dah′mă) Falls. These every wanderer pauses to enjoy.

Santa Fé de Bogota lies along the upper level of the plain and of the Funza River, in an almost treeless region. It is a simply built city, preserving today the old Spanish appearance and atmosphere, more than any other city of America or perhaps of Spain. It is wholly in the hands of the white folk of Spanish ancestry, who here constitute rather more than the usual ten percent among the Indian and half Indian people. The upper classes of Bogota still devote themselves to literature and to art, and to preserving the ancient beauty of the Spanish language, which they will tell you is here more pure than anywhere else. The Colombian capital has its political revolutions like other South American states; but these have always been kept in the hands of the whites, and mean no more than a briefly violent shifting from one official to another. There has been no such tragedy of plundering and desolation as has afflicted Venezuela.

Bogota was the ancient seat of the Chibcha Indians, who had a civilization resembling that of the Incas, though less advanced. Old Chibcha shrines and other remnants of their monuments still surround the modern city. There is one lake on the heights above us into which the Indians used annually to throw a rich treasure of gold and jewels by way of sacrifice. According to neighborhood tradition the official who made the sacrifice was himself completely covered with a powder of gold dust; so that this is known to the Indians as "The Lake of the Golden Man." Modern business companies have more than once undertaken the draining or exploring of this lake, without success.

From the summit above The Lake of the Golden Man, we look down toward the vast forest region of the Amazon and the Orinoco, which we have already explored. From the similar summits to the west of the Magdalena we look down a steep descent to tropic forests and regions of perpetual rain, along the Pacific shore, just such as we saw in Ecuador. All the civilization of Colombia lies between the two descents, lies in the series of pretty little cities like Bogota, which peer from their sheltered nooks down into the deep gorge of the Magdalena. Such peaceful, flower-gardened, intellectual little centers of civilization are perhaps the best bequest that Spain has left to South America.

INDIAN LIFE ON THE BAY OF SAN BLAS

CHAPTER XIX—CENTRAL AMERICA

Panama

The little country of Panama is by far the youngest nation in America. Up to the year 1903, Panama was only a somewhat rebellious state of Colombia, submitting unwillingly to the rule of officials sent from far-off Bogota. Then came the plan of our Government to build the Canal.

The chief men of Panama saw how profitable this would be for them, and when the rulers in Bogota showed a willingness to block the entire project, Panama was more than ready for another rebellion. Only a word from our Government was needed, an assurance that we would not allow troops or gunboats from Colombia to suppress the revolt. When that word was given, the white leaders of Panama announced their independence, and won it without a fight.

Our support of Panama, however, in opposition to her usual political masters in Colombia, brought down upon us so much general ill-will from all South America, that twenty years later our Government, in President Harding's time, completed a treaty by which we paid Colombia the sum agreed on in the first negotiations, twenty million dollars, for her rights to the Canal. As we had already paid Panama ten million for her Canal rights, the narrow strip of land across the middle of Panama which we now own, and call the Canal Zone, ten

miles wide by about fifty long, has cost us thirty million dollars. The whole famous "Louisiana purchase," which constitutes a third of our entire territory, only cost us fifteen million. So land has risen considerably in price in the last century. As for the building of the Canal, that finally cost more than a dozen times the price of the land. Yet it has been well worth all the effort and expense; for here at last man has made his first real step toward conquering the tropic lowlands, the vast and wealthy region which until now had always meant death to white men.

The Panama of today is a country nearly five hundred miles long by an average of about eighty miles wide, as large as one of our medium sized states, say Indiana. Right across the middle of this country slashes our property of the Canal and the Canal Zone. Panama is the isthmus connecting the two Americas; but it does not therefore run north and south. Jutting out from the northwest corner of Colombia, it extends directly west for over four hundred miles, until it meets the other Central American countries. The great American mountain range of the two continents here sinks to its lowest; and while there are peaks in Panama that rise above ten thousand feet, there is one spot where the ridge separating the two oceans was scarce two hundred feet above their level. That was the spot chosen for the Panama Canal.

This Canal now cuts across the divide fron the Caribbean on the north to the Pacific on the south. While thus crossing southward, the Canal trends considerably toward the east, so that Panama, the city at its Pacific end, is farther east than Colon, the city on the Caribbean or Atlantic coast. We go east to reach the great western ocean.

Before our ship reaches the Canal Zone we must steam along the Caribbean coast of this east-west isthmus for almost a day. The actual boundary line now separating Panama from Colombia is drawn through a dense jungle-land inhabited only by the San Blas Indians. These, like the Indians of Goajira, are most unwilling to admit white men to their land. They come occasionally to the towns of Panama, and they will even barter a little with the boats of passing traders; but the explorer who penetrates their jungles is apt to perish from a poisoned dart. Sometimes they bring for trade in the market-places a little fresh mined gold; but where this comes from they will not say. No white man has yet discovered their mines.

There are no ports along this coast, only muddy, fever-threatening

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THE PANAMA CANAL.

A merchant ship is shown going toward the Pacific. The work upon these "slides" into the canal never ceases.

Indian-haunted marshes. As our steamer approaches the Canal Zone, the mountains lessen, a few beaches show, with waving palms along their border. Then we see Colon and, moored in the roadstead of the quiet sea beyond it, a number of ships. These are waiting for their turn to pass through the Canal. They must go one by one, and each day there is a "waiting list." Ships pay for the passage, according to their size, the cost being rather more than a dollar a ton, so that very large ships may pay over ten thousand dollars. But then, the trip around South America, which all ships had to make before the Canal days, would cost several times as much. Uncle Sam believes that the "big ditch" will pay ultimately even more than its gigantic cost.

At Colon we shall feel at home, as we could nowhere else in this southern world. The handsome Washington hotel built here by our Government is like a touch of the United States. Everything is clean and comfortable and efficient. Visitors often stay a month or more, just for the pleasure of the hotel, with its bathing and its golf and tennis. There are no "sights" in Colon. It is just a little new-built town with its curio shops, its entrance to the Canal, and this one charming hotel. It holds also a quaint old monument to William Aspinwall, the real founder of the place, after whom it was formerly named. He was the American who, long before the Canal came, was the first to span the isthmus with a railroad. That was in the 1850's, the days of the California gold-rush. Aspinwall saw that, for him at least, fortune lay here rather than in California; so with tremendous energy he built the road by which others could cross to reach the gold fields. No record of deaths was kept in those days, but tradition says that Aspinwall's workers died in uncounted hundreds. There was no medical science then to discover that mosquitoes were killing men.

Through the Canal itself, we had best go by ship. When the turn of our steamer arrives, we advance a few miles up the open passage from the Caribbean. Then we come to a series of canal-locks, each big enough to hold the hugest vessel yet imagined. By means of these our ship is raised to the level of Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet in air. Along this lake our ship passes under its own steam, until we are more than half across the isthmus. Then we steam through the noted Culebra Cut, with hills rising high on either side; and then, by a series of scattered locks, we are lowered again to ocean level. Thus at last we steam out of the Canal into the Pacific, close by the famous old Spanish city of Panama. Along all the trip the Canal banks are as beautiful

and as carefully kept as in a stately park. The scene is different indeed from the way this trail must have looked in the old unkempt days when the railroad crawled high up across these heights! And still more different from those first wild days when Britons and buccaneers more than once crept through the wild jungle here for a secret attack on Panama.

Most of the natives of Panama, or at least the civilized natives as distinguished from the wilder Indians, dwell along this southern or Pacific coast of the isthmus. Panama, its capital city, holds fifty thou-

A HARBOR ON THE BAY OF PANAMA

sand people; and there are perhaps another three hundred thousand scattered in the many lesser towns and plantations, which line this charming shore and extend inland along the banks of all the little rivers. These streams are numerous, for the isthmus is a rainy land indeed. Many an unhappy sightseer has left here disgusted, convinced that there is never a dry day, nor a dry spot, in Panama.

The city of Panama lies within the Canal Zone; but our treaty was carefully arranged so as to give the natives full control of their own capital. Hence the mouth of the Canal is set a few miles west of Panama; and a new, official American city, called Balboa, has grown

up exactly at the Canal entrance. Panama, however, has seen the value of tourist travel, and it offers the visitor plenty of first class hotels and other attractions, so that most visitors stop here rather than in quiet Balboa. The city of Panama is rich, not only in trade, but officially rich. The United States pays a handsome yearly rental for the Canal land, and there was also that ten million dollars of original purchase money. Hence there are no taxes in Panama. On the contrary the lucky little capital has used our money to build itself a handsome opera-house, one of the four finest in South America, and many another costly structure.

There is considerable pleasure in being a political leader in Panama, for the leaders have little government duty except that of spending money. There can be no fear of foreign aggressors, when there is always Uncle Sam to fall back on. Neither does the protector allow revolutions; he insist on regular elections and an honest counting of votes. Of course getting into power is a little more difficult that way, and it is not the custom in South America; but the statesmen of Panama have now grown to accept the little extra inconvenience good-humoredly. Their country has no army nor navy, but it can afford to be very liberal in hiring policemen. The capital has one for every fifty citizens. The Government not only pays excellent salaries, it also supports foreign representatives in several European countries, where they have absolutely nothing to do but enjoy themselves. Yet even in Panama a statesman has his troubles; the half-breed populace are already demanding a share in these easy perquisites of being a canal land; and some day the Indians will rouse to do the same.

There is not much left for us to see of "old Panama," the seaport which was once Spain's gathering station on the Pacific, the center from which ships and men went south to Peru, or west to the far Philippines, or north to the other Central American cities we shall visit. In fact the original Panama was stormed and sacked and so completely destroyed by the British buccaneer Morgan, that the Spaniards afterward rebuilt their town on another nearby site. All that remains of the first city is a single crumbling cathedral tower which stands in mournful solitude some miles outside the present city. The new Panama has lost all traces of its bloody past, and dreams rather of its bright future.

We shall in fact breathe much more of the spirit of the older days when we go outside the capital, and cross the Bay of Panama. The name Panama is an old Indian word meaning "many fish," and the

THE CITY OF PANAMA © Underwood & Underwood

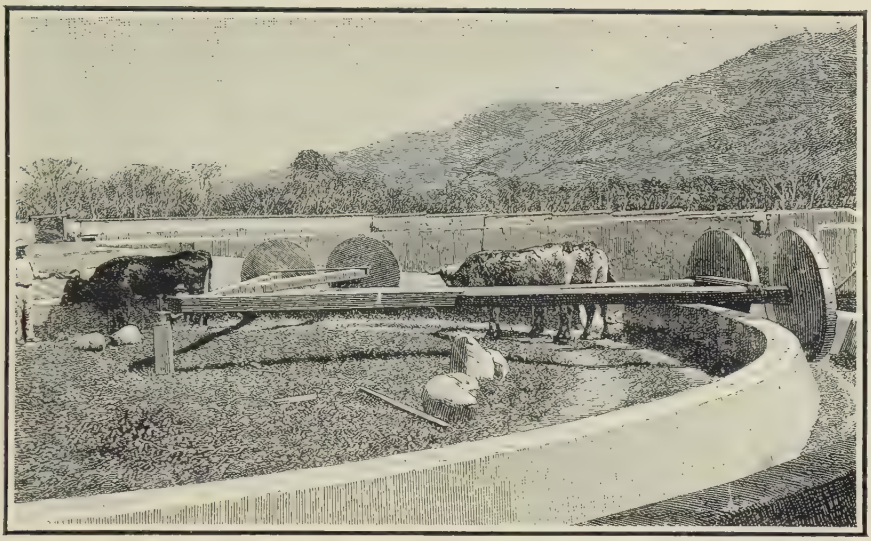
Panama still retains its old Spanish fort, from which we here look toward the town and its cathedral.

clear waters of the great blue bay are so rich with the finny tribes that all the Indians are boatmen or fishermen. The Spaniards too found pleasure in this charming bay. There is many a little port or island town, such as Taboga, which looks like a picture from old Spain.

If, later, we take a pleasure yacht for a sail westward along the Pacific coast of the entire isthmus, we shall come to many a hacienda still conducted in the old feudal fashion, a Castilian gentleman surrounded by a lazy, well-contented, Indian peasantry. Coffee plantations are beginning along this coast, but mainly it is occupied by groves of banana trees. Bocas del Toro, or the mouth of the bull, a little river port at the far western end of the isthmus, has grown prominent of late as the center of a prosperous banana trade.

If we plunge deeper into the forest we shall meet only an occasional rubber hunter, or more probably some searchers for the chicle tree. From here northward this odd and valuable tree becomes the main attraction drawing men into the Central American forests. The chicle is a tree which should have large interest to many of our Americans because it is the source of chewing gum. This is merely the gum or sap of the chicle tree, to which our manufacturers add whatever flavoring they will. The chicle gum is gathered just like that of rubber, a cut is made in the tree and from this the sap slowly oozes to be caught in a little cup from which it is gathered once a day or so by an Indian until enough has been collected to bring to market. It has the same quality as rubber, a sort of indefinite and eternal elasticity upon which one may chew forever. Another valuable wood of these forests is the sarsaparilla, this is in reality a very large and far growing vine. Its roots alone give the juice which produces the liquid known to commerce; so these are dug up and the vine cut away from them. It is then thrust down into the earth again where in this virile life-giving region it promptly takes new root; and in a year or so these new roots are again ready to be cut.

There are few Panama natives, however, who will work in the forests. Why should they, when ease and wealth—and death—are always so close at hand? In this easy, but heavy land, langorous pleasure seems much more satisfactory than work. Many negroes from the West Indies have been attracted here by the country's wealth and they are hard and willing workers in the towns. As for the far inland mountain heights, these are still unknown, except to their silent, wary, ever-suspicious inhabitants, the Indians.



A MILL FOR HUSKING COFFEE IN COSTA RICA

CHAPTER XX—CENTRAL AMERICA

Costa Rica

Costa Rica means the rich coast. The name came from the first Spanish explorers, who as they sailed west and north along the Pacific from Panama, thought that here indeed they had found a land of unbounded wealth and beauty. Today the name is applied, not to the whole far-reaching west coast of our continent, a "costa rica" indeed, but only to the little country immediately beyond Panama. The Costa Rica of today stands just where the isthmus begins to broaden out, so that this second Central American land is more square in shape than Panama, less long and narrow. Also it is slightly smaller, say about half the size of our State of New York. This land will serve us as a first example of the North American "Latin" peoples; for Panama is too much dominated by the Canal to be fairly typical of its neighbors.

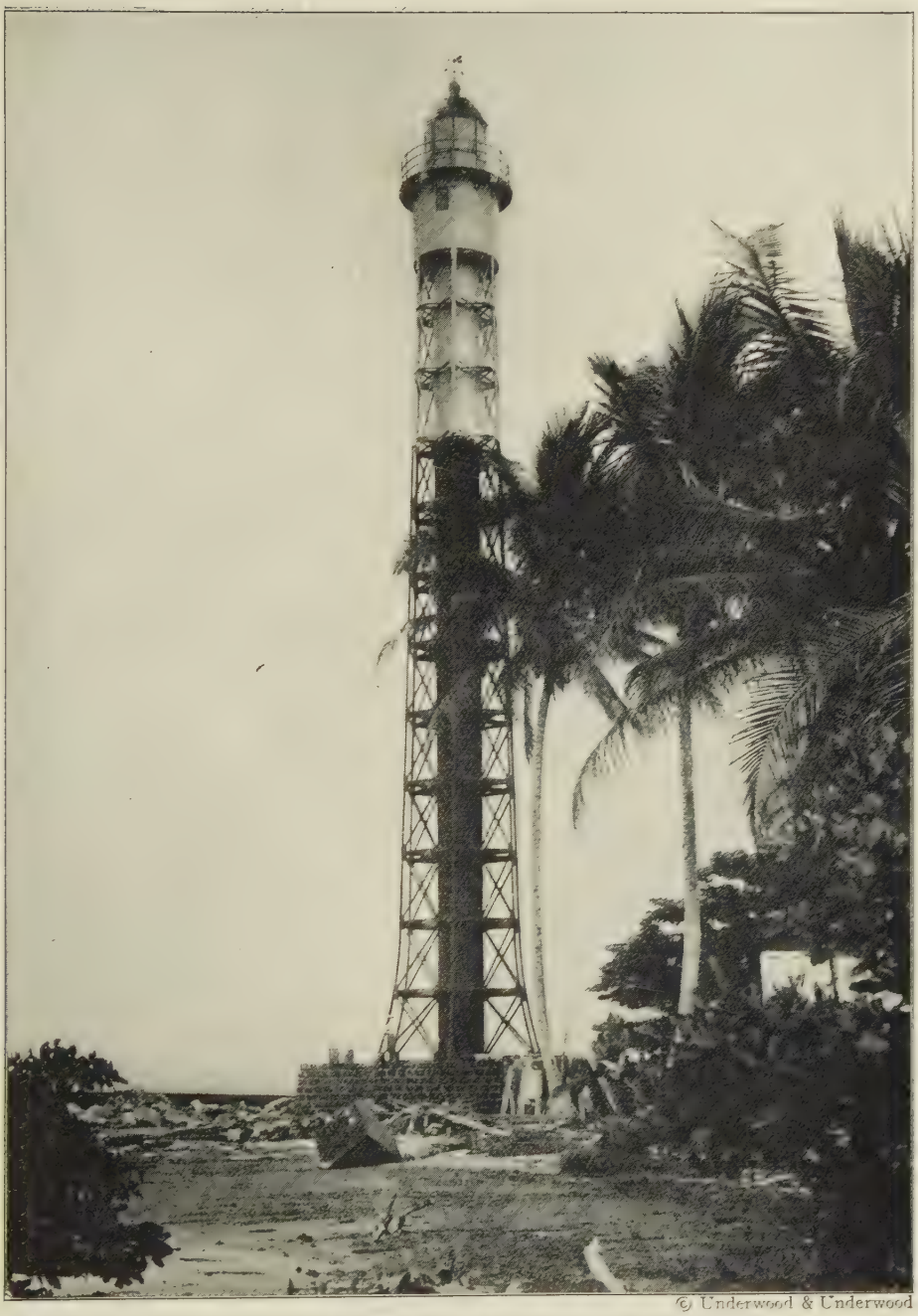
In appearance Costa Rica is very much like a South American Andean land in miniature. The great mountain range of our hemisphere has here risen partly from its Panama depression, and is high enough and broad enough to uplift a central plateau some four thousand feet above the sea. In the delightful spring-like climate of this height, most of the people of Costa Rica dwell. The slopes of the mountains which look toward the two oceans are also covered with plantations; but the middle plateau is the main life-center. As for the

hot coast lands, which border both the Caribbean and the Pacific, these are chiefly jungle-covered and very sparsely inhabited.

The United States has much to be responsible for, in that it has insisted by means of its Monroe Doctrine, that these southern countries should be left in the hands of their own not always highly-civilized or broad-minded people. In Costa Rica, however, the policy has achieved a complete success. The nation has fully accomplished all that one could fairly expect; and the people are orderly and in a distinctly happy and prosperous position. In short, Costa Rica is almost the ideal of a little, pastoral, tropical, self-governing republic. This is perhaps largely due to its high percentage of white or nearly white folk of Spanish ancestry. The Spaniards who came here originally found few Indians, no cities, and little gold; they found homes instead. They were drawn here by the natural attractiveness and fertility of the country. They were thus more like genuine settlers and less like plunderers than were most of their compatriots. Today over a third of Costa Rica's half million inhabitants are classed as white, and another third as mestizos or half-whites, leaving less than a third consisting of negroes and Indians.

The whites have both the will and the power to secure good government. They have long recognized the disastrous effects of a dictator's rule in neighboring lands, and have always declared that if any official overstepped his authority in Costa Rica, "the riders would come." That is, at a secret word, the young gallants from every hacienda would come some night galloping into the capital and suppress the dictator. More than once they have made good that word. The last occasion was as recent as 1916. In that year, an ambitious ruler forced his way into the Presidency in distinct defiance of the election laws. The planters tolerated this, for they did not want unnecessary tumult. But when the new President showed that he meant to continue enlarging and fixing his power, suddenly one night "the riders came," and he was swept away. Indeed this land is much what our own California must have been in the days before we took it from the Mexicans, a wealthy, langorous land held by an aesthetic, fiery race.

To visit these people, in this country which seems like a survival from a romantic past, we take steamer up the Caribbean from the Canal, passing by the lighthouses with which our own government has buoyed an otherwise unlighted shore. We are bound for Port Limon, Costa Rica's only Atlantic port. The coast along which we pass is low,



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UNITED STATES LIGHTS ON THE CARIBBEAN

From Panama northward to Costa Rica our government has surveyed the coast and protected shipping by means of lights and buoys.

for the mountains here set well inland; and we shall see great trees and tropic lagoons and many alligators, if we venture to land along the way, and many gorgeous birds, but no people.

This Costa Rican coast is especially noted for its birds. Columbus himself sailed by here on his fourth and final voyage, and he speaks of the great crowds of birds and of their beauty. At first the Spaniards shot some of the birds, but soon found the swarms so thick that stones were used instead. Hundreds of the birds were thus slain, apparently not even for eating, but just as a new form of "sport." The Indians had treasured the pretty little songsters and never injured them except in case of necessity; so that this sport of the Spaniards was reported from tribe to tribe with indignation and horror. It may have had much to do with the desperate resistance which the Costa Rican natives, the Talamancas, made against Spanish invasion. These natives never really submitted like the redmen of other regions; instead they retreated into the deeper forests.

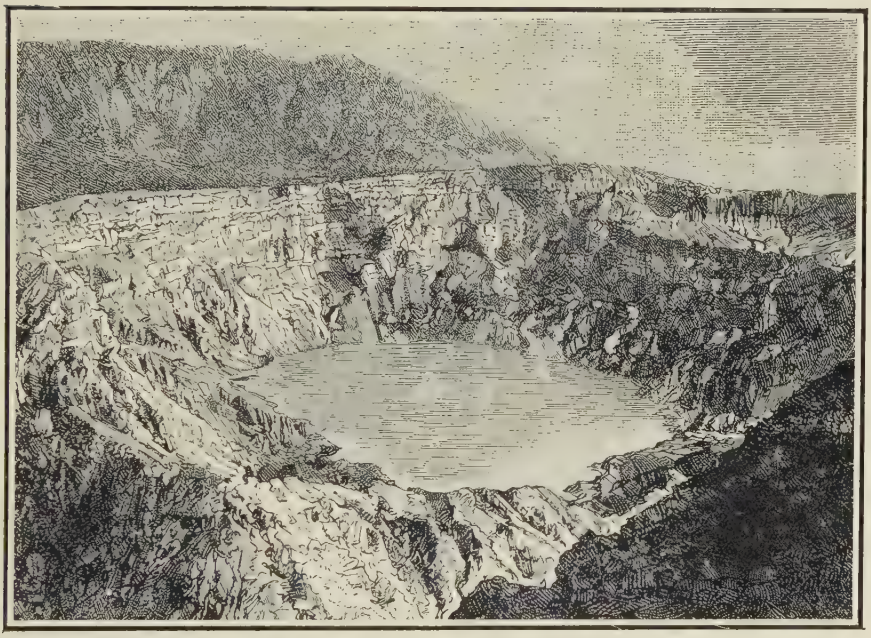
Even today Costa Rica is said to have over seven hundred different species of birds. Perhaps the oddest of these, and certainly the most famous, is the quetzal, a wonderfully feathered beauty, of scarlet and emerald and gold with a brilliant tail nearly three feet long, trailing behind a six inch body. The quetzal even builds its nest to accomodate that tail. The nest is a covered shelter with two openings at opposite ends, so that the bird goes in at one and out at the other, without having to twist around and bend its tail feathers inside. Beautiful though the quetzal is, it is never seen in museums, for it dies when kept in captivity. This trait has been symbolized by the native poets as a love of liberty, and the quetzal is often employed as a national emblem. One country, Guatemala, has officially placed it on her coat of arms.

Port Limon is just such a little town as we shall find all along the coast of these countries, a mere landing place for ships, a starting place for the little railway which climbs to the inland hills. There are not ten thousand people in Limon, a few white folk, mainly foreigners, compelled to stay there by business, and then a swarm of jolly negro laborers, most of them voluntary visitors from the West India islands. There are banana plantations all around the town; but at these too we shall usually find only one white man, as superintendent, with a corps of negro workers.

As we take train out of the town we shall see how widespread this banana culture has become. Fifty years ago nobody ate bananas, except

in the tropics; but now that their food value is recognized and that fast steamers can transport them without decay to foreign lands, they have become the chief export of many a Caribbean state. Costa Rica's present prosperity is at least half founded on bananas. At first in leaving Limon, our train passes between rows of stately palms; then there come miles upon miles of the banana "trees", which really of course are only giant bushes often twenty feet high, and each growing a single huge stalk of bananas.

As our train climbs higher we come next to the coffee plantations.



A CRATER OF IRAZU, THE CHIEF COSTA RICA VOLCANO

Costa Rica coffee is valued by experts as equalling the best in the world, and special care is given to producing the best. Plantations keep a piece of ground planted in coffee trees for only a few years, then the plot is given over to bananas or some lesser growth until it has become fertile enough to be used again for coffee of the highest grade. In Spring—for we are well north of the equator now and can begin to detect a touch of Spring each March—the Costa Rica uplands are covered with white coffee blooms as thick as ever Japan is in cherry blossoms; and the effect is almost equally beautiful. The red berries of the coffee come later, and add a new touch of color to the rich scene.

We are headed for San José, the nation's capital, a little city of less than fifty thousand people, set high on the central plateau. Beyond this the railroad, after crossing the rest of the plateau, plunges down again to the shore on the Pacific side, so that in a day you may traverse the land from coast to coast. The Pacific shore is somewhat more open, with beautiful groves and grasslands like a park; and here in the deep gulf of Nicoya there are pearl-fisheries. The Indians once drew many ornamental gems and bits of mother-of-pearl from this hidden bay, as also the murex, a pearl-like shell ornament still treasured here.

On that pleasant central plateau there are several little cities quite closely crowded together, so that the population becomes much more dense than on the outer mountain slopes of the coffee plantations. On the way to San José we shall pass through Cartago, which was the earlier capital, but was supplanted by San José because Cartago had quite too many earthquakes to be popular. Indeed a twentieth century earthquake destroyed most of the old town in 1911, and many of its people were killed. Even more perished of disease in the unsanitary camp which was hastily set up to accommodate the survivors. When the Central American states once joined in a temporary union, Mr. Carnegie donated to them a great marble Palace of Peace, to be erected in Costa Rica as the most peace-loving of them all. But, alas, it was erected in Cartago and perished with the rest of the city.

Cartago's own particular volcano is Irazu, which towers close behind the town. It is nearly twelve thousand feet high. The few people who have climbed it or any of the neighboring peaks declare that the summit views are scarce to be matched anywhere for their beauty of rich coloring. You look down upon both oceans at once, so that the whole country seems but a broad green ribbon between the sands and sea.

This is an earthquake country. You will realize that not only from Cartago's disasters but even more when we reach San José, for practically all of the houses, even our hotel, are built only a story high. In that way, if a heavy quake does come, nothing need fall on you except the roof, which is made as soft as possible. Thus San José is a very unpretentious looking city. It has, however, one magnificent building of which it is tremendously proud, a huge opera-house, one of the largest in the world, and built with special care to withstand the quakes.

This Opera House is all of rich Carrera marble, and is said to have cost over a million dollars. Naturally, the building is very largely an empty monument; for opera companies or even travelling theatrical

IN SAN JOSÉ

© Pub. Photo Serv.

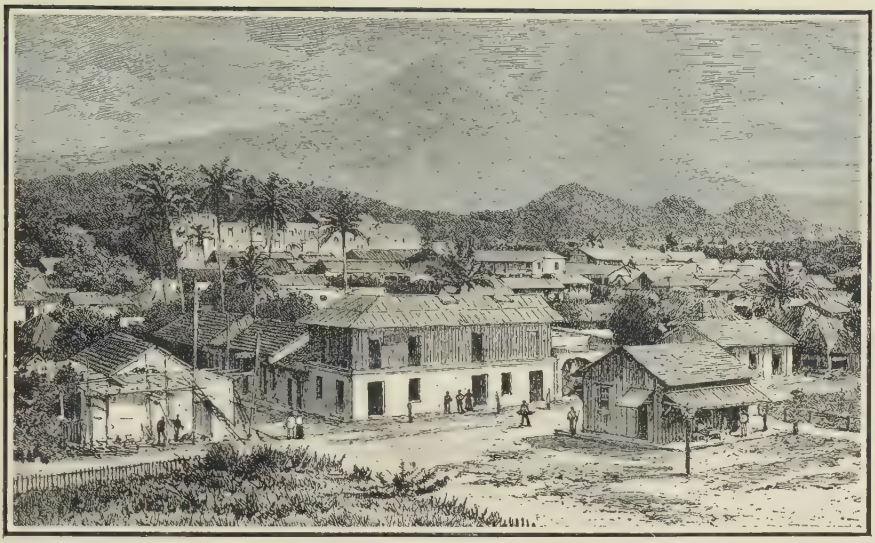
The main street of San José, Costa Rica's capital, shows us the typical life of the country.

shows rarely get as far from the world's great cities as is little Costa Rica. The building is, however, always useful for the President's "New Year Ball," the chief annual social event of each successive year. Moreover, the theatre is an excellent place to display to rare visitors like ourselves. Its walls are richly decorated with paintings of Costa Rica's industries, coffee-raising, cattle-farming, and so on.

The people we shall meet in San José are very courteous and hospitable. Many of the wealthier young men have been educated in United States colleges; and football and basket-ball are favorite games. The ladies here have a wide repute for beauty. Many of them, instead of being of the usual brunette Spanish type, are of such Spanish ancestry as Murillo loved to paint, the now almost extinct blue-eyed and light-haired type. They seem sweet, as well as quick-witted and joyous, and the national costume is most attractive. To dark Spanish mantillas, they add a broad native scarf, the rebozo, bright with many colors.

The young men of Costa Rica return even from our college circles to do their wooing at home. They love the old central plaza of the city, which is surrounded by fig trees, some of them said to be four hundred years old, planted by the original Spanish founders of the city. A very old cathedral still looks down on us in unshaken solidity; and at its doorway we may meet an old-fashioned funeral procession, heralded by a band of bell-ringers and public weepers. The simple life is all very quaint and picturesque.

We must try to get beyond San José to some of the great forests of the higher mountains. Here dwell the remnant of those unconquered, bird-loving Indians, the Talamancas. They have made peace with the white men now, but still prefer to dwell apart. They are a philosophic folk living simply, and asking little of life. Their thatched huts are still built in stockades as if for defense, but that is only ancient custom. They have given up all the white man wants. They do not even inherit one another's simple possessions; for whatever each man owns is buried with him. Ask a chief the reason and he will tell you that only what we work for is worth having, and that therefore each man should learn to make for himself the things that he desires. In the old days when the Talamancas had gold, they used even to bury with each man his treasure, made into a placque or ornament upon his breast. When the Spaniards learned of this, they dug open old graves and thus regained many a prize; and even today some of these gold placques are occasionally unearthed all along this old "Costa Rica."



THE CENTRAL MOUNTAIN CHAIN ABOVE LAKE NICARAGUA

CHAPTER XXI—CENTRAL AMERICA

Nicaragua.

On the Atlantic coast, the San Juan river marks the boundary line between Costa Rica and the next Central American republic to the north of it, Nicaragua (nē kă rah′gwă). The isthmus between the two continents here broadens out to over three hundred miles in width; and Nicaragua is more than twice as large as Costa Rica. This does not mean that it is twice as populous or prosperous. On the contrary Nicaragua has often been quoted as a tragic example of the evils for which our own country has become responsible by its insistence on applying, everywhere and blindly, the usually valuable Monroe Doctrine. Through most of Central America, the excesses of revolutionary mobs and dictators have been so brutal and so deadly that except for the Monroe Doctrine outside Powers would long since have interfered, and would today possess the lands. Our government has kept these little nations free from outside rulers; but it has thus left them to the far greater slavery of their own ignorance and the fury of their leaders. For a whole century, after throwing off the rule of Spain, Nicaragua drifted from one cruel little war into another, each conqueror plundering at will.

Only a few years ago, land on the Costa Rica bank of the boundary river, the San Juan, sold for five times as much as similar land on the northern bank. That was the practical value of honest government in

Central America. If a native planted a crop on Costa Rican territory he was almost as sure of the reaping as in our own well-sheltered land. If he planted in Nicaragua he had no security whatever; indeed he had bitter reason to know that prosperity would only bring plunder, and perhaps torture also.

The year 1916 marked the beginning of what may be a great future change; but it will take long to reassure Nicaraguan natives as to any real prosperity. In that year the United States made a treaty with an exhausted, bankrupt Nicaraguan government, which saw in our interference its only hope of continued rule. Most of our people remember Nicaragua only vaguely as the land through which we had some plans for cutting a canal, before we built the one at Panama instead. That forgotten Nicaraguan canal route had much to do with the treaty of 1916. We agreed to pay three million dollars for the perpetual canal rights here, so that no other nation could build a canal in opposition to ours at Panama, and so that we could build one if ever it seemed wise. Of course this sale of rights would by itself have brought no benefit to Nicaragua; for some dictator would have seized upon the money as usual. We, however, further agreed to see that this money was honestly used for Nicaragua itself, and that her form of democratic government was protected against armed overthrow. There was the point of change; United States troops were to check the career of the next self-styled "patriot" who began plundering, torturing and "executing" his opponents.

Since then our marines have more than once marched up to the Nicaraguan capital and preserved order; and the despairing natives begin to have some glimmering idea that an election may really mean self-government, a peaceful opportunity to assert their own will and purposes. But of course whoever loses power through our marines protests hotly against our "tyrannical interference" with his nation's "liberty." So our marines may be recalled, and anarchy may be permitted to reestablish itself, at any time. Foreign money is still shy of Nicaragua, and without that the impoverished country can scarce prosper.

Today the land contains only about half a million people. A century ago it probably held twice as many; but endless warfare has caused a constant decrease. The land never possessed a large percentage of pure whites; and scarcely any of these have been left alive beyond all the revolts and massacres. It is a half-breed land, the wholly Indian race

A NICARAGUAN COFFEE PLANTATION © Pub. Photo Serv.

The coffee trees, the main source of wealth in all the Central American lands, are tended with watchful care.

having disappeared even more completely than the wholly Spanish. Thus Nicaragua has become a peasant land of ignorance, wherein civilization is only just beginning to reassert itself after a century of misery.

Into this land we shall journey by that ancient "highroad" of all Central America, the sea. In this broken mountainous isthmus, cross-country travel is well-nigh impossible. Deep canyons separate the heights, and scarce even a crossing mule track can be found to guide us over the endless ups and downs of the saw-tooth climb. So we must travel as men here have always done, going by sea from one river mouth to another, taking advantage of whatever natural river-roads exist to mount into one section of the high interior, and then returning to the sea to journey on to the next mountain-walled compartment. The border river of San Juan offers us our first, indeed our only, opportunity to penetrate deep into Nicaragua from the Atlantic side. This was the route once planned for the canal.

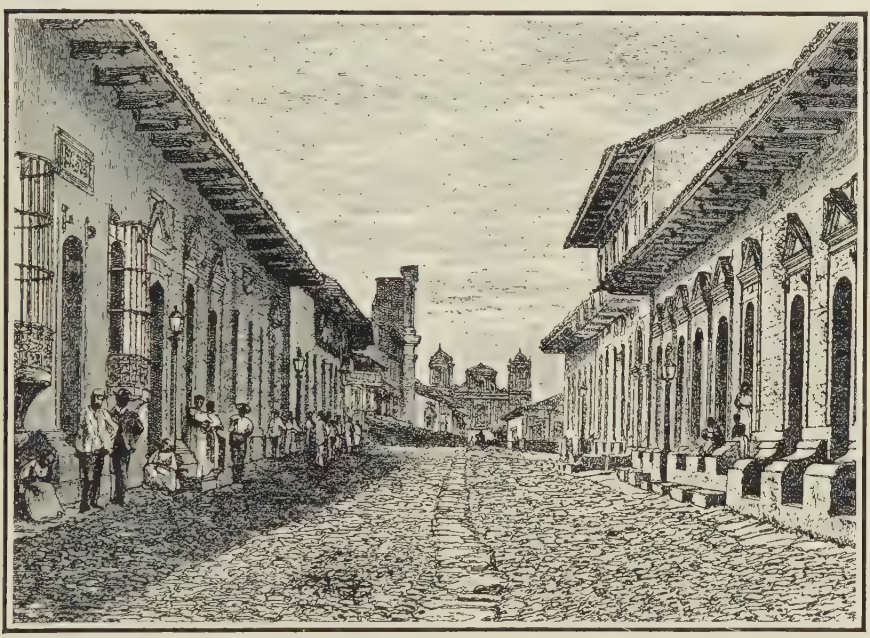
At the river mouth, we find the little city of Greytown, once a British colony and still occupied mainly by British negroes rather than by Nicaraguans. Only our interference some sixty years ago prevented Britain from taking possession of the whole Atlantic half of Nicaragua, a Caribbean shore long known as the Mosquito Coast. It is a strange region of old pirate romance. The continental mountain range lies way over by the Pacific coast, and practically all the Nicaraguans dwell there in the west. Most of the Atlantic half of the country remains a vast empty lowland, often swampy, covered with jungle, and hideous with mosquitos. There is no real coast line above Greytown. Sand-bars extend far out into the sea, and huge lagoons penetrate deep into the forest. Each new hurricane alters the coast furiously; and then mangroves and grasses build it out again in the long sunny intervals of calm. Coral islands grow everywhere off shore, sometimes far out at sea. This ever-changing, chartless coast was once a favorite hiding place of the Caribbean pirates, and there is scarce in islet but could tell its own tale of captives or of rebellious crews marooned there in the long ago.

The few Indians of the lagoons long since made friends with Britain and would gladly have accepted her rule; so she built here a town called Bluefields; Nicaragua protested indignantly, and when we backed her protest, Britain abandoned the little settlement to utter neglect. Her people withdrew to Greytown. Now after more than sixty years of desolation, Bluefields is waking again as a banana port.

Back of the mosquito marshes there are rich fields; and behind these there are hills for cattle growing, so that this coast is looking forward to a new prosperity.

The largest island off this Mosquito Coast is known, with its little circling neighbors, as the Corn Islands. In our treaty with Nicaragua, the Corn Islands were ceded to the United States for use as a naval station. Some day they may bristle with fortifications; but as yet they lie peaceably uninhabited and almost unknown.

Greytown, at the mouth of the San Juan river, has long been given



THE MAIN STREET AND CATHEDRAL OF THE BUSINESS CITY OF LEON

over to the business of a gateway for the higher lands within. The San Juan is a remarkable stream in that the power of its flow has cut for it a valley which is almost a natural canal. It now winds, without falls or serious rapids, through the main mountain ridge of the land. It thus brings down to the Atlantic the surplus waters of Lake Nicaragua, which lies well beyond the central mountains and within thirty miles of the Pacific coast. That is why a canal was planned here.

By using the San Juan river and the lake beyond, the actual canal-cutting would be reduced to the piercing of the narrow barrier between the lake and the Pacific. Moreover Lake Nicaragua is itself only a

little over a hundred feet above the ocean, so that the descent by locks to the Pacific would not be excessive. The thirty mile cut would however have involved making a passage through intervening hills of considerable height and would have been a stupendous task. Now, it may never be accomplished; and Lake Nicaragua may remain always an Atlantic tributary.

The valley in which Lake Nicaragua lies, extends along the whole country, rising from the south toward the north. It is the chief center of the country's life. Instead of the uplifted plateau which supplies the homeland of most Andean countries, Nicaragua has this almost lowland valley. Indeed, the whole mountain system has here somehow failed of its usual heights. Nicaragua's peaks seldom rise more than a mile in air, and the low ridge that divides the lake from the Pacific is scarce noticeable. Perhaps for this very reason the volcanoes of the land are particularly numerous and noisy. They range chiefly along the center of the lake valley, often bursting up as islets from the lakes. New fire vents often rise in unexpected places. A tale is here told of a foreigner who found a remarkable medicinal spring of boiling water. So he built a hotel beside it and began advertising it to the world, until one day there was an earthquake, just a tiny one, and his spring disappeared. The next day it bubbled up on another plantation miles away, where the owner at once put up a much cheaper hotel and gained all the value of the first owner's advertising.

Lake Nicaragua is about a hundred miles long by forty broad. It is the largest body of water between our own Great Lakes and Titicaca, the lake on the summit of Bolivia's plateau. Chief of the lesser lakes that help to fill the Nicaragua valley is Lake Managua. This whole lake-land is filled with plantations of bananas, coffee, sugar and the cocoa bean. These had been long left uncultivated, but they now begin to assume a more thriving air. We shall also find a particular kind of chocolate tree which is treasured as giving the best cocoa and chocolate in the world.

The chief towns in which the planters of this region gather for supplies and for amusements are three, naming them as we shall visit them from south to north, Granada, Managua, on the lake of that name, and Leon. Granada, at which our little river steamer will land us after puffing its way up the San Juan river, and traversing the whole length of Lake Nicaragua, was the original Spanish city. Earthquakes so desolated it that the seat of government was transferred to Leon, a

ON THE ROAD TO MANAGUA

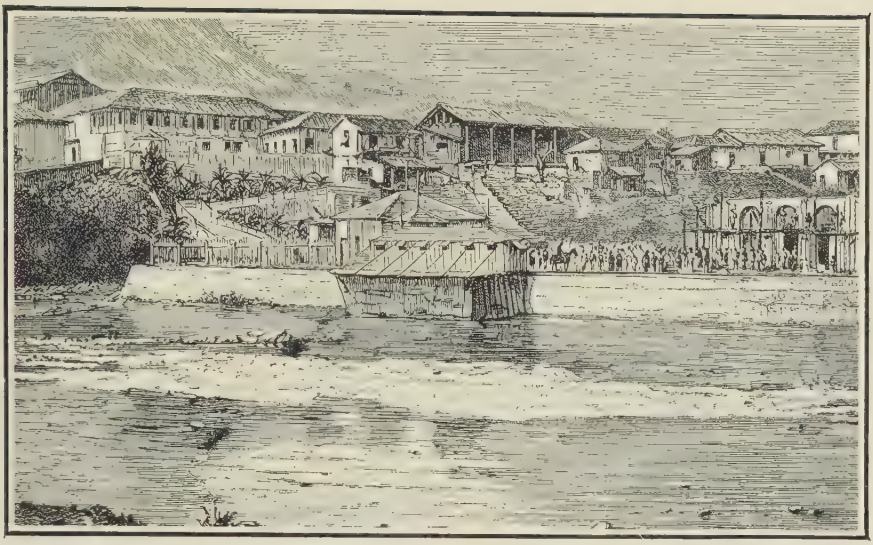
The half-Indian natives of Nicaragua whom we meet along its roads carrying their packs are a strong and patient folk.

much less aristocratic town. Granada still stands alone amid its ancient churches and its ruins. Its dark-skinned people in their thin cotton garments and huge straw hats are still inclined to peer at us only from shelter and to slip quickly out of sight when spoken to. They are the survivors of the crushed and despairing Indians.

At Leon and Managua, towns of perhaps fifty thousand people each, we shall find a more robust democracy; though even here these dark-hued Nicaraguans are a cautious race, gentle-voiced and mild, very different from the gay and even boisterous Costa Ricans. A railroad boasting quite an elaborate station leads from Granada northward up the valley to Lake Managua, and continues still farther north to the Pacific coast at Corrento. This railroad considerably outclasses the San Juan river as a quick and cheap method of transporting supplies, so that the whole business of the country tends now to center on the Pacific as its roadway.

Managua, the new capital, has electric lights and telephones and a good hotel; and its shops begin to display plenty of foreign goods. New government buildings are in preparation and a system of parks is being planned along the lake shore. Nevertheless, Leon remains the people's metropolis. It was so long the Spanish capital that they cannot forget. Even now its somber old cathedrals and fortress walls and narrow streets give it a Spanish air. Here too, we shall see at their best the barefooted melancholy-eyed young Indian lads and the lithe and graceful young women in their brightly colored waists of cotton print, with their gay scarfs, and gilded rosaries around their necks.

Leon stands closer to the Pacific than the other cities, though still in the inner valley. It rises at the foot of Nicaragua's highest and best known volcano Momotombo, seven thousand feet tall. Leon was first built directly on Momotombo's flank; but a disaster came. A riotous son of the governor slew the city's bishop. All the priests foretold some terrible result; and at once thereafter the volcano burst forth and destroyed most of the city. The chastened and terrified remnant rebuilt Leon where it now stands, and the abandoned remnants of the older city are still pointed out with terror. Beyond Leon the railroad hastens down to the ocean, where, at Corrento, we may board a ship. Looking back from the sea, we gaze upon a long slow mountain slope. It is the other side of old Momotombo. The grim volcano thus keeps watch not only over Leon's private morals, but over all Nicaragua, to punish or protect.



TEGUCIGALPA, THE HONDURAS CAPITAL, SEEN FROM ACROSS ITS RIVER

CHAPTER XXII—CENTRAL AMERICA

San Salvador and Honduras

Sailing northward once more, from the last Pacific port of Nicaragua, we come shortly to a wide and open passageway through the coast hills. It suggests the Golden Gate of San Francisco; and in similar fashion it opens into a broad and beautiful inner bay, the Gulf of Fonseca (fōn sā′kă). It is the one really first class harbor along more than a thousand miles of coast, otherwise harborless. At the other so-called ports of Central America, ships anchor a mile off shore, and wait while small boats carry freight and passengers ashore. In Fonseca vast navies might lie in fleets, untroubled by a single heavy wave. It was once the favorite hiding place of Pacific pirates; and Tiger Island, deep within its shelter, could tell many a thrilling tale of fight and robbery and hidden treasure.

Today three different Central American nations claim part ownership of Fonseca's inner shores, Nicaragua at the southern end, Honduras in the middle, and San Salvador at the north. Honduras (hŏn doo′răs) considerably resembles Nicaragua, which we have just visited; and Salvador somewhat resembles Costa Rica. That is, Salvador is small, smaller even than our state of Connecticut, and is led by a white aristocracy. There are probably not twenty thousand wholly white folks in all San Salvador, and there are over a million mestizos

and Indians, the mestizos predominating. Yet control of the land lies with the few whites, and revolutions in San Salvador are orderly affairs accompanied by but little plundering or desolation. Hence, next to the Costa Ricans, the people here live well and happily. This is much the most densely peopled state of Central America, because the San Salvadoreans make no claim to ownership of empty lands beyond their actual settlements. The state owns no frontage along the Atlantic coast, that feverish wilderness which here as elsewhere lies east of the Pacific mountain range. Salvador is the only country of North America which does not stretch from coast to coast.

On its Pacific front, Salvador has one little port upon Fonseca Gulf, from which supplies are sent up to its eastern coffee-raising district and town of San Miguel. But the nation's main port is at the other end of its short coast strip, at Acajutla. Between these two, for over a hundred miles, extends the Pacific strip known as the Balsam Coast, because along it grows the balsam tree from whose rich fragrance we have the balsam or balm of ancient legend. This has long been called Peruvian Balsam, because the heedless Spaniards assumed that all good things in America came from Peru. Really it is the Indians of Salvador who here gather the odorous gum.

From Acajutla a tiny railroad track runs back to the main railroad, which traverses the little country parallel to the Pacific. This road is as yet the southern extremity of the great north and south "Continental Railroad" which now runs from our own land, south across all Mexico, across Guatemala, and so onward to Salvador. Some day it will reach on to Panama and to Colombia, and beyond.

As our ship approaches Acajutla, we shall see flaring above us the noted "lighthouse of Salvador," the volcano Izalco. It is one of the chief sights of Central America, with its column of smoke by day and its lurid glare by night, livened by an occasional vivid flame or even by a ribbon of glowing lava which starts rolling down the slope. Izalco is unique among great mountains in that men have seen it made. All Salvador is a land of volcanos; but on this spot along its coast there was once only a plain, a "fire land" such as we saw in New Zealand, marked by boiling springs and mud volcanos, which are here called "ansoles." Suddenly in the year 1770 this plain began to writhe in earthquakes and to belch forth gas explosions. Then it rose upward. From the central crest there burst a genuine lava flow; but the upward movement still continued, until in a few weeks Izalco had risen over

THE STRANGE ILOPANGO VOLCANO

Here we have a volcano which sends up its flames as if from the actual waters of the lake around it.

five thousand feet, to where it still stands flaming and rumbling, the youngest born of mountains. It is a strikingly perfect cone; for wind and weather have as yet had but a few hours of one of geology's vast days to work their will on it.

All Salvador is "new land" like this, lava freshly disintegrated and making an amazingly fertile soil, but one too porous to hold water, and too wobbly to hold heavy buildings. Thrice since the Spaniards came, their capital city, Salvador, has been completely overthrown by earthquakes. The latest disaster was as recent as 1917, when several thousand lives were lost. Each time the city has been deserted and then rebuilt; for earthquakes may strike anywhere here, and one building site is as good as another. Today this is the second largest city of Central America, and ranks with San José, Costa Rica's capital, as the most attractive. Even the cathedral of Salvador is now built of wood, since that will yield to earth-shocks, and not crumble like stone. Yet such is the force of tradition that the wooden cathedral has been carefully painted to resemble stone.

Another fire effect, as strange as that of Izalco, has been displayed at Lake Itopango, the summer resort and playground near the capital. Less than a century ago, the waters of this lake were wildly and repeatedly agitated, and more than once overflowed. When at length they quieted again, they disclosed, in the very center of the lake, a low island. It was too hot for men to land on; and steam rose fiercely from a tiny crater in its center, a lake volcano. The whole of the central strip of San Salvador consists of such new volcanos. The streams from their landward slopes form the land's chief river, the Lempa. This fills a deep valley between the volcanos and a more easterly ridge, the true old Andean range. Upon the fertile lava-lands around these new volcanos, and along the western slopes of the main Andes, dwell the thickly-crowded people of San Salvador. They are almost all land owners, each possessing his small farm to make him independent, self-ruling, and ready to fight for liberty.

The whites have welcomed to their circle many foreigners, Germans and even a few of our own people who have settled down among them and become devoted champions of the now prosperous little land. They send their children abroad to be educated; but they journey to Europe —not to our land. Salvadoreans will trade with us, but they will not live with us; for their sympathies are naturally with Latin Europe, with France and Spain, where they are welcomed as brothers, not as the

strangers they are made to feel themselves in the United States. Our people receive them too coldly, even doubtfully.

If from Fonseca's Gulf we had plunged directly inland to explore Honduras, instead of sailing north along Salavador's coast, we should have found a very different land. Honduras resembles Nicaragua rather than Costa Rica; that is, Honduras is a land of Indians rather than of whites, a backward land of suffering, rather than one of forward-looking effort. The Hondurans have probably retrograded in the last hundred years, rather than advanced. Under pressure of the heavy

IN THE DEPTHS OF A BAMBOO JUNGLE IN HONDURAS

miseries of tyranny and misgovernment and feeble submission, the land has drifted back toward barbarism.

Honduras has but a narrow footing on the Pacific shore, only its little space within Fonseca's Gulf. Stretching back from the Pacific, however, Honduras widens to take in all the mountain lands behind Salvador and clear across to the Atlantic coast, on which it has a frontage of some four hundred miles. Its only tiny Pacific seaport, Amapala, stands on the shore of that Tiger Island which was once the pirates' isle. From there we must be ferried ashore to a mere village from which the mountain road starts up into the interior. Traffic in Honduras is

still carried on almost wholly by mules and heavy ox-carts, with solid wheels cut from a great tree in a single slab. Up this main mountain road, however, there now runs an automobile stage, which will carry us all the way to the Honduran capital, Tegucigalpa. The journey covers a hundred miles; and if all goes well we can accomplish it in eight hours. We climb through gorgeous mountain scenery, gradually leaving behind the tropic growth of the Pacific plain and seeing ever wilder, sterner regions close in around our path. Mountain torrents have more than once washed away this entire road, with mules and drivers too.

Tegucigalpa (tā goo thē gahl′pă), which means the City of the Silver Hills, stands in a fair vale amid the higher mountains, with a swift and noisy river, the Chiquito, flowing through it. The stream is spanned by a single, solid, old bridge which seems able to withstand the centuries; yet twice of recent days, in some mountain cloudburst, the river has torn away an arch of the solid stone, for men to rebuild.

So fertile is all this upland region that farms easily grow three crops a year; yet the poor Indians and half-breeds of Tegucigalpa will make little effort to work. They have been too often plundered. Instead they live almost wholly on frijoles and tortillas, which means black beans and flat flour cakes, a tortilla serving as a platter to hold the frijoles. Farther inland we shall come to the broad cattle plain of Comayagua, the former capital city. This was so often desolated in the wars with Guatemala that Tegucigalpa took its place; but Comayagua still retains a few thousand cattlefolk, and it holds also a statue of a long-forgotten Spanish king, so old that the people have come to reverence it as a sort of saintly shrine.

There is wealth unmeasured on these uplands of Honduras, if ever the time comes when men can plant and reap in knowledge and security. There are mines here too, almost unexplored. The great San Juancito mine is already being worked by foreign capital, and has of late years produced millions of dollars worth of gold. There are valuable opals to be found in the province of Intibaca, rare and beautiful gems. This province too is the seat of the strange Fountain of Blood, gruesome whispers of which have reached the outer world for centuries. This, we now know is a dark mountain cavern from whose roof there drips a steady rain of a red substance like blood. It coagulates like blood, and smears itself like blood upon the animals of the neighborhood, who lap it up eagerly from the floor of its dark cave. The coloring is caused however by a harmless growth of infusoria, which turn the dripping water into a highly nutritious liquid.

THE HARBOR OF BELIZE

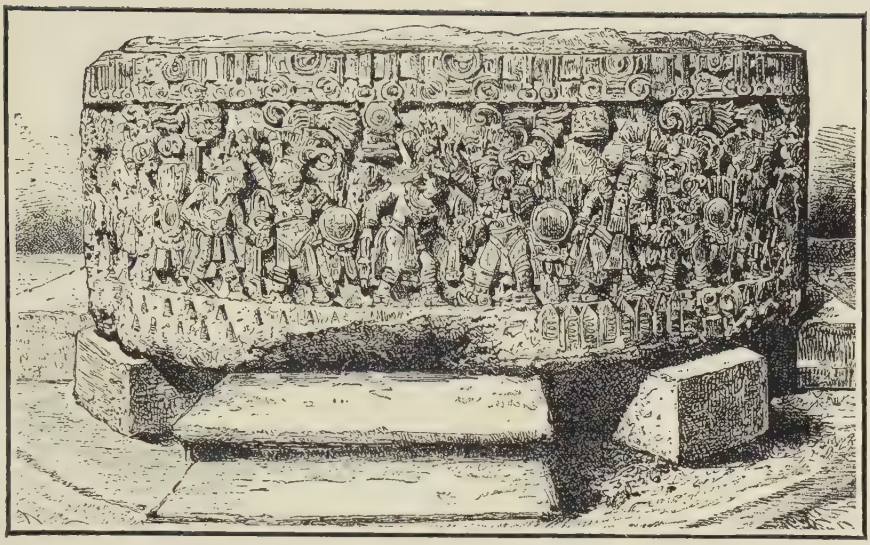
This old-world British town, the only city of British Honduras, is just awakening after centuries of slumber.

If now from these highlands we descend to Honduras' Atlantic coast, we find a wholly different region. There are few Indians here; and instead we find, as in Nicaragua, negroes who have settled here from the West Indies. Indeed the language of eastern Honduras is English, a sort of "pidgin English" of negro dialect mixed with Indian words. These negroes have intermarried freely with the Indians, especially with the Misskiti, from whom, rather than the more savage insects of similar name, this whole Atlantic region got its name of the Mosquito Coast. Hence the people here are "zambos," half-breeds of black and Indian. These low-lying regions have proved excellent for bananas, so that this long despised land has had a recent notable boom in values. Banana land is worth ten dollars an acre, where once it could be bought for fifty cents. The ports here are only three days journey from our southern railroads at Galveston and New Orleans, and quick transport of the bananas makes them valuable.

One of the old ports here, Trujillo, dates back almost to Columbus' days. He explored all this coast and may possibly have been, as tradition says, the actual founder of Trujillo. Today, however, it is like all these Atlantic coast towns a mere group of tiny palm-thatched hovels ranged along roadways of mud. White folk, Britishers, settled along here in numbers about a century ago when Britain planned to take possession of the entire coast. But when her plans failed, most of her colonists withdrew or perished.

Britain still holds a section of this coast, known as British Honduras. This, Britain's only colony on the North American mainland south of Canada, was first snatched from the Spaniards by British freebooters over two hundred years ago. It consists of a rather profitless group of sea-marshes around the little town of Belize. Its beaches are so enclosed by coral reefs and hidden by huge breakers that the Spaniards could not find any channel to reach and attack the town. But these channels exist, narrow and deep, amid the breakers. The name Belize is the Spanish way of pronouncing the name of the freebooters' captain, Wallace. For a time this was a wild and wealthy settlement; but the later days of peace led most of the Britons to withdraw. For a century Belize retained only a few hundred white settlers and some twenty thousand idle negroes and Indians.

Hence British Honduras is today, like Honduras itself, almost wholly a land of the negro, the Indian, the zambo and the mestizo.



THE SACRED STONE OF TIZOC, A RELIC OF EARLY GUATEMALAN DAYS

CHAPTER XXIII—CENTRAL AMERICA

Guatemala

Guatemala (gwah tā mah'lă) is the most northern of the Central American lands. It thus lies nearest to Mexico and to our own country. As a result it has been much more visited than its neighbors, and is much more fully known. It is also the most important of the Central American states in the sense that it has the largest population, a total of perhaps two million, and with it a large influence upon the other lands.

The Guatemalans are an easy-going people, though modern initiative does seem to be at last injecting some activity among them. So unstable is the country that even today no one can feel assured that there will not be a revolution there tomorrow; and as that would of course involve the confiscating of any property the victor desired, why labor to gather property? There are hundreds of square miles here which seem scarcely to have changed at all since those first days when Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, led an exploring expedition into this land and reported home with enthusiasm of the wonderful richness of nature which he had here discovered. He would not have dreamed it possible that in all these four hundred years so little would have been done with the natural wealth which he had discovered.

Let us enter the land by the same route as did these original

explorers. Guatemala is roughly square in shape and of about the size of our State of Illinois. It has a small coast-line of about one hundred miles on the Atlantic or Caribbean side, and about three hundred miles on the Pacific side. Between these as in the other Central American countries, there is a volcanic region close to the Pacific Coast, then a mountain upland upon which most of the people live in a delightful climate of perpetual spring, and then a slowly descending slope towards the Atlantic shore, where the verdure grows ever thicker and more tropical as it descends towards the thick, dank jungles and alligator-haunted lagoons of the coast.

Cortez entered the land from this Atlantic side, and himself spoke of it at once as Guatemala, an Indian name meaning probably the same as our Vermont, "the land of green mountains." Here in the depths of the Guatemalan Gulf he came to the Dulce River, and after considerable effort forced his ship over its shallow bar and found beyond this a deep channel and a beautiful river. Today there is a little port called Livingston at the mouth of the river, named over a century ago in honor of one of our own half-forgotten statesmen, the New York lawyer Livingston who purchased Louisiana from France and prepared for it a code of laws. This code was much admired and widely adopted among the Latin nations south of us; hence Guatemala has a city of Livingston though we have not. For a century this town remained only a collection of little one room clay huts with palm thatched roofs; but now that the growth of the banana has waved an enchanter's wand of wealth over all these coast lands, Livingston begins to flourish and to blossom into little official customs buildings. These are sometimes as much as two stories high, and are gay with the bright uniforms of government officials.

Above this little entrance city the Dulce River, which means sweet river, displays a scenery far more majestic than sweet. Banana plantations give way to cliffs towering hundreds of feet on either side. We sail up a great canyon, though its frowning walls are half disguised by the luxuriance of vegetation which clings everywhere. Each foot of soil offers the basis for a score of vines which spread themselves across the surface of the rock; and hundreds of gorgeous orchids swing down toward us from far above. It is a striking scene of tremendous cliffs softened in a cloud of many colored blooms.

The river is really a strait; and it opens, after some twenty miles, into a broad and beautiful basin, Lake Izabal. Here there is a town,

INDIAN REMAINS AT QUIRIGUA © Ewing Galloway

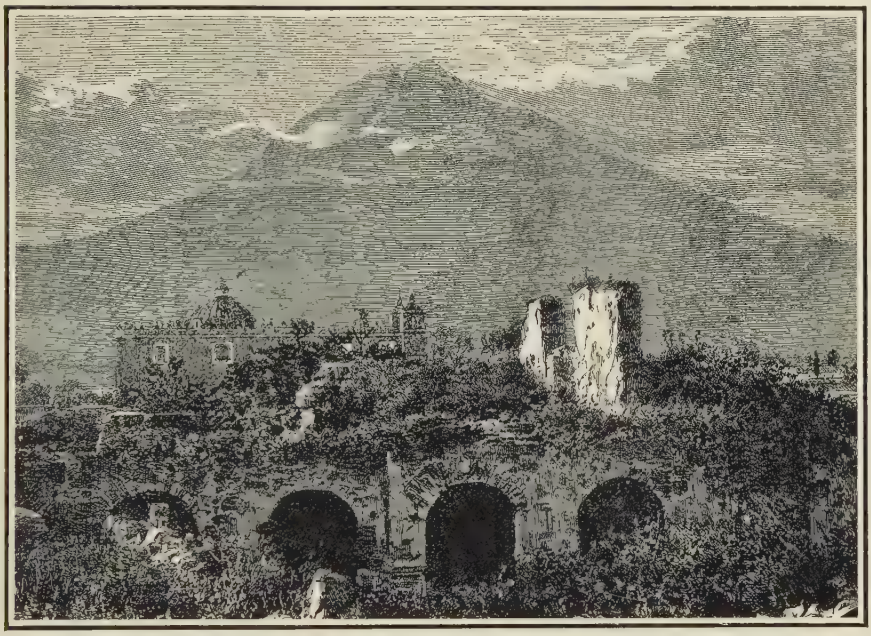
These strange monoliths, erected by a long vanished race, are now upheld by the accumulation of earth which has risen around them to a third of their height.

Izabal, which serves as a center for all the plantations which now encircle the lake. Behind these, or rising from the very water-edge wherever the jungle has not been cleared away, dense woods reach back to slowly ascending mountains. Their verdure is kept eternally green by constant showers. This is a land of rain, not of prolonged and tempestuous storms, but of repeated summer showers from little wandering clouds. There is seldom rain over the entire lake at once, but always a shower passing somewhere in sight, with a sunburst behind it and a glowing rainbow. This has been well called the "land of rainbows."

Civilization now scarce pierces more than a mile or so back from the border of the lake. But when Cortez first saw this region it was the home of a great Indian nation, the Quiches (kē chās′), connected perhaps with the wonderful Mayan civilization whose remnants we shall visit in Yucatan. Not far from Izabal there was a wonderful Quiche city known as Quirigua (kē rē gwah′); its forest covered ruins are but a short distance from the railroad by which we can climb up to Guatemala's modern highlands. Hence every visitor should pause to see these remarkable evidences of a vanished civilization, which survive at Quirigua. There are several mounds of ancient masonry, pedestals perhaps upon which, in the midst of the city's long vanished plazas, monuments were raised or altars of sacrifice. Around these are numerous carved stelæ, that is upright stones covered with heavily cut and thickly crowded inscriptions in an old hieroglyphic language no longer readable by man. The stelæ also carry figures of men and women, or perhaps they are meant for gods. Though the bearded faces of some figures and the frankly human attitude of others suggest portraiture rather than adoration. One of these stelæ rises over twenty feet in air and is probably deeply inbedded in the vegetable mould which has piled up to cover its lower surfaces. Another even taller one has been heaved from its perpendicular position, perhaps by some old earthquake, and now hangs at a perilous angle as if about to fall and crush the explorer, but held upright by the mass of vegetation around its heavy base.

If instead of entering Guatemala from the Atlantic side we had started from the Pacific, we should have found a wholly different scenery. There are no good ports along the Pacific coast but only palm lined beaches from which the hills rise sharply; and a very few miles plunge us into the rather terrifying volcanic district. The most northern

port is Ocos, which suffered from one of these earth tremors as recently as 1902. The main outbreak then was in the volcano of Santa Maria fifty miles back from the coast. The lava burst forth above the city of Quezaltenango, formerly the second city of the country and a famous religious center. Several thousand of its people were killed; its church walls fell; and most of the survivors fled to a more sheltered spot. Ocos was almost outside the zone of disturbance; but the sea opened beneath it and the long iron pier which stretched perhaps a quarter mile into the ocean, was most of its engulfed.



THE RUINS OF ANTIGUA, WITH AGUA THE WATER MOUNTAIN BEHIND

A railroad leads up into the mountains from Ocos and another from San José, the chief port of the country. Both these roads run to the nation's capital, Guatemala City. On the way we pass two charming volcanic lakes, Atitlan and Amatitlan, set in graceful beauty among their mountains. All around these may be seen boiling springs, which the natives use as do the Maoris of New Zealand, for washing clothes and even for cooking dinners. Beyond these our train climbs into the highlands amid some of the most famous and spectacular volcanos of America. The highest of these is Acatenango which rises nearly fourteen thousand feet and is the culminating point of all South Amer-

ica, the highest point between the Colombian Andes a thousand miles to the southward and the great crests of Central Mexico almost equally far away in the north.

Acatenango is called by the Indians the Father of Volcanos, but it seems to have been long extinct and is covered by woodlands even to the very top of its great height. Of far more active interest therefore are the two other peaks of almost equal height in its vicinity which are known as Fire and Water, Fuego and Agua. Agua is so called from one of the strangest known of human disasters. Fuego is always flaming and deserves its name; but Agua seemed so still and harmless that its slopes were chosen by the earliest Spaniards as the seat of the great capital which they built here after they had trampled down and crushed the Quiche nation. In the year 1548 there suddenly descended upon this capital from the heights of Agua a tremendous flood. It swept the city away like a child's toy, destroying citizens and houses in one awful ruin. Modern examination has shown us what must have happened. The summit of Agua was a huge thin walled crater which must in the course of quiet ages have become filled with a lake, large and deep and of great volume. The thin wall of the crater just above the city suddenly gave way and the whole lake poured forth. It leaped from a height of several thousand feet down upon the doomed city underneath.

The Spaniards erected a new capital at Antigua, "the old town," part of which still stands on the slopes of Fuego, at a cautious distance from the once more harmless Agua. Here the city was maintained for over two centuries. The Indians had always propitiated the demons of the volcano by sacrifice, sometimes even by human sacrifice, casting one of their princesses into the fiery depths. The Spanish priests found it equally effective to bless the volcanos, accepting them into the Christian family with formal ceremonies. Even this failed at last with Fuego. Its fires burst forth in 1773, and completely desolated Antigua. Then the present capital was built at a safer distance from these twin monsters. The fertility of their flanks will, however, always tempt men to farm them, and a considerable city of later growth has now been built once more upon the ruins of Antigua.

Now at last our train brings us into this much moved Guatemala city. We shall recognize it at once as a place of restful charm. It is by far the largest city of Central America, holding probably one hundred thousand people; and it possesses electric lights and telephones. It has

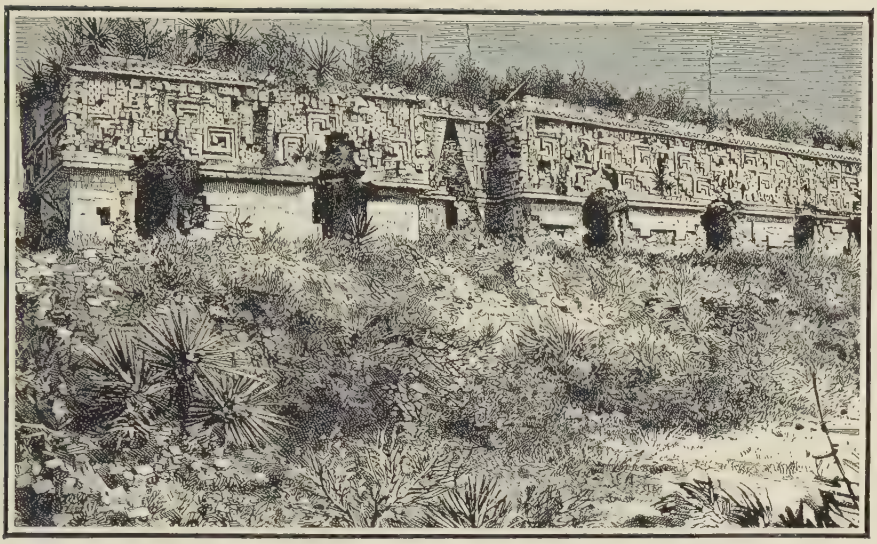
NATIVE LIFE IN GUATEMALA

Most of the natives live in simple thatched villages such as this. Only a few of the wealthy have haciendas.

not yet however been invaded by the automobile, and its Indian citizens are still to be found not infrequently fast asleep, comfortably and quite safely, in the middle of the street, sleeping off their potations of "white eye." This is their name for the burning native brandy made from sugar cane, of which they are most fond. There are still patient little plodding horse cars in Guatemala city, and the fare for these is only a penny of our money, which seems quite sufficient as we watch how lazily they crawl along in this land of "mañana." The houses are all of a single story, as is proper in an earthquake town, except for the churches whose mightly walls of stone are expected to defy earthquake. There are also a few public buildings and even stores which hold themselves above the general level. The city has a handsome theatre, modeled on the Greek Church of the Madeleine in Paris and rising like a stately giant among the dwarfs around it. This theatre has a government subsidy to support it, and some of the foremost companies from Latin Europe occasionally journey here.

There is a considerable white population in Guatemala; and its members still control the government and form the aristocracy of the land. They have retained many of the old Spanish customs, such as the wooing of the young lady by standing outside her window to gaze ardently within. The young men have however begun to take up baseball and other more active sports. The Chinese are entering here as merchants and the Germans as owners of coffee plantations. The improvident Guatemaltecans, as they insist on calling themselves, are very ready to borrow money at high rates of interest. As a result of this a considerable portion of their ancestral estates are passing into the hands of Germans. One can however live on almost nothing in this fertile country; and where automobiles and other modern forms of display have not entered, poverty can still rest lightly on aristocratic shoulders.

The poor Indians are in worse straits; they are reduced to a position of practical slavery to the plantation owners. Technically no such thing as slavery exists in Guatemala, but an Indian can, and when ordered to he always does, sign a contract pledging his services for an advance of salary. He promptly spends this money, and is afterward forever in debt to his master and therefore forever bound to work in his service. He even may and does sell his children's services along with his own. Hence there is no real freedom in Guatemala, except the freedom of tyrants and dictators to work their selfish wills.



THE SO-CALLED "GOVERNOR'S PALACE" AMONG THE RUINS OF UXMAL

CHAPTER XXIV—MEXICO

Yucatan and the Far South

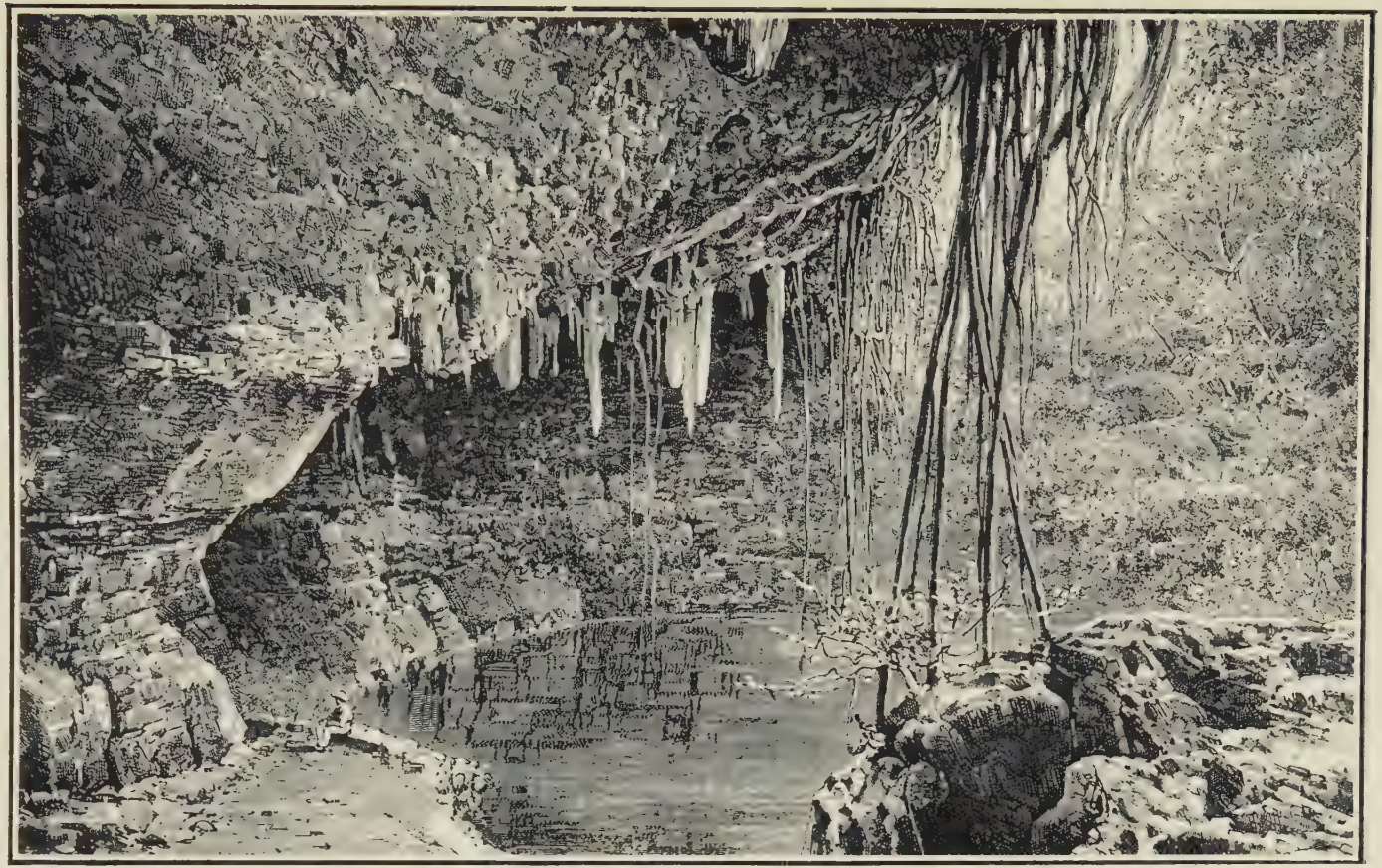
Mexico is so large a country that we must view it section by section, and thus come to understand it as a whole. It is in fact the third largest of the Latin American countries in size, exceeded only by Brazil and Argentine; and in population it is second only to Brazil. It contains nearly twenty million people; and its greatest length from southeast to northwest is over two thousand miles. It consists, like all the Latin American mountain lands, of three parts, first a tropic sea-coast, the tierra caliente or hot land; second, a central mountain table-land, the tierra templada or temperate land, on which most of the civilized people dwell; and third, above this table-land on its mountain peaks, a third zone, the tierra frio or cold land, at an altitude where all vegetation gradually ceases. Central America has no mountains high enough to rise above all vegetation and remain capped with eternal snow; but Mexico, like Ecuador and Peru, has several such great peaks that glisten as white stars high above the green forests, and form a wonderful beauty of background for the landscape. We shall not, however, see such snow-peaks in far southern Mexico.

At the southern end of Mexico, a broad peninsula, Yucatan (yoo kă tahn′) juts out from the eastern or Atlantic coast so far that it forms a northern boundary to the Caribbean Sea. When, as we come

north from Central America, our steamer rounds this great peninsula we have left the tropic Caribbean behind and are in the semi-tropic Gulf of Mexico which washes our own southern States. This southern section of Mexico is separated from the rest of the country by what is called the Isthmus of Tehuantepec (tā wan tā pĕk′). Here as at Panama the barrier land between the two oceans is very low; once they probably joined, but an isthmus has now risen to separate them, an isthmus a hundred and twenty-five miles wide and nearly a thousand feet in height. A railroad crosses the continent here and the cutting of a canal has often been discussed. When gold was first discovered in California, the United States seriously planned building a ship railroad here, a road on which the ships of that day were to be wheeled across the divide on enormous flat cars, and floated again upon the opposite shore. Our first Mexican visit will be to the low-lying tropic region which this isthmus separates from the high lands of central Mexico.

When our ship lands us at Progresso, the chief port of Yucatan, we shall feel that the town well deserves to be called "progress." It is a modern port with no natural harbor, but with all the modern facilities of wharves and breakwaters. Ashore we see a busy swarm of Indians; for here as in Central America the great mass of the working population are mainly or wholly of Indian blood. We shall find them toiling over great bales of henequén, a peculiarly strong and therefore valuable kind of rope fiber, the production of which is the main industry of Yucatan. Half a century ago the whole of Yucatan was in dire poverty; the peninsula is composed of low coral rock and has little natural fertility. Then men discovered that this soil and climate particularly favored the growth of henequén; it was planted everywhere, and the country waxed rich. We shall see vast fields of it extending in all directions; the people call it the green gold of Yucatan.

Because of this prosperity, we shall find Merida, the capital city which lies a few miles back from Progresso, a gay and pleasant place. The new wealth of the province first flowed, as is usual in Mexico, into the hands of the white or nearly white upper classes who have long ruled the nation. Within the last few years however, there have been uprisings of the masses over all of Southern Mexico. The peons, kept formerly in a state of practical slavery, have demanded their right of freedom and of a share in the land's prosperity. Thousands have perished in this bitter struggle; but today several of the Mexican states have officials who represent the party of the masses, and their condition



THE CENOTE OF VALLADOLID

The cenotes are natural wells dug by springs, deep below the porous soil of Yucatan. They are often very beautiful.

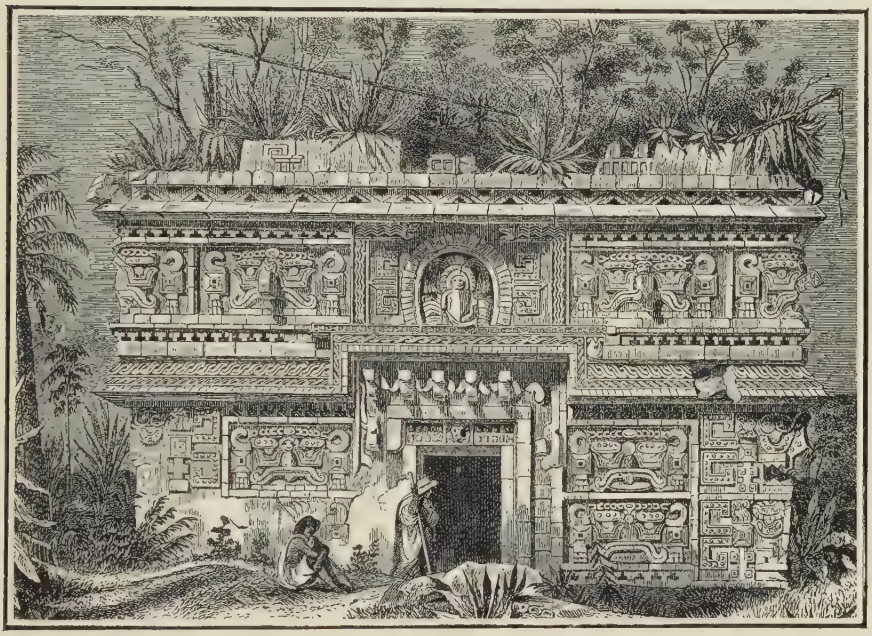
has been much improved. Yucatan in particular has the reputation of being a "red" or socialistic state. Many of the land owners have even refused to plant further crops of henequén fearing that these would be legislated away from them.

In the midst of this turmoil and uncertainty, Merida retains its air of a lazy, merry, self-contented little Spanish city. Yucatan is naturally too hot for very much activity; and the people lounge in their comfortable hammocks of henequén, or stroll at sunset about the old central plaza, which carries us back in thought even beyond Spanish days. The city was the Indian capital before the Spaniards came. The natives here, though less warlike than the Aztecs of Mexico City, were of a far older and more civilized race, the Mayans. The Spaniards have left on record what a gorgeous city this was which they destroyed. They took the carved stones of its great temples to build their own fortresses here; and many an old church in Merida marks the site of ancient Mayan buildings and is composed of the same well-trimmed stones. One house here will be pointed out to us as the oldest in America. It is the stone mansion of the Spanish conqueror, Montejo and bears his coat of arms and its date of building, 1549.

If we follow the fashion of the town, we shall of course visit the bull ring which is very popular here. But there are other larger, better, and better managed bull fights in northern Mexico, and we may more wisely turn here to a more oddly characteristic feature of Yucatan, its windmills and cenotes. As for windmills we shall see them everywhere; every important house has its own mill towering above the roof. There are no rivers in Yucatan, because of the porous nature of its coral soil. Rain water is absorbed where it falls, and can only be gathered by these windmills which pump it up sometimes from great depths. The water gathers in natural wells which are called cenotes. Some of these have been noted ever since the old Mayan days and are very beautiful. They are natural pools deep below the surface so that the sunlight rarely reaches them, and they are cool and shady in the midst of the excessive heat. Winding steps or pathways lead down into them; and beautiful flowers garland their sides, forming an ideal picture to fit some old Greek legend of the bathing pool of nymphs. To have a good cenote on your estate is like an insignia of aristocracy.

Visitors come to Yucatan today chiefly for what it was, rather than what it is. While the Mayan city of Merida has been wholly modernized, there lie farther inland amid the tropic forests many masses of

ruin, from which modern science has partly recreated the old Mayan culture. So fearful were the old Spaniards that anything not Christian must be devoted to devil worship, that they destroyed in great bonfires all the old pictures and written records of the Mexican Indians, smashed their sculptured idols into atoms, and overthrew their temples. Hence where an ancient city survives today this is because it was already empty and forgotten when the Spaniards came, so that it remained hidden and unknown in some deep wilderness. The two chief cities which men



THE RUINS OF A TEMPLE IN LONG-FORGOTTEN UXMAL

have rediscovered here, Uxmal and Chichen-Itza, thus represent a much earlier civilization, no man knows how old.

These ruins will remind us of the Hindu temples, by their vast size, their carefully modeled architecture of heavy stone, and by the richness and elaborate detail of their carving. At Uxmal there are long friezes showing leopards and elephants, so that even the elephant must once in those dim past ages have been known here. The temples or palaces are each raised on its own vast pyramid of stonework to lift it above the dankness of the forest. Yet the buildings show no traces of fortification, nor do the sculptures carry any scenes of war. Civilization seems to have raised these folk to the level of a sheltered peace.

Chichen-Itza is buried still more deeply in the wilderness. Its name, which means the well or cenote of the Itzas, refers to one of the largest of these cenotes, which lies nearby. The carvings are of more warlike character than at Uxmal, including long processions of warriors and sculptured borders of serpents and of wild animals. There are no elephants, but there are lynxes and tigers carefully discriminated in detail; and here was dug up the famous figure of the Tiger King, half-man and half-beast, now preserved in the museum of the Mexican capital. Outside of Yucatan the most famous of these buried cities of Southern Mexico lie in Chiapas, the Mexican border state along the Guatemalan frontier, and in Oaxaca, the state just north of the Tehuantepec Isthmus. Oaxaca we shall visit later; toward Chiapas we can journey by the railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

This is one of the most interesting railroads we shall travel on. It was built about a quarter century ago, before the Panama Canal had become a reality. Mexicans and foreign capitalists enthusiastically believed that this was to be the point of transit between the oceans. The road went through with a great boom, with splendid port facilities erected at each water front, and with railroad towns where American engineers and American wives dwelt in bungalows all along the line. Twenty first class trains a day swept majestically over the road. Now all these things have vanished except for a single freight train which occasionally crawls feebly across the Continental Divide. Panama, for the present at least, has supplanted Tehuantepec; and the jungle has reclaimed its own. It is difficult to keep even the single line of track in operation. So fiercely insistent is the tropic growth that the rails would be overrun and even torn apart within a month, except for the regular daily work of cutting back the jungle by hand and spraying it constantly with a poisonous liquid from the train as this struggles by. The vast increase of modern prosperity in the tropics and especially in Mexico seems to indicate that the future will have plentiful use for a railroad here; but at present it offers a rather startling picture of man's feebleness in the face of nature.

In the hot marshy soil here you can watch a banana plant grow; it will rise sometimes more than a foot a day. Or you can look up to gigantic bamboos swaying a hundred feet in air. Through the heart of these giant thickets the Indians have hacked pathways with their machetes, dark tunnel roads so blocked-in that they never see the light of day. None but the Indians are to be found in all this region now;

IN A YUCATAN VILLAGE

Yucatan is the land of the cactus. From one species it draws its wealth; from another it builds its hedges.

for only with special care and special preparation can white men withstand the mass of insect life, the bites of a hundred ugly varieties of bugs which breed ulcers, fevers, and death.

If from the swamps we force our way to the uplands where the breeze and sunshine reach, we find a different world, one where the Indians can live and be happy on almost nothing. They grow and send to market the cocoa beans for our chocolate; and so rare is money among them that they even use these beans for coins. In the old days each bean represented a centavo, the smallest Mxican coin; but even the Indians have now developed some sense of market values, and the number of beans which will pass for a centavo now varies with the conditions of the cocoa trade. You will hear one Indian demanding of another in all seriousness "How many is five?" meaning, as we might put it, "How many of these beans do you reckon to a five-cent piece?"

The town of Tehuantepec which lies on higher ground some distance from the railroad is known as the "City of Beautiful Women." The term refers to its Indian women, because there are so few whites in this section that the Indians are really in control. Most of the men of the region have been killed off in the fierce warfare and recent labor struggles of Mexico; and the women here are in a large majority. They practically manage all business and do it with far more thrift than was once displayed by their idle lords. They are a bright, eager-eyed and smiling race, their figures erect from the constant bearing of burdens on their heads. Each woman has a flat bowl painted in bright colors and called a jacare; this she balances on her head wherever she goes, ready for the carriage of any articles she may wish. In it she brings her wares to market or she carries her dinner. Usually also, she is carrying one or more babes under her arm. The mother feeds these youngsters from her own breast until they are three or four years old; and there is no more bewildering sight than to see a woman nurse her child and then carefully set him down to puff on a big black cigar. When the mother is not busy with her market bargaining, she will smoke the cigar herself, and return it to the child as business gets brisk.

The clothing of a Tehuantepec woman is particularly brilliant. A skirt of some bright color is wrapped tightly over the hips and ends below in a flare of ruffles. A bright low cut jacket is worn above this, and over all in the evening chill is thrown a serape or shawl of homemade weave in strange old Aztec patterns of embroidery which have been remembered for centuries.

POPOCATEPETL, MEXICO'S BEST KNOWN VOLCANO

CHAPTER XXV—MEXICO

In the Southern Mountains

From the low valley of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the Mexican land to the north and west rises rapidly to the great central plateau. Oaxaca, the next large city that we shall meet upon our northward way, stands a mile high among its mountains. It is the center of the rich mining districts of southern Mexico, a land so laden with gold and silver that experts the world over have always said than when once Mexico gets fairly and vigorously to work upon her stored up treasures of the earth, she will become the chief of all mining countries. There are always miners and prospectors to be found in Oaxaca, and the piazzas of its hotels are forever buzzing with talk of new discoveries and of new companies to be established.

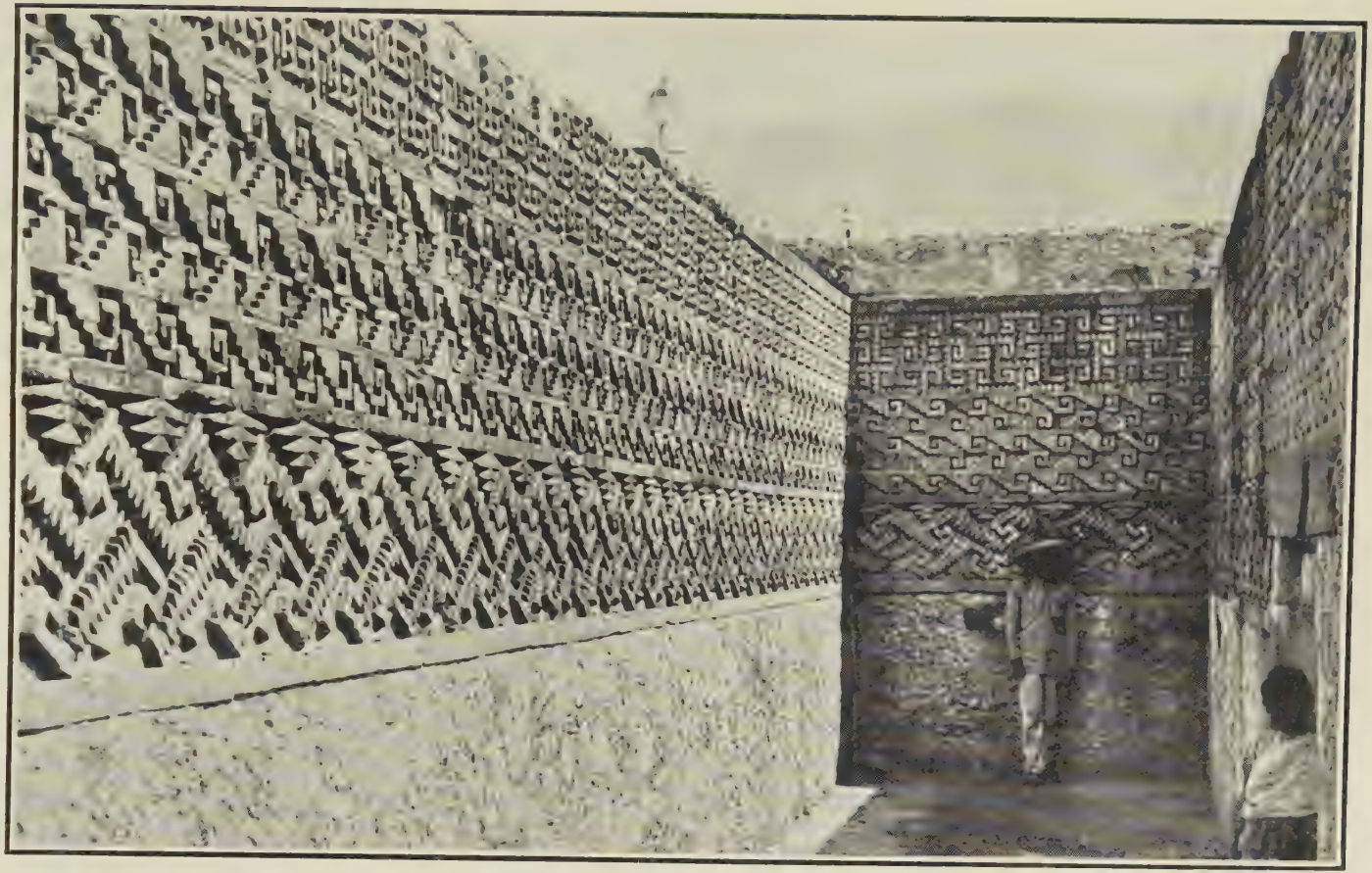
The Indians knew these mines well in the days before the coming of Cortez, the great conqueror of Mexico, and he himself selected as his own reward a grant of far-spreading lands in this mountain district. He became known as the Marquis of Oaxaca. The Indians, however, refused to disclose the secret places of their mines; they fell back on a pretense of utter ignorance or stupidity, from which even death by torture could not drive them. There is a legend of how one of the Spaniards by patient services and large promises of future aid persuaded the Indians to show him their richest mine. They blindfolded

him upon the road, but he brought with him a little bag of grain from which he let seed by seed drop along the roadside, so that later he could come again and follow his own footsteps. The Indians displayed to him an open mine of marvelous wealth, and then handed back to him all his seeds, each one of which they had patiently picked up as he let it fall. Thereafter they put out his eyes so as to be assured that he would fail in any other crafty device for tracking his way to the mine.

The Oaxaca of today is a busy city chiefly filled with the semi-independent southern Indians, but containing also an unusual smattering of white folk of various nations. Many of these came here for the mines, but have settled permanently, won by the delightful climate of the hill city as it basks among its orange trees in a perpetual springtime. Like Merida it is a very wealthy little city, but the aristocracy here, unlike that of Merida, is one of long standing. Ever since the days of Cortez there have been millionaire mine-owners in Oaxaca. As a result, its great churches are many and richly built.

One chief call that draws visitors to Oaxaca is that of its famous ruins, which rank with those of Yucatan as the most celebrated in Mexico. Those nearest the town are on the crest of Mount Alban. Here the whole mountain top has been leveled off by some prehistoric people. On this lofty summit commanding a wonderful sweeping view over all the country for many miles there stand the bases of gigantic walls and images. These are apparently of far older date than any of the Aztec or even the Mayan ruins. They are so simple as to be almost primitive and yet so solidly, so perfectly, erected that they seem likely to outlast the mountain upon which they rise. The theory of the geologists is that all this region once lay under water except only the mountain tops, which were islets in the great sea which here united the oceans. On this island, which is now Mount Alban, men must have dwelt unmeasurable thousands of years ago.

Even more noted than these ruins of Mount Alban, because far more elaborate, are those of Mitla. They lie in an open valley some thirty miles from Oaxaca beside a little modern village from which they take their name. No railroad leads to this far valley. A little jingling horse-car drawn by a patient mule will take us a little way out of Oaxaca into its suburbs. Beyond that there is not even a road, nothing but a rough hillside trail over which a saddle mule will prove our only friend. On the way we pass the little village of Tule, the courtyard of whose great church boasts what is perhaps the most truly remarkable



THE HALL OF MOSAICS AT MITLA

© Ewing Galloway

The ancient structures at Mitla seem to have belonged to a geometrical people. Their mural decorations were all of this character.

natural wonder of Mexico. This is the great tree of Tule. It is a cypress whose age can certainly not be reckoned at less than a thousand years. Over a century ago the noted traveler Humboldt stood before this tree and marveled so at its age and splendor that he left upon the tree a placque in record of his visit. That placque is almost covered over now, but otherwise the great tree seems scarcely to have changed at all. It flourishes as vigorously as ever. There is a record that Cortez himself stood beneath this tree and marvelled at its age and splendor in his day. High off the ground above its roots, it is easily fifty feet in diameter; and its healthy foliage still spreads thickly above the top of the adjoining church.

Whether Mitla is as old as the great tree of Tule or older no one now can say. It contains a series of halls or temples raised high on their pyramidal bases in the Mayan fashion. One great hall is called the Hall of Columns because down its center, as a row of roof supports, runs a set of huge primitive columns without base or capital. They are monoliths, solid blocks cut from a single stone; and the quarry of soft trachyte rock from which they were cut is still to be seen in the hillside almost a mile away. How the huge pieces were transported here and then raised into place we do not know. Mitla shows no such carving of men and beasts as we saw at Chichen-Itza. Its decorators devoted themselves to molding geometric patterns, simple patterns, exactly reproduced and duplicated many thousands of times, until the eye grows weary and the brain reels with their endless monotony. They are a monument to patient labor devoted to the dreariest of results. Much of this region around here is terraced for hillside farms in the manner of the Inca lands of Peru, so that once the Oaxaca hills must have supported a teeming population, millions who have dwindled now into a few thousand ignorant and feeble folk.

From Oaxaca we will take the railroad north. Distances in Mexico are far too large for foot travel. A hundred miles or more to the north of us, the mountains of Mexico shift from that endless persistency of the north and south Andean range which we have followed from the Antarctic. A bold east and west range of higher peaks runs from ocean to ocean, and shuts in behind its bulwarks that highest of all Mexican plateaus, on which the capital city itself is seated. In this great mountain range between us and the capital there lie many notable and interesting cities, which have much to show us of Mexican life and ways. From Oaxaca the railroad will take us straight to Puebla which

lies on the southern slope of the great mountain range. The trip will be enlivened by much beautiful scenery of canyon and mountain in a land famed for its wild grandeur. As we approach Puebla "old Popo," as the natives call him, will begin to show his head, but not with the full splendor he radiates down upon the capital. Popo, or Mount Popocatepetl, which means the Smoking Mountain, is the most spectacular mountain of Mexico;. It is over seventeen thousand feet high, has given violent eruptions in the past, and still smokes darkly.

Popo looks down in sullen splendor upon Puebla. In size, Puebla

A GARDENER ON THE WAY TO MARKET IN SOUTHERN MEXICO

is the second city of Mexico, containing perhaps a hundred thousand people. Its original name was the Puebla, or city, of the Angels; but for centuries the Mexicans have been content to call it simply The City, as the chief religious center of their land. After Cortez had conquered the Aztec capital at Mexico City, he wanted to erect for himself a stronghold of his own, a dwelling town which should lie not within the circle of the mountains but on their outer slope and hence have easier access to the sea and safety. His priests selected for him the site of Puebla, perhaps with his assistance, for it had just those qualities for defense which a soldier's eye would recognize.

Legend, however, says that the priests were guided here by a vision in which angels were seen measuring off the city's site. Angels are also said to have aided in the building of the walls, and to have raised one of the cathedral towers secretly in a single night. So that the least the Spaniards could do was to honor their protectors by naming the city for them. Yet in 1862 the Mexican government officially changed the city's name to Puebla of Zaragosa because a general of that name here defeated the invading French in a battle which is still held as a national holiday. The date, the Cinco de Mayo or fifth of May, is still used as a name for streets and monuments and drinking-inns over all the country. The victory did not prevent the French from taking possession of Mexico and holding it until they withdrew at our demand after our War of Secession was at an end. But Puebla still retains many proud mementoes of its greatest battle.

In appearance the city is unique. It has wide streets, for Mexico, and many open plazas, bright with flowers and fountains. It has even the unusual number of two bull rings, which are always in use on Sundays; for the Mexican sees no objection whatever to enjoying himself somewhat wildly on Sunday afternoons after he has attended to his religious devotions in the morning. Yet the uniqueness of Puebla centers in its churches. Of these it has more by far than any of its neighbor cities, and they are ornamented in a manner peculiar to the city. A special Indian art of tiling was long since developed here, though the original method of making such lasting tiles seems now among the forgotten arts. These tiles, particularly bright in coloring and geometric design, became the chief form of Pueblan decoration. Each great church is roofed and its domes are covered with rows of these gay tiles. When the sun is reflected back from these they glow in every conceivable hue; and in the soft gleam of a full moon Puebla is a sparkling sight which no one who has seen it would ever willingly forget.

The rich decorative use of these tiles extends beyond the churches to the walls of houses. Plaster is also used in broad spreads of color. The cathedral of Puebla will rival that of the capital in size and grandeur. The interior is lavishly rich in gold and marble. A peculiar and very beautiful onyx is found in the Puebla hills, and slabs of this are used in the cathedral with wonderfully rich effect. The high altar is a gem of carving, and ranks high among the art-works of the world. As for the houses, so gayly are they decorated that one of them is appropriately known as the House of Almond Cake. Many a visitor has

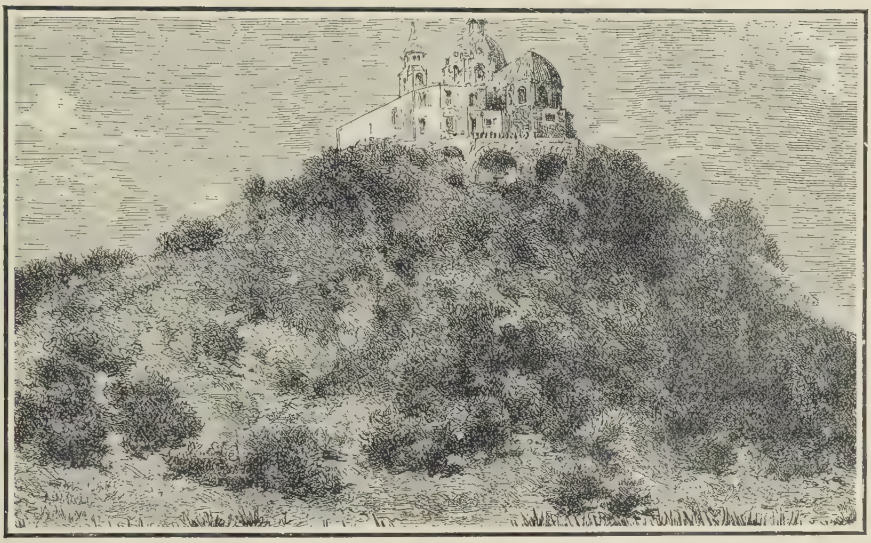
ON THE ROAD TO POTOSI

The railroads of Mexico move in leisurely fashion. At any time an engineer will stop his train to go over his machinery, and visitors from any nearby village will come to watch.

come to Puebla to stay an hour and has remained for weeks, fascinated by the quaint and charming architectural effects which meet one at every turn.

Here, too, we shall see the truly religious spirit of the more devoted Mexicans. Hundreds will kneel humbly in the street when a religious procession goes by; and thousands will crowd to kiss the ring upon the hand of the archbishop, when at some formal ceremony he consents to hold a court. The Christmas ceremonies of Mexico can here be seen at their best. These are sometimes extended over several weeks but in practice they concentrate upon the nine days just before Christmas. They commemorate the journey of the Mother and foster father of Jesus up to Jerusalem, just before His birth. At every night of their journey, according to tradition, they had difficulty in finding shelter and this is now commemorated through the nine nights by a series of posadas or inn journeys. A group of friends unite and in the home of one of them, they march from room to room with lighted candles, knocking at each door and entreating entrance. Often they wander through the streets carrying images of the holy parents, and dragging with them an ass. Wherever they will, they sing the well known posada chant, a brief verse begging for shelter. At last after much bantering and jollity they are welcomed and feasted. All through the city, the streets are ablaze with candles and fireworks and colored lights; and so obstreperous do these parties become that the church has long since endeavored to check the gaiety.

On Christmas Eve instead of a Christmas tree they have a pinate; this is a big, coarse, gaily decorated jar, filled with goodies. Hundreds of pinates are seen for sale in all the shops. At home, the pinate is suspended from the ceiling, and one of the children is blindfolded and given a stick with which to break the jar. Wild is the hilarity as the stick strikes out in all directions except the right one; and each child of the house is clamorous for his turn to be blindfolded. When at length the jar is smashed there is a general rush for the goodies which fall out. These are usually eatables and are not directed as special gifts for individuals in our fashion. Everyone grabs what he can, and general feasting follows. On Easter eve the crowds drag through the street, effigies of Judas which are filled with fireworks. At ten o'clock the church bells ring the signal, and everybody sets fire to his Judas amid wild excitement. Thus religion directs even the play-time of the people.



THE CHURCH UPON THE TREE-COVERED AZTEC PYRAMID OF CHOLULA

CHAPTER XXVI—MEXICO

From Vera Cruz to the Capital

When we look up to the high mountain ridge of central Mexico from Puebla, we are at the southern edge of that empire of the Aztecs which Cortes conquered for Spain. The Spaniards first scaled these mountains, not from the south as we have done, but from the southeast, where, upon the bay of Mexico lies Vera Cruz, the port of the modern capital. It is by this port that most modern visitors enter Mexico, and we shall perhaps better understand the center and spirit of Mexican life, if we too, approach it now by way of Vera Cruz.

As a comfortable United States steamer brings us to this low-lying tropic shore, the quiet, almost sleepy looking old seaport of Vera Cruz (vā rā krooth′) gives us no hint of its tempestuous career. Cortes himself first built a city here, and being as liberal with words as most Spaniards are, he called it La Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz, which means the Rich City of the True Cross. The gorgeous name was about all Cortes had to spare at the moment, though he also set up a pillory where the central plaza of the city now stands. Then he marched off to his conquest in the mountains. When the wealth of the Aztecs began to flow back towards Spain, the followers of Cortes built a great fortress here, a fortress which still stands on a little island in front of the town and is called San Juan de Ulloa.

That fortress still looks out at us as we approach the town, the most huge and truly impressive remnant of the medieval world which we shall see in Mexico. So solidly was it built, and at such vast expense that the King of Spain once looked sadly out across the ocean and told his courtiers he was looking for San Juan de Ulloa, for it had cost so much it must surely be visible even in America. Its frowning walls have withstood many a siege from Britons and from buccaneers. Sometimes too, it has been captured and sacked with hideous details of massacre. Twice also, as we should remember, our own government has captured it by force, once in the old war with Mexico, and once again in Carranza's time in 1914.

Until recently, the port had no shelter except this island of San Juan off the coast, and when a bleak northern storm sent the waves dashing up against the sea-wall, ships had to hoist their anchors and flee away to sea—if they were fortunate enough to avoid wreckage before they could escape. Many a stout old galleon here came to grief. Now breakwaters enclose the entire harbor, and it is as tranquil as a mill-pond. The city itself used to be such a sink of fever that men trembled to enter it. A visitor, who missed the first train up the mountains and had to spend the night in a Vera Cruz hotel, felt that he had taken his life into his hands. Modern sanitation has done much to cleanse the city, but the muggy climate remains.

If we have an hour's time after we have passed the Customs and before one of the excellent and well-appointed railroad carriages climbs with us to the hills, that is all the time we shall need for Vera Cruz. It has a few, new, handsome, government buildings, but most of its narrow streets are still as dingy and muddy, with their lines of low, clay hovels, as they must have been four centuries ago. On the front of almost every other house, we shall see a red flag hanging. We shall grow accustomed to these flags in Mexican towns; they are signals neither of fever nor of the "red" politics of the owner. They merely indicate that pulque, the cheap Mexican intoxicant, is here for sale. The other grimmest note of life in the Rich City of the True Cross is the swarm of zopilotes or black buzzards which flap slowly to the ground when any refuse is thrown out. They are the scavengers of the town, and if not exactly paid a salary, they are protected by a heavy fine laid on any one who injures them. They quite understand their safety, and quarrel viciously among themselves with little regard for human beings. At night they gather in a broad black cloud upon the roof of the huge church which is as old and dreary as the town.

MODERN DAYS IN VERA CRUZ © Burton Holmes

The automobile is now popular for city use in Mexico, though most of the country roads are too rough to permit its wider usage.

The only really pleasant place in Vera Cruz is the promenade along the breakwaters, where the sea air finds room to blow. And the only interesting trip is to the great fortress. Admission here is granted only as a favor, which is perhaps as well, so as to keep from people the horror of its ancient dungeons. Many of these are but holes, into which the victim was lowered by a rope from above. Some are so small that the inmate could neither stand upright nor yet lie down. Into others the sea finds entrance at high tide so that the prisoner had to stand up to his neck in water until the tide went down. This fortress with its hideous dens was used as a state prison until quite recent years, and a three months' sentence here was considered equivalent to death. Even now a few old prisoners are held here, but we are assured the old dungeons are no longer in use.

What a change we find from the feverish misery of Vera Cruz, as soon as our train begins to climb into the highlands! At Cordoba we are scarce two thousand feet above the sea, but the little town is a delightful resting place, a charming relic of old Spain. It is the center of a rich coffee-growing region, and its upper classes are largely white and well-to-do. Neither negro nor Indian blood, it must be remembered, is considered any detriment in Mexico. The country's greatest president, Juarez, was a full blooded Indian, and its remarkable ruler, Diaz, was a half-breed. Yet only in the white ladies does the delicate beauty of old Spain still show its charm.

Cordoba is noted for the beauty of its señoritas. Their setting, too, seems made for them. Almost every house has the antique Moorish windows, heavily barred with iron, and tiny wooden balconies. The massive doors are studded with broad flat-headed nails of copper in intricate designs, and adorned with huge iron knockers which would make the fortune of an antiquity dealer in the north. The houses are low with red tiled roofs along which splendid peacocks strut in proudest fashion. The heavy zopilotes fill the streets; and donkeys with gay colored panniers browse on the grass which thrusts its way between the cobblestones. The luxuriant green of the rich vegetation crowds upon us from every point, and at the four corners of the central plaza there rise four great royal palms to remind us that we are still within the limit of the tropics. It rains most of the time in Cordoba, but no one cares, life here seems meant to be, and is, an idle dream.

From here onward our train enters the real mountains and begins one of the most spectacular climbs which any railroad in the world

can show. It scales the heights at a steep gradient and with many a sharply twisting curve. There are dozens of deep gorges which must be crossed; and sometimes the bridge or trestle-work over these curves sharply through the air, to give us access to the farther bank. Flagmen are kept constantly on guard to watch these dangerous crossings, and our engineer stops the train repeatedly while he examines his machinery and tightens up the bolts. Everything gives us the impression of a most dangerous undertaking, though the trains climb through it successfully each day of the year, and sometimes amid terrific storms.

THE HARBOR OF VERA CRUZ

At the height of four thousand feet we reach Orizaba (ō rē thah′bă) a charming and very noted town, which occupies just the half-way station between heat and cold which makes it an ideal summer resort. The wealthy planters from Yucatan and the miners from Oaxaca come here to spend the summer. The ill-fated Maximilian and his Empress Carlotta, whom France attempted to establish in Mexico, made this their chief home through their brief and tragic Mexican career. Through the middle of the town the river Orizaba plunges boisterously down through a rocky cleft, lending beauty as well as coolness to all the city. Yet its main attraction is the great mountain peak from

which it takes its name and which here soars high overhead filling the northern landscape.

Mount Orizaba is the most eastern and the highest of Mexico's celebrated trio of great mountain peaks. West of it come Popocatepetl, the "Smoking Mountain," which looks down on Puebla, and then Iztaccihuatl (ēs tahk sē′hwatl), which means the White Woman, so-called because its long white ridge suggests a sleeping woman or one wrapped in a shroud. All Mexico knows these three; but the chief of them is Orizaba. Its white calm dome is over eighteen thousand feet high, the topmost peak of all North America until we reach far north into Alaska. The Indians and early Spaniards declared that Orizaba's peak could never be scaled, because of the intense cold and the fierce storms that raged there. When our soldiers captured Mexico in 1847, a group of our young officers climbed the peak; but the natives always refused to believe in their achievement. Years later a Latin scientist made the ascent and found upon the summit the wind-blown American flag which our men had planted there.

Beyond the town of Orizaba a side railroad would take us on to Puebla and enable us to approach Mexico City by the old Royal Road of the Aztecs. The modern railroad, however, marches more directly up the steep ascent, and enters the famous Mexican highland valley from the east. This final climb is the most impressive part of our railroad journey. We wind through a gloomy gorge called the Infiernillo, the little hell, narrow but terrible. We climb dizzy acclivities; we cross streams which have worn deep chasms in the rock; we plunge through little tunnels, the engine entering a new one before the last car has escaped from the one behind. We pass an occasional little black wood cross, each marking where some foot traveler plunged to death from the slippery track above. In one place as we cross a bridge we look down on a town which we had passed, three thousand feet directly beneath us, a wonder sight indeed of a perfect toy town. In places we can look back over the lowlands spread out beneath us for hundreds of miles; or again we are deep in a rocky solitude seeing only the changing vegetation. The bananas and the coffee trees have long since vanished, and now we run among mountain oaks and pines. At length our engine reaches a triumphant height of eight thousand feet at the summit of the pass.

Now begins a run across a fairly even country of low rolling hills, which will lead us in another hundred miles to the capital. We are

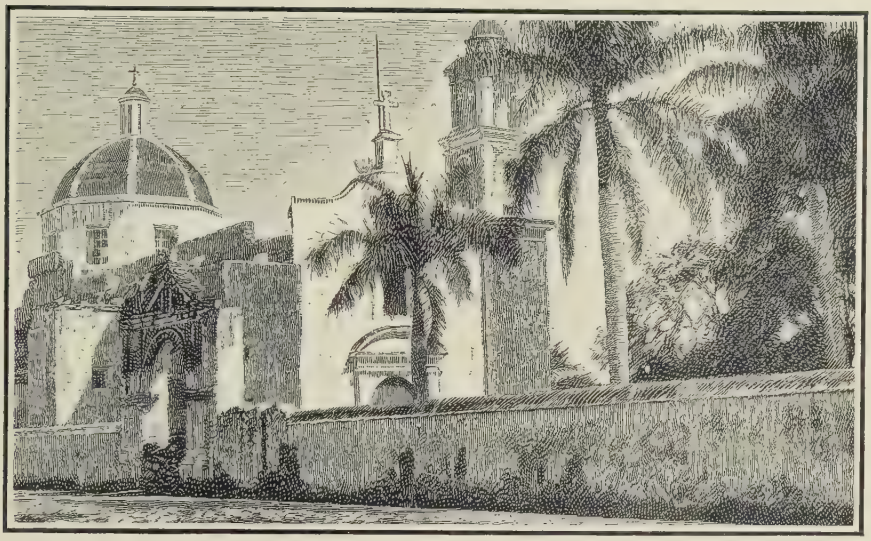
CLIMBING UP TO THE CAPITAL

The railroad climb from the coast to Mexico City is one of the most notable engineering works in the world, and is wildly picturesque.

speeding across the Plains of Appan, which are established in all Mexican minds as the "Pulque district." Pulque, the national intoxicant, is made from a cactus plant, the maguey, and on every side of us we shall see vast fields of this "century plant," which the north knows only as a hot-house ornament. The Mexican lower classes through this district are far more slaves to pulque than ever they were to human masters. Its use weakens both brain and body; and employers in the capital city long since learned to refuse to engage any man from the Plains of Appan. The pulque looks like sour butter milk, and the first taste of it is always disgusting to a stranger; but familiarity with its cruel spell comes quickly.

As we approach the capital we find ourselves next in a region of broad, shallow lakes. The waters of this upland valley have no means of escape across the surrounding mountain ridges. Almost the entire plain was once under water and, though much of it has been drained in modern times, these broad shallow salty marshes still remain. Hence there is little vegetation upon these heights except under cultivation. High upon one side now we see the great pyramids of Teotihuacan. These were the sacred pyramids of the sun and moon, which were the chief objects of the Aztec religion. The Pyramid of the Sun is about equal in volume to the great pyramid of Egypt. But here in Mexico the pyramid was not meant as a completed monument but only as the base for a structure yet more splendid. According to tradition it was once crowned by a splendid temple which contained a giant statue of the sun; this was made of a single block of porphyry and was covered with a brilliant armor of pure gold.

A similar and equally striking pryramid was raised by the Aztecs at Cholula, on the other side of the capital, near Puebla. The Cholula pyramid measures more than a thousand feet on each side, and is far better preserved, because the modern Mexicans have used its summit for a famous church, Nuestra Señora de los Remedios. This has a beautiful great dome which can be seen for many miles. It is covered with glazed tiles in green and white and yellow and glitters in the sunshine. Within, the church seems poor and empty, and the pyramid is dilapidated and crumbling, a haunt for dogs and beggars and green lizards that bask in the sun. Yet nothing can destroy the tremendous scenic effect of this great glittering dome raised high upon its pyramid. These two huge ancient ruins stand as guardians on either side of the capital. Their old splendors open the way to its newer beauties.



IN THE SUBURBS OF THE CAPITAL

CHAPTER XXVII—MEXICO

The Valley of Mexico City

The famed capital city of Mexico lies in a remarkable circular valley, roughly eighty miles in diameter. This is supposed to have been the crater of a vast volcano of earth's younger days, though in our time the encircling ridge no longer shows the slightest volcanic activity except where the newer, younger volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl rise above its southern rim. These monsters form an ever beautiful background to the views of the capital. When we look down into the valley from the outer ridge we see a rolling country covered with haciendas, charming old houses built for strength as well as beauty, and surrounded by green fields of corn or grain or maguey. Beyond the fields, far off in the heart of the valley, we see the towers and domes of Mexico City, even as the Spaniards first saw the wonderful pyramids and palaces of the Aztec city of Tenochtitlan (tĕn ōch tēt lahn′) which preceded it.

In the old Aztec days this broad crater valley was half filled with water. Tenochtitlan lay in the midst of a lake, connected with the shore by narrow causeways built across miles of water. This lake still exists but it has shrunk to a mere fragment of its former size; so that Mexico City, which occupies the site of Tenochtitlan, stands upon the mainland, with the modern lake three miles away. The older capital

had never been a healthy city, lying as it did amid shallow marshes on a boggy soil; and the Mexican city long retained most of the evils of the older times. It was moreover several times completely inundated by the rising waters of the lake, until modern engineers built a canal and a great tunnel which drains the surplus water of the crater lakes and carries these under the encircling hills to plunge down into the lowlands beyond. The city was thus vastly improved in health; but the evils of its boglike soil remain. Only the glorious, healthful upland breezes and the high, rare air keep the city's death-rate low.

The capital is a beautiful sight as we approach, and is most attractive to the visitor. Mexican city folk rarely go out into the country, they prefer the ease and luxury of the town; and as we stroll through their capital's delightful streets, or sit at ease in its theatres or cafés, we can scarce blame the natives for their leisurely idleness. The same languor affects us also. There is a very large and increasing "American colony" in Mexico City, and while some of its members are there only for business, many have adopted the capital as their home.

We must seek to realize the importance of this city. It contains well over half a million people; and the suburbs which are reckoned with it as part of the National Capital district swell this number to close upon a million. In numbers it is inferior only to Buenos Aires and Rio among Latin American cities; and in importance it perhaps ranks first. None of Europe's Latin cities, except Paris, equal it in size. In mere ground-covering also, Mexico City is large. Its older houses, homes of the early Spanish aristocracy, are of enormous size, with low and solid walls often several feet in thickness, halls through which you could easily drive a coach, and central "patios" as broad and flower filled as a public park. The newer houses and the outlying suburbs have been built mainly under North American influence, and are much smaller, gayer and more spectacular. But these might be houses in any city; the older Spanish mansions are unique. So heavily are they built that some walls have sunk deep into the soft soil.

Imagine a city with no chimneys and no cellars! Such is Mexico. Cellars would be impossible in the wet soil; and fires are not used, because the thermometer rarely falls below sixty or rises above seventy-five. At evening you put on an overcoat; and when you enter some chilly, stone-built church and have to take off your hat, you are apt to catch a chill, which in this high air may well rise into pneumonia. Except for that, the climate is well-night perfect.

THE MEXICO CITY BULL RING © Burton Holmes

Bull-fighting is still the most popular national "sport" in Mexico. The capital holds two rings, of which this is the larger.

The city originally centered around the Zócalo, the public square which had been the center of the Aztec capital. The Spaniards stormed the older city with fire and cannon, slaying uncounted thousands of its people and tearing down the ancient temples as completely as they could. Yet, as an emblem of their mastery, they built their own city directly above the ruins. The cathedral which now rises on one side of the Zócalo occupies the site of the Aztec temple of the terrible war-god Huitzilopochtli. Here stood the "stone of sacrifice," which often ran red with the blood of hundreds of victims. In one such holocaust the Aztecs are said to have sacrificed seventy thousand captives at once; and the Spaniards found in one spot the skulls of over a hundred thousand of the victims of this barbaric faith. The flesh of those sacrificed was eaten in a feast by the people of the city. On the very stones of this monstrous temple, the Christian Cathedral was erected; and later generations have even recovered, by digging beneath the surface, the actual sacrificial stone on which the hearts torn from living bodies were laid while they still beat. That stone is now preserved in the National Museum near by; and the peons of today, descendants of these same Aztecs, wander through the museum halls, gaze at the grim stone, and whisper to each other of the deeds of their ancestors. They are all lip Christians now, and when the first one of these old temple-stones was unearthed many of the Indians beat upon it and defaced it as an expression of their horror of the old pagan days. Yet it is hard for a white man to judge of what lies really in their hearts.

The Cathedral which now rises on the spot could tell its own grim story of the Christian Inquisition, which later held its condemnations and its burnings in Mexico City. Yet the Cathedral has today become justly the pride of the nation. Great buildings do not last well on this soft soil. We can visit more than one tall church which has sagged to one side so that it suggests the leaning tower of Pisa; and it is generally supposed that some of the heavy Aztec buildings have sunk completely out of sight beneath our feet. The Cathedral, however, seems to have found an assured foundation on the stones of Huitzilopochtli's temple; and it towers grandly in air as one of the chief churches of America. It is four hundred feet long, and its interior rises up to a roof almost two hundred feet high. Its two solid square towers soar even higher; and its gorgeous front looks out across the Zócalo as a vision of rare stateliness. It took centuries in building, and its facade suggests all the changes of Spanish architecture which it has witnessed. Within,

the pictures donated by worshippers are so crowded that they lap across one another on the walls. Several are notable works of art, one being a Murillo. The Cathedral has always devotees at prayer; and here at least all classes of Mexicans kneel side by side in full equality.

The tremendous palace of the last Aztec Emperor, Montezuma, filled the opposite side of the famous old square; and there Cortes the conqueror built his palace. The Aztecs built with the strange pink plaster stone of the great crater, which is called tezontle. It hardens in the air to a solid mass; and much of Montezuma's stone must have

THE CYPRESSES PLANTED BY THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA AT CHAPULTEPEC

been incorporated into the palace of Cortes. Its old, old walls may still be seen as the foundation of the huge "Municipal Palace" which now occupies the site. Over the doorway of the Palace hangs an antique bell, the Independence Bell of Mexico. This bell was struck on September 15, 1810, by the parish priest of Dolores to call his parishioners to revolt; and from that first uprising independence followed. So the fifteenth of September is now a national holiday, like the Cinco de Mayo of Puebla's victory. That first summons to the people was called the cry or "grito" of Dolores; and now on each anniversary the "grito de Dolores" is heard again. The bell is rung by the President

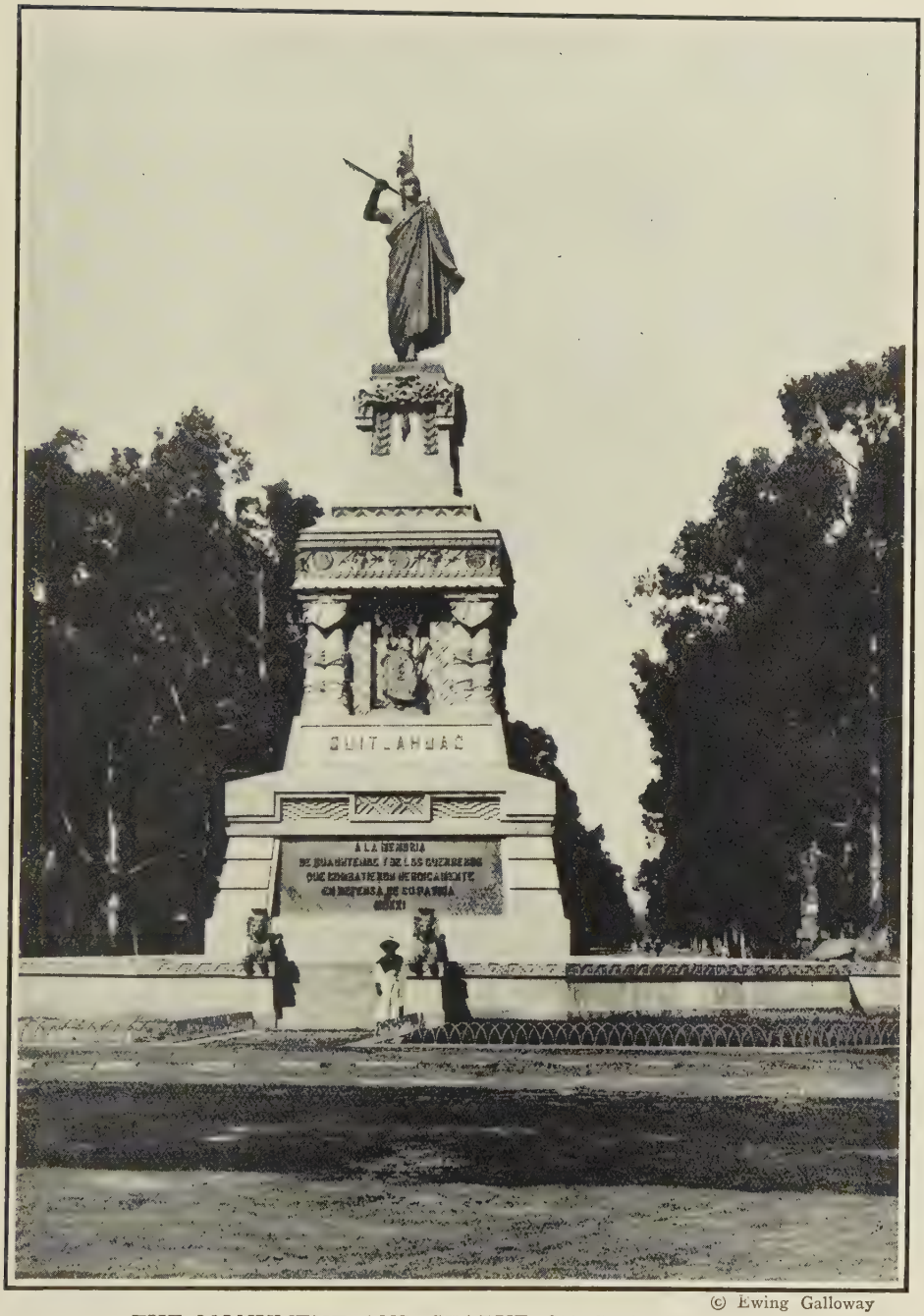
of Mexico, with much solemn ceremony; and parades and other festivities then fill the day.

Shops line the other sides of the Zócalo. One is a famous Mont de Pieté, or pawnshop, established as a charitable institution by a sympathetic man of wealth who wanted to assure unfortunate aristocrats of getting full value for the things they sold, and of paying a low interest on the household treasures that they pawned. Here also there is a typical "thieves market" where second-hand goods are offered at such low prices as seem to indicate they have indeed cost the sellers nothing. The more fashionable parts of the city have long since drifted away from the old Zócalo, trending steadily toward the west and the higher ground away from the lake. The best shopping street leads westward half a mile from the Zócalo to the National Theatre, which is liberally supported and patronized by the Government.

The theatre fronts upon the Alameda, a beautiful park which has supplanted the Zócalo as the place of public promenade, without which no Mexican city would be complete. Here the band plays every evening; and, like all Mexican bands, it is excellent. These people have a true appreciation of music, which surpasses ours. A double promenade surrounds the park, the inner walk being for the well-dressed aristocrats, and the outer pathway for the Indians with their bare feet and their long cloaks. No one gives any orders, but each group really prefers to walk with its own kind.

Westward from the Alameda extends the beautiful Paseo de la Reforma, a stately avenue more than two miles in length, lined with the richest of houses and grounds. It is the pride of the capital and the aristocratic driving place, though it owes its beauty largely to the hated Austrians, Maximilian and Carlotta, who did much to adorn the city in the few years of their rule. Carlotta had great cypress trees planted here, which have now most of them fallen of their own weight, torn from the soft ground, and been replaced by smaller trees. At almost every block, the Paseo widens into a circle which surrounds a monument. Some of the statues are particularly fine; and the great pedestal which upholds a figure of the last Aztec prince, Guatamotzin, is of world-wide repute. It copies something from the style of each ancient ruined city of the land.

The Paseo leads to the "White House of Mexico," the ancient castle of Chapultepec. This was erected at enormous expense in the colonial days, half as a fortress, half as the viceroy's palace. It stands on a



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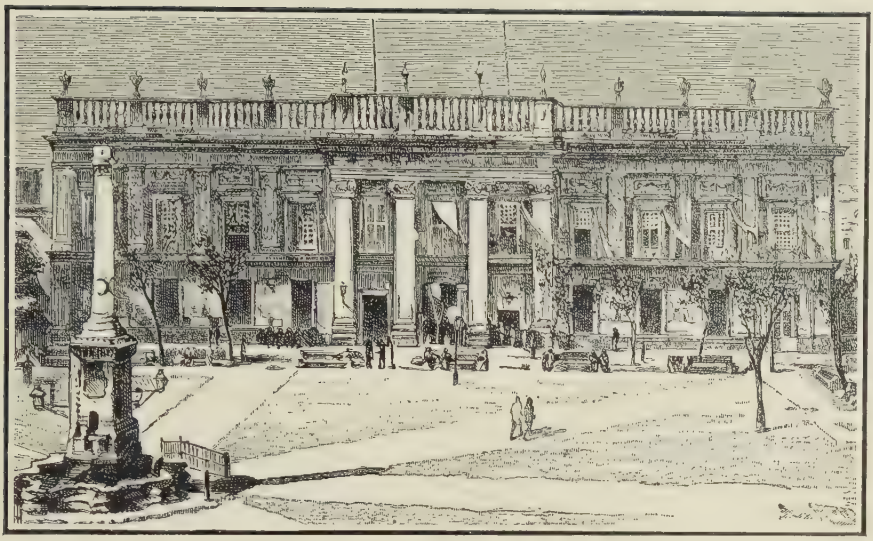
THE MONUMENT AND STATUE OF GUATAMOTZIN

This, the most noted statue in the Mexican capital, presents the last emperor of the Aztecs, on a pedestal depicting Aztec arts.

sharp hill overlooking the city; and its defense and capture formed one of the main incidents of our capture of the capital in 1847. The palace owes its modern beauty of trees and paintings to Carlotta.

One expedition which everyone makes in the suburbs of the city is to another over-topping hill like Chapultepec. From this second hill looks down the shrine of Our Lady of Guadaloupe, the chief point of religious pilgrimage in Mexico. The town and church of Guadaloupe occupy the site of the temple of an old Aztec earth-goddess, beloved by her people. This shrine, as so often happens, was adopted by the Christian church so that the simple-minded worship of the centuries continued there. According to tradition, the Mother of Jesus commanded in a vision that her shrine be built here. As a token of her wishes, she imprinted a picture of herself upon the cloak of a devout Indian. This remarkable picture, now nearly four centuries old, is carefully preserved beneath thick glass in the center of the church. All Mexico honors it; and the Indians are extravagantly devoted to it, as being the message of the Mother sent wholly to them. December 12th, the day of the visitation, is Mexico's chief religious fiesta. On that day the church of Guadaloupe is given over wholly to the Indians, and the frenzies of their devotion are intense.

Another trip that will take us much among the poorer classes is to follow the National Canal southward from the capital to Lake Xochimilco (hō chē mēl′ kō). This was famed in Aztec days as the chief seat of the "floating gardens" of the wealthy. These gardens still nominally exist, but they are in reality mere enclosures of made soil fenced off from the lake by wood and matting, so that their wet earth encourages plants to a rapid growth for market. They do not float in the sense of drifting around, as they are said to have done in Aztec days, and the canal is really but a pestilent mud-path. The boatmen, who pole us along in flat bottomed scows, stir up a mess of noxious odors at each stroke. The real interest of this excursion is in seeing the poorer class Mexican life along the way. All along the canal banks the people are laughing and singing before their little huts. The pulque shops are the only large houses; and these are often most gayly decorated, their fronts covered with huge drawings of suggested pleasure. Flower garlands are draped everywhere; and children swarm. Whenever an Indian gets any money he spends it for pulque. Nobody accumulates anything; nobody possesses anything—and nobody cares. That is the Mexican peon's way.



THE GOVERNMENT PALACE AT SAN LUIS POTOSI

CHAPTER XXVIII—MEXICO

The Northern States

Northern Mexico is, in climate, very unlike the tropical, rain-washed south. The rainfall, still sufficient for fertility around Mexico City, grows ever less as we advance into the north, until much of the Mexican plateau becomes a desert, high and dry and barren. When, seated in a north-bound train, we ascend over the rim of the broad crater basin of Mexico City's Valley, this dreary table-land stretches away before us for a thousand miles to the United States border line. It is crossed in every direction by endless mountain ridges. These lessen as we advance until, along the lower reaches of the Rio Grande, our border river, the Mexican plateau has sunk almost to sea level. Always, however, it rises in the far west to the great main continental range, portions of which go by many names in Mexico, though most of it is called the Sierra Madre (sē ĕr′ rä mah′ thrā).

Between the great Sierra Madre in the west, and the abrupt plunge of the plateau down to the low coast-land toward the east, our train runs north through an almost empty world of rock and sand. This even grows hotter as we advance; for though we are speeding rapidly toward the cooler north, we are slowly descending from the eight thousand foot altitude which kept the climate cool. In the old days before railroads, this barren district served as a tremendous barrier, separating

our States from the populous Mexican regions farther south. The prosperity of this bleak table-land depends almost wholly on its mines. Here the Aztecs possessed, and the Spaniards soon rediscovered, numerous remarkable silver mines. Guanajuato, Zacatecas, San Luis de Potosi, these are all names of rich mining cities on this northern plateau.

The change from the fertile fruit lands of the south to these barren waste lands of the north does not come all at once. A hundred and sixty miles beyond the capital, our train will stop at Queretaro (kā rā′ tah rō), a charming city of orange groves. Here the Emperor Maximilian made his last stand, when he and his followers were driven out of the capital; and here he and his two chief supporters were captured and shot. Austria, to whose royal family Maximilian belonged, has erected a memorial chapel on the Hill of the Bells, where he was executed. But the entrance has to be kept barred and locked lest some enthusiastic Mexican patriot might even now destroy the inner monuments, so as to voice the hatred which the Mexicans felt toward a foreign tyrant, even though he was a kindly and benevolent one.

Queretaro is the center of an opal district; and its peons are forever offering strangers stones which they have picked up in the surrounding fields, and which might be opals—but are not. The opal trade is as carefully guarded here as the diamond trade is in Brazil, and the most foolish thing for a traveler to do is to pit his wits against the local tricksters. We may find a more fortunate source of interest in the church decorations. Queretaro is the capital of the State in which dwelt Mexico's most famous artist, Eduardo de Tresguerras, "the Michael Angelo of Mexico," who died about a century ago. Tresguerras was a universal artistic genius, architect, designer, painter, who devoted himself with enthusiasm to beautifying the cities of his neighborhood. He has made Queretaro the most notable center of Mexican art.

The church of Santa Rosa here is a charming monument created by his genius; and its sacristy contains his most noted work. This is a large wall-painting called the Hortus Conclusus, the Closed Garden. It is an allegorical picture of the nuns of Santa Rosa teaching the children, so that they become as flowers, beautiful white lilies and red roses, which are held up for the blessing of the crucified Saviour. The simplicity and gentle human love and purity of the picture appeal to all beholders. It is generally accepted as one of the really important pictures of the world.

A PACIFIC RAILROAD TOWN OF MEXICO

While the National Railways of Mexico are all under government control, some of them especially here in northern Mexico were built by United States capital and have American employees who dwell in settlements like this.

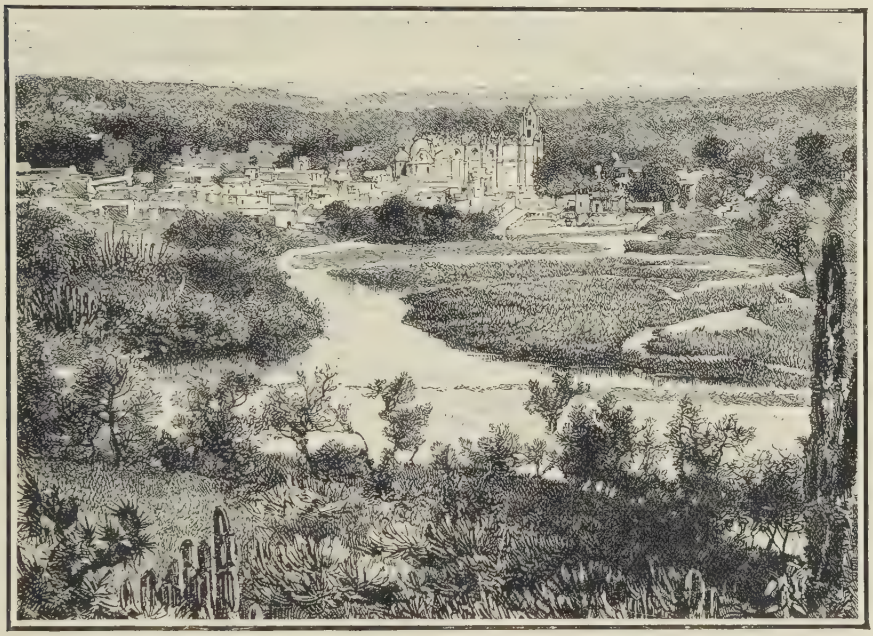
Of the great mining cities that we reach farther north, the most famed is Guanajuato (wah nah wah'to) whose quaint old Indian name means The Hill of the Frog. A strange old rock, carved in the figure of a frog, has been found here, and the name seems to imply that this figure was worshipped as an idol. Perhaps the frog was the god of the silver mines; for this was one of the earliest and richest mining regions over which the Spaniards extended their power. One mine here, the Valenciana, is shown by its records to have produced over a billion dollars worth of silver. The great "mother lode" of rich silver bearing rock is sometimes over a hundred feet in width. Other mines in the neighborhood have proved almost equally rich.

Guanajuato is often mentioned as the most beautiful town in Mexico. It climbs the edges of a wild mountain gorge; and down this a river tumbles wildly with such force that more than once in time of flood it has half destroyed the town. A spill-way now protects the city from the danger of these floods; but the stream still flows with picturesque beauty from plaza to plaza down the center of the busy streets. Many of these streets climb so steeply that they are built as stone stairways; and they are so narrow that there is no room for any sort of vehicle. The sight of a gayly dressed cavalier guiding his horse down the steep slope, with the peons crowding back against the wall to give him room, is medieval indeed.

This was long a city of silver millionaires, many of them so wealthy that they knew not how to use their money, and were much given to display. One of them a number of years ago volunteered to pay the entire national debt; but withdrew when he learned its amount. Another appealed to the governor for permission to build a mansion of solid silver; but the request was refused on the ground that no one but a king should be so royally housed. Nevertheless even the huts of the peons in Guanajuato have sometimes been of silver. In the old days of crude mining methods, only the richest ore was secured; and from the refuse cast away the toilers in the mine built themselves homes. Of recent years some of these old stone huts have revealed to the expert's eye so much of silver that the houses have been purchased and the stone melted down again to recapture its precious metal.

Guanajuato has seen wild fighting too. The Indians toiling in the Valenciana mine once rose in despairing revolt, thousands of them, against their task-masters. Here too, occurred the first fierce struggles of Mexico's war for independence. The town of Dolores, from which

came the first cry of the Independence Bell which we saw in the capital, lay in this province; and the first success of the rebels was the storming of this rich and conservative old city. It was afterwards won back from them; and the severed heads of the four chief rebels were hung up on great iron hooks at the four corners of the old prison fortress, the Alhóndiga, which still stands at the entrance of the city. Beneath the heads was set the grimly defiant warning that the same fate would come to "all the criminals who sacrificed themselves for the independence of their country."



TULA, A CITY BUILT FROM THE STONES OF OLD TOLTEC INDIAN TEMPLES

There is a still grimmer sight to be seen in this picturesque old mining city, if you will venture to go down into the catacombs which underlie it. The poverty of Mexico has in many places established the custom of hiring graves in consecrated ground for only a few years. The swiftness of decay in this hot land is such that at the end of these years there are only a few bones left to be swept out when the grave is made ready for another tenant. In Guanajuato however some peculiar effect of the metal-loaded atmosphere results occasionally in a body becoming mummified and preserved. In that case it is turned out of its grave when the latter is no longer paid for, and is ranged against the wall of the

old catacombs, where now long lines of these forgotten and neglected mummies stand. Until a few years ago they were left naked and awful in their twisted shrunken shapes, but now the authorities supply each mummy with a sheet. This only half covers it, and weirdly accentuates its appearance of a hideous ghost.

In one of the churches above these awful relics there is kept an ancient figurine or little wooden statue which also has attained to an unusual length of existence, and is believed by the natives to be divinely protected against all change or decay. It is a queer little figure of painted wood supposed to represent the Virgin Mother. Tradition says that it had existed many centuries in Spain and was then presented to this city by a Spanish king as a great honor to reward the community for the vast amount of silver sent to Spain. The image at once assumed a protectorship over Guanajuato, and has been worshipped by the peons here for centuries. But it was only given official rank as the city's patron in a church ceremonial in 1907. It was then adorned with a gorgeous gold crown and became after centuries of waiting the authorized "Lady of Guanajuato."

At San Luis Potosi, another noted mining city with an elaborate State Capital, we shall want to shift from the main line of the railroad long enough to take a brief run down to Tampico, the second seaport on the Mexican gulf coast, the rival of Vera Cruz. All of the railroads of Mexico are spectacular, because of the wild beauty of the regions through which they run, and the boldness of the engineering designs by which they leap from one mountain wall to another, bridging the deep chasms between. The road from the table-land down to the sea level at Tampico is almost as famous in this way as the road to Vera Cruz.

Except for this climbing road to the highlands, Tampico lies in a little world of its own, a tropic world of busy sugar plantations. The attraction which draws most visitors here is the tarpon fishing. Along our own Florida coast the tarpon is called the silver king, and costly and elaborate preparations are made for catching this world-famous chief of sporting fish. A tarpon is sometimes six feet long, and when hooked it fights desperately, sometimes for hours. Catching a tarpon on a thin trout line is a feat full of excitement and one requiring unusual skill and alertness. Enthusiastic fishermen come here all the way from Europe, because instead of finding only an occasional tarpon, as we do in Florida, the sportsman may be sure that at Tampico he will find a hundred; and each fish may mean an entire day of exciting sport.

THE SCENE OF MAXIMILIAN'S EXECUTION

Here the Austrian ruler and his two chief generals were shot. The stone monuments have recently been enclosed within a tiny chapel, so that they can no longer be clearly seen.

Back on the main line, if we continue our northward journey, we shall presently pass the site of the famous battle of Buena Vista. Here our General Taylor defeated an overwhelming force of Mexicans in 1847 and won for himself a future election as President. Beyond this we come to Monterey, where also Taylor won a victory in our war with Mexico. Monterey is only a hundred miles or so from our border, and we shall find it at least as much like a city of the United States as one of Mexico. It has manufactures of its own, a great steel works, and large breweries. About every other man we meet on the street proves to be from our own country. Indeed we shall find along the whole northern border line of Mexico so extensive an infiltration of American inhabitants that the Mexicans here have a persistent dread that we may some day proceed to annex the entire region.

Beyond Monterey we run through an almost utter desert till we reach the Rio Grande. Indeed many a disgusted American, immediately after crossing into Mexico here, has wanted to return home, declaring that the south land contained nothing but rock and sand and jack-rabbits. Only the desert cacti can grow here, and this region was the last hiding place of the Apaches, those ferociously cruel Indians who long remained the curse of both Texas and Mexico, raiding and murdering impartially on both sides of the Rio Grande.

If we follow up the bank of this border river some six hundred miles we shall come to one international bridge and railroad after another, each with its little town on each side of the frontier. At the very farthest northern end, where Texas joins New Mexico, and where the Rio Grande ceases to be the border line, we shall come to Ciudad Juarez looking across at our town of El Paso. Here it was that our troops gathered under Funston and Pershing in 1916 to pursue the outlaw Villa; and here it was that President Juarez maintained himself, with United States' aid, in the old days when the Emperor Maximilian held all the rest of Mexico. There is little in this desolate land that any one would care to fight for. The nearest Mexican city of any size, Chihuahua, is over two hundred miles beyond the border. It is another of the older mining towns and has become today another center of the American occupation of northern Mexico. This is a cattle-grazing land of vast empty spaces; and some of its haciendas are like medieval castles, little cities in themselves, inhabited by thousands of peons and holding sway over thousands of square miles of ground.

A PINEAPPLE FIELD ON MEXICO'S WESTERN COAST

CHAPTER XXIX—MEXICO

The Western Coast

We have still one more interesting Mexican trip before us, the exploring of the Pacific coast, that strip of tropic lowland which lies over the edge of the great plateau, beyond the great Sierra Madre mountains which rim the plateau on the west. From the heights of these "mother" mountains we look down upon the steep western ridges, the thick growing jungle at their foot, the palm trees on the beach, and beyond that the ocean. Up this Pacific coast we could have come all the way from Central America, stopping at one little port after another. We can see it more quickly, however, by taking a train out of Mexico City, not toward the north as before, but westward now, over three hundred miles to where on the very edge of the plateau hangs Guadalajara (wah dă lă hah′ ră), "the Queen City of the West."

Just before reaching Guadalajara we come to Lake Chapala, the largest and best known of Mexico's lakes, some eighty miles long, a summer resort with gay bathing beaches, fine fishing, and an amazing collection of birds of every sort. From this pretty lake flows out the Santiago River, the largest river of Mexico. It is headed for the Pacific and on the way it plunges over the falls of Juanacatlan, "the Mexican Niagara." In the rainy season this title is not undeserved, though the plunge at Juanacatlan is only about seventy feet. In summer, however,

the river runs almost dry, and only a little dribble of water creeps over the falls. They then form a wonderfully picturesque cliff for summer visitors to scramble over.

Guadalajara, not far from the falls, disputes with Puebla the right to be known as the second city of Mexico. It has well over a hundred thousand people, and is today a prosperous town of many manufactures. It prides itself also on being the most aristocratic city in the land. Many of the old Spanish grants are held by the direct descendants of the original settlers; and the city is really unique in Mexico for the large percentage of its people who are of pure white blood. The city sets its own fashions, one of them being a pride in wearing hats with enormous brims, "sombreros." To restrain the vanity of these huge hats the government taxes them at the rate of a silver dollar for each six inches of brim.

We shall find the people here conservative, almost as religious as the folk of Puebla, not in the frenzied peon fashion, but intelligently religious. When Spain was engaged in her war against the first Napoleon over a century ago, the priests of Guadalajara presented to the mother land such large sums to aid in its defense, that the Spanish king sent to the city as a reward, a famous painting by Murillo, one of the most treasured gems of Spanish art. This picture has gone through a wild history since, having been more than once threatened with robbery and hidden in a secret tomb in a church wall; but today it stands in full and glorious beauty by the altar of the city's cathedral. It has been declared the most precious possession of the Mexican Republic; enormous sums of money have been offered for it in vain.

In interest it is pressed closely by another remarkable picture that stands in the parish church of a smaller city of this same region, Tzintzuntzan (sĭn soon′ săn). This is an Indian town; and as to how it came by its great picture there is no clear record. It is a painting, obviously by some great European master of three or four centuries ago, depicting the burial of Jesus. It has generally been ascribed to Titian, and such is its beauty and its fame that increasing crowds of tourists come every year to visit it. The Indians of Tzintzuntzan hold it in superstitious reverence. We have record of one American painter who while gazing on it in admiration incautiously touched it. Instantly he was surrounded and attacked by infuriated natives; and his life was only saved by the quick wit of a companion, who cried out that the accident was a miracle. He declared that the painter had been para-

AN OLD SPANISH HOMESTEAD

Near Guadalajara these "haciendas" are numerous. Life in them still retains the old Spanish customs.

lyzed, that a vision had promised him health if he touched the holy painting, and that at once he had recovered and could paint again. On the painter proving this ability and donating a solid sum to the church in gratitude, he was allowed to depart in safety.

Tzintzuntzan was a great Indian capital before the Spaniards came; and the ruins of the old city lie scattered for miles around the present little town. The Indians here seem to have been the leaders of the humming-bird cult. These beautiful tiny birds are numerous in the valleys; and the natives still use their feathers for dainty embroidery work. In the old days, gorgeous religious mantles were made of thousands of humming-bird wings, which were even woven into pictured designs. These splendid cloaks were draped upon the ancient idols. In truth the Indians still worship their old gods and continue their old incantations, though they profess now to be Christians and offer their weird worship at Christian shrines. They bury idols in their fields to guard the crops. They go on long pilgrimages garbed in masquerade with crowns of gilt paper, cardboard masks, grotesque gowns and bells or bits of armor. They perform wild and frenzied dances at the entrance to their church.

Guadalajara itself has become outwardly modernized; it has every modern convenience, electric lights and telephones and a great central generator of electricity for the city, the power for which is gathered from a neighboring river which plunges madly down the mountain. But the lands that lie around the city, the wild mountains and the tropic forests at their feet, form the least modern part of Mexico. Both the Indians and the white folks preserve the life and spirit of the vanished centuries of Spanish rule. The city stands upon the extreme edge of the plateau, looking down upon the coastlands. In the suburbs there is a noted "barranca" or canyon not unlike some of our noted canyons of the West. This canyon sinks three thousand feet below the level of the surrounding country, so that Guadalajara can get its own tropic fruits and tropic heat by a half hour's plunge down this wildly picturesque barranca.

Following this or some other swiftly descending gorge into the Pacific lowlands, we come to the least known part of Mexico. The coast is fever-smitten, lined with alligator-haunted lagoons. The great mountains of the Sierra Madre are so wild and rugged that the Spaniards never conquered them. As one of their own chroniclers said, "The land is frightful to behold. Its ruggedness, even more than the arrows

of its defiant Indians, took away all the courage of our warriors. The ridges and gorges seemed wholly inaccessible, and the vast number of towering peaks confused even the eye." The priests built churches here; but even these have fallen to ruin and become deserted, and most of the wild mountain tribes are frankly pagan.

The Indians here hide from the sight of white men, and are so little known that some of them, the Huicholes, are reported to be of Chinese race, not red of skin but yellow. The Huichole babies never creep as white infants do, but scramble about on all fours like monkeys. This is

THE DESCENT FROM GUADALAJARA TO THE PACIFIC FORESTS

also the region of the scorpion, a stinging insect so venomous that its bite sometimes brings death in two hours' time. Many children are stung to death by scorpions here; and the pests have driven out more than one colony that attempted settlement. Large districts have been abandoned because of this plague of scorpions.

The ports along the coast are small and few, San Blas, Mazatlan, Guaymas. They are far too hot for comfort, but if we visit them by steamer, we shall never forget their richly colored beauty, or the wonderfully gorgeous sunsets seen across the Pacific. Mazatlan, the largest of these ports, lies just under the Tropic of Cancer, where the

Tropic Zone shifts at least in name to the Temperate Zone; but you will not notice any temperateness at Mazatlan. Perhaps for sheer beauty, the harbor of Guaymas (gwí'mahs) is the most impressive on the coast. The town lies deeply secluded in a bay reached by winding channels. The still water is of the darkest green but the intense blue of the midday sky changes it to cobalt. The tall surrounding mountains are rose color or terra cotta; yet the sun can change these too, lighting up every pinnacle of rock to purple, lilac or flaming crimson. In this setting stands the little Spanish-Moorish town with narrow twisting streets, tall waving palms, and a great mass of flowers of every brightest hue. There is nothing along the much praised Mediterranean Riviera to match the wonderfully vivid coloring of this gorgeous coast.

North of Mazatlan we shall find that we are entering that remarkable inland sea, the Gulf of California. This is shut off from the ocean by the peninsula of Lower or Baja California, over seven hundred miles long and usually about fifty wide. Baja California is formed by an outer range of mountains parallel to the great Sierra Madre but not so high, the depression between them being so deep as to be filled by the sea, forming the Gulf of California. The long peninsula is fertile at the southern end, with oranges and sugar-cane; but the northern part is almost a desert, covered with cactus growths and nearly uninhabited. La Paz, the official capital, a town near the southern end, contains a few white folks, but the whole great peninsula scarce holds fifty thousand people, most of whom are Indians very little touched by civilization. The mines here are said to be very rich, but are scarcely known. Quite recently an entire mountain of iron was discovered, which is said to be as large and rich as the famous iron mountain of Durango, which here stands upon the mainland in the Sierra Madre.

La Paz is not only the capital of Baja California but the center of its noted pearl fisheries. The early Spaniards were amazed to find these poor Indians wearing pearls of fabulous value. Some of the world's most famous pearls, including a rose colored one valued at fifty thousand dollars have come from La Paz. The pearl oysters are not fit to eat; and thousands of them, in the search for the gems, are opened and then left to rot. American merchants now support the pearl fleets, and they work with modern machinery; but a few of the old-style Indian pearl-hunters still remain. They plunge naked into the sea-depths with no artificial aid, and remain at the bottom for a minute or more; but their health is soon broken and their lives shortened by this heavy work.

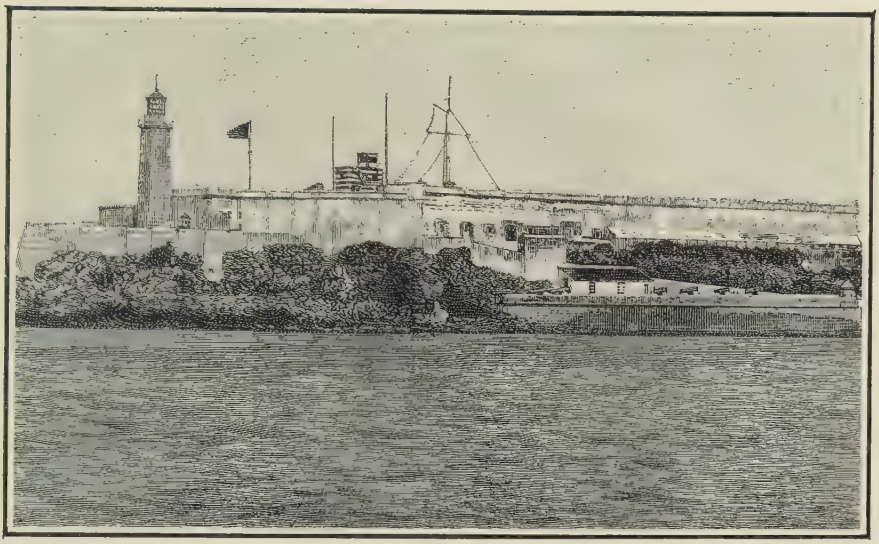
A MEXICAN HOTEL IN SONORA

Sonora includes all the noted hunting district south of Nogales. Its inns expect and cater to Americans.

The Gulf of Lower California is a broad sea at its entrance, over a hundred miles across; but as we follow it north it grows ever more narrow and shallow. Large shoals choke its waters, and the first Spanish explorers found trouble even with their tiny ships in forcing their way to the head of the gulf. Here our own great Colorado River flows into it through the mighty, world-renowned Grand Canyon. It would be difficult to conceive a land more wild, or more inaccessible to man than this wilderness of cliffs and gorges. The Mexican state of Sonora, which fills this northwestern corner of the land is the least populous of the Mexican states. The railroad which crosses down into it from our State of Arizona is little used except for mining works.

The town of Nogales (nō gah′lĕs), which stands upon the frontier where this railroad crosses, had long the reputation of being our last "frontier city." Outlaws of every sort drifted here; because at Nogales the boundary between the countries runs down the middle of a main street. Cross this and you shift from the Arizona town to the Sonora town of the same name. Shooting affrays were frequent, and a culprit could easily disappear into the endless mountains all around.

The establishment of order on the Mexican side of the border has been wholly due to the efforts of the "rurales," the Mexican country police, one of the most efficient such bodies in the world. When a rurale sets out to "get his man," he gets him without much worry over legal forms. Sometimes a captive receives a formal trial, but a rurale is always allowed to report that a prisoner was "shot while attempting to escape," and that is regarded as much the simplest method of settling a plain case. The outlaw who once draws a gun on a rurale is very near the end of his career. Many of these policemen were formerly bandits themselves. In the old days before President Diaz, this northern region was wholly controlled by bandits. Then Diaz sent large bodies of troops from the capital and offered to every outlaw the choice of death, or a pardon if he would serve the government. So the President gathered his efficient police; and an esprit de corps soon grew up among them which made them as fair and just as they were powerful. New recruits soon learned this spirit; and today by far the ablest, most efficient, most admirable thing in Mexico is its corps of "rurales." Their power "gives one to think," as our Latin neighbors say, of the future possibilities which, under good conditions, may be developed by this bold and able and warlike race.



EL MORRO, THE FORTRESS AT THE MOUTH OF HAVANA'S HARBOR

CHAPTER XXX—THE WEST INDIES

Cuba

From Mexico we turn naturally to the West Indies, that beautiful group of tropic islands which curve in a great semicircle around the northern and eastern edge of the Caribbean Sea. They thus form the outer rim of the Caribbean crater, that vast depression of earth's surface, that well of deep ocean, which is shut within the circle of the islands and the mainland of Central and South America.

Of this ring of islands Cuba is much the largest. It is also the nearest to Mexico and the northern mainland, separated from Mexico's great peninsula of Yucatan only by a sea-passage a hundred miles in width. The island also lies almost equally near to the southern end of our own peninsula of Florida. Being thus close to us in space, and attached to us by many political and social ties, Cuba naturally forms an attractive spot for our people to visit; and the number of our Americans there, both as tourists and in permanent residence, is large. Cuba, because of both its wealth and its beauty, has long been called by Spanish and Cuban owners "the Pearl of the West Indies."

The island is long and narrow, eight hundred miles in length by only about fifty wide, a true crater rim upraised above the sea. After viewing the great mountains of Mexico and the Andes, we shall be inclined to speak of Cuba as a hilly land rather than one of mountains. At the

eastern end, where lie Santiago and our naval station of Guantanamo, there is a real and massive range, culminating in one peak of over seven thousand feet. Yet most of the island is low. Its shores are lined with coral islets, and spread out into lagoons and mangrove swamps. The low coast rises slowly into sugar and tobacco plantations. Over eighty percent of Cuba's profits from export come from its sugar, and most of the remainder from its tobacco. Tobacco in fact first became known to Europe from this land, where Columbus saw and told how the Indians "breathed in fire." Other cheaper tobaccos now sell more widely than the Cuban, but the latter still retains its early fame. The center of the island has not yet been cleared for cultivation. Here there still extends a wildly tangled mass of the original dense forest.

Almost all visitors land, as we shall do, at Havana, the metropolis of the island, a wealthy and attractive city of over three hundred thousand people. If we arrive at night, our ship must lie off the coast and wait for daylight, for the harbor entrance is narrow and dangerous. The city spreading along the seashore greets us with thousands of electric lights, a charming vision. And then as dawn slowly dims the artificial radiance of the lamps, we see long lines of low plaster houses, brightly tinted in blues and pinks; and we see the great frowning fortress, El Morro, which stands at the harbor mouth. Through a narrow pass we steam into the broad harbor where once the Maine was blown up. We watch the city extending along all the shore upon our right, and the grim line of fortresses from Morro inward which line the left or eastern bank.

We anchor in mid-stream, and hundreds of eager little Cuban boats cluster round us, the ferry boats in which every one is sculled about the harbor. Our ship, however, has its own special tender to take us to the customs wharf, the "aduano" as it is called in Spanish, where after the briefest of formalities we are made free of the fair city. A little open carriage rather than an automobile will take us to a hotel; for the streets along the water front are too narrow and crowded for automobiles. In many places, even two carriages can not pass; and on the main business thoroughfare the sidewalks are so narrow that two people cannot walk abreast.

There is more space when we reach the Central Plaza, the square which forms the heart of the city. Here a band plays every afternoon; and here we shall find the chief hotels, each with its "American bar." Here too we shall find almost every corner filled by little Cuban cafés

MATANZAS

This charming city, one of the most attractive in Cuba, has a considerable American bungalow colony.

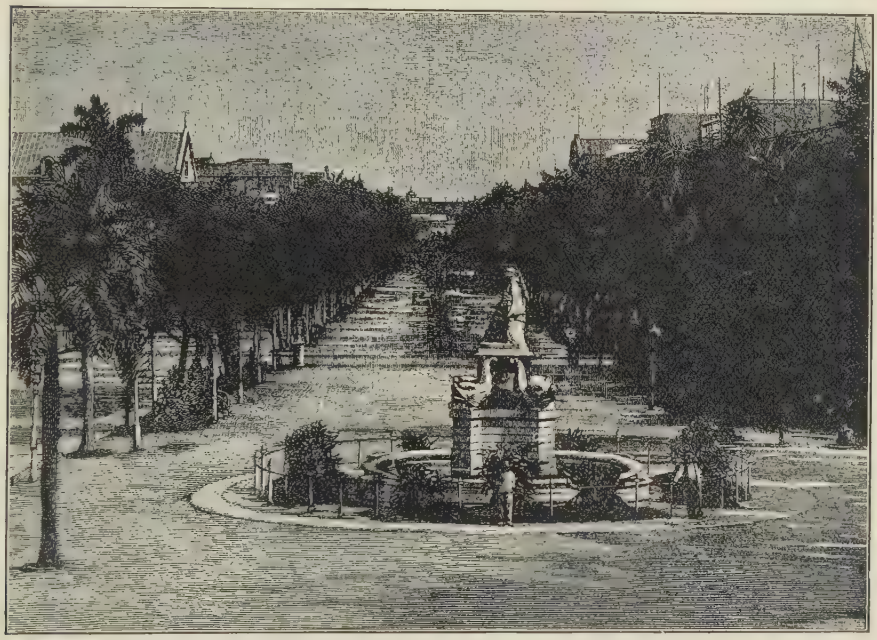
with open glass sides, and with tables and walls of varicolored marble. The refreshments served here are only the harmless drinks of the country, of which "piña fria" or iced pineapple is the most characteristic and most attractive. These light refreshments are served amidst an enormous amount of excitement and argument among the dark-eyed Cuban patrons.

Almost every one we see in the street is of the dark Spanish type. A recent Cuban census gave the entire island a population of about three million, of whom over two-thirds were listed as white; but as each person is allowed to give pretty much his own interpretation as to his racial character, these figures mean but little. Not more than fifteen percent of the populace consented to be listed as black, and about another fifteen percent as of mixed race. It is true that the percentage of white population is really very much larger in Cuba than in most parts of Latin America; for when all the other colonies revolted from Spain, Cuba remained loyal, and therefore large numbers of loyal Spaniards migrated here from all the other countries.

Even the fierce increase of loyalty to Spain which was thus brought into Cuba, could not retain the island's affection in face of the constant neglect and abuse of Spanish officials, who ruled the island with absolute authority. Hence at last the island broke away; and, as we know, it established its independence with the aid of the United States. The Cubans are not however particularly grateful to the United States. They were forced by our government to incorporate in their constitution what they call, from our Congressman who proposed it, the Platt Amendment. This among other things authorizes our government to interfere whenever the Cuban political parties get to shooting each other; and Cuba is thus deprived of the great Latin American sport of Revolution. This might seem to most of us an excellent thing for Cuba; but it naturally displeases whichever party has everything fixed so as to seize the public offices for itself. You can hear at almost any time on almost any corner an excited orator denouncing the Platt Amendment to a warmly sympathetic group of admirers. The responsible and propertied classes desire our protection; but the masses, who have little to lose, demand a fullness of freedom, which they would promptly turn into bloodshed.

From the Central Plaza outward, as the streets widen and the spaces become more open, Havana becomes a beautiful city. From the Plaza a handsome avenue, the Prado, so wide that it has a tree-lined walk

along all its center, runs down to the ocean shore. Here it joins with the Malecon, Havana's famous seaside drive, whereon the ocean waves cast up their spray at the very feet of the fashionable promenaders. Many of the finest and most characteristic of the old Cuban mansions stand on the Prado or in its neighborhood. They have no grounds but are built shoulder to shoulder in solid fortress walls. Their doors are huge massive pieces of solid mahogany and both these and the narrow windows are protected by huge iron grilles, and bars and locks and



THE CENTRAL PARK OR PLAZA OF HAVANA

defenses of every sort. Each old-style Cuban house is a castle indeed, intended for self defense.

Within, the houses are interesting and, to us, peculiar. The ground floor is seldom more than an arcade surrounding a central courtyard of flowers. Broad marble steps lead to the floor above, where the head of the house will meet you if you are a visitor and introduce you to the real menage. The salons here have very high ceilings and huge glass doorways; their walls are painted rather than papered, and the floors are uncarpeted and often inlaid with designs in marble. The pieces of furniture are few, so that the rooms may seem to us almost bare in their broad size; but all this makes for coolness and fresh air, which is what

the tropics seek. I do not think we had better visit the kitchen, though this is also bare, with only little charcoal fireplaces for the small amount of necessary cooking. The cooks are usually negroes, or perhaps Chinese, and this entire section of the house is generally entrusted, somewhat blindly, to their care.

Not until the Americans took charge during the brief period of their necessary control over Cuba, was there any modern attempt at sanitation even in Havana. Today, American insistence preserves at least the outward semblance of healthful care. Indeed Americans are everywhere in Havana. There are two daily American newspapers; and there is a race track in the suburbs, at which horse-races are held all through the winter, and where most of the horses, their owners and a considerable part of the assembled crowds come from "the States."

The Plaza de Armas close by the water front, marks the center of the older Spanish city of Havana. Upon its one side we can see the ancient fortress, La Fuerza, which is still preserved in the midst of the modern busy city and forms an excellent example of the old-style star-shaped Spanish fort. Here too, stand the president's palace and the little church-like structure known as the Temple. All Havana will tell you that whatever other cities may assert, the bones of Christopher Columbus were really brought to Havana more than a century ago and buried in the cathedral here. Moreover it is said that before their re-burial the ebony sarcophagus which enclosed them was set up here on the site of the Temple and opened so that all might see the remains of the great discoverer. After the burial, this honorary structure was erected here. It is opened for only one night annually, that every one may then enter to do reverence to Columbus. The interior of the little shrine presents three noble Columbus pictures by the Cuban artist, Escoba.

Outside of Havana the most interesting of Cuban places to Americans is Guantanamo, a little town with an excellent harbor, on the far southeastern coast. This spot was ceded by Cuba to the United States as a coaling station for our ships. It has become the regular winter practice station of our navy; so that every winter the little town is overrun with American seamen, and the surrounding seas are covered by our fleets.

Among Cuba's lesser cities, the most attractive is Matanzas, also on the north coast, but some sixty miles farther east. Its pleasant sounding name means in Spanish "the place of butchery," because here in the

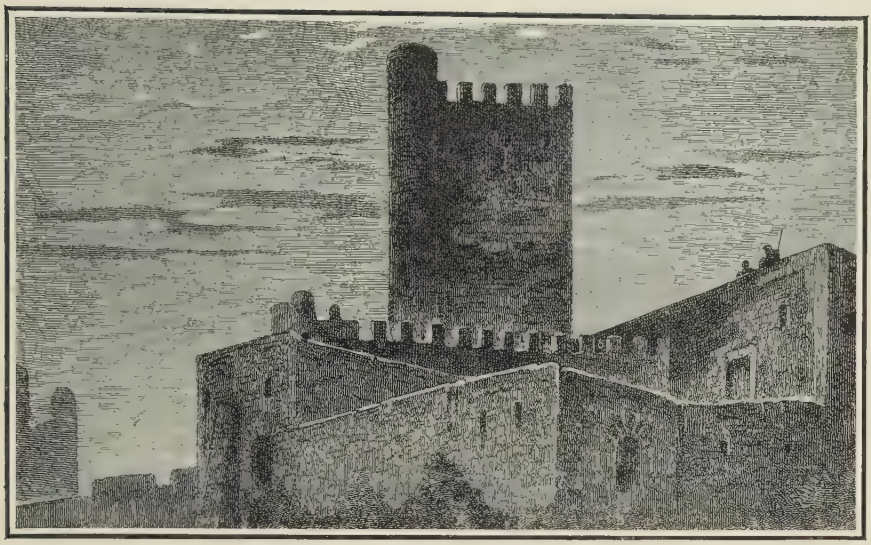
IN THE CUBAN WILDERNESS

Central Cuba is still wholly uncultivated, with forests almost impenetrable because of their luxuriant growth.

early days the Spanish conquerors slaughtered so many of the Indians. The early Indians were indeed almost wholly exterminated, thousands of them taking poison to avoid the tortures inflicted upon them, so that scarcely any of the Indian blood remains in Cuba today. Only the names of these sorely injured folk survive. Cuba itself is a name derived from the Cubanes who dwelt in this vicinity; and Matanzas seems to have been the center of their nationality. Today it is a charming palm covered city of modern bungalows. Almost all of western Cuba is composed of limestone which has been tunneled in all directions by the heavy flow of the waters from the island's tropic rains. Some of the most wonderful caverns thus hollowed out are at Matanzas. Their beauty has become world-famed; yet, while there are always visitors to the caverns, so vast are their depths that they have never been fully explored. The buccaneers, the old time pirates of this "Spanish Main," knew these caves well and had many a secret hiding place in them. Strange noises are often heard from far within the caves; and the natives say that the cries come from the ghosts of the tortured Indians. More probably we hear the roar of deeply imprisoned waters.

Indeed the whole of Cuba seems fairly honeycombed with underground passages made by its streams. The Cuban rivers are always dropping out of sight suddenly underground. At times they reappear again as suddenly some long distance off; but at times they go on plunging downwards underground, as if seeking the very center of the earth. Sometimes they bubble up in fresh water springs amid the seas far out beyond the coast. There is one such spot on the southern coast of Cuba known as The Gardens. Here the sea is kept always warm and partly fresh by undersea springs, and here all sorts of corals and beautiful sea growths rise through the clear water to delight the eye.

Close by The Gardens lies the Isle of Pines, a beautiful region of sugar plantations owned almost wholly by Americans. These settlers have sought in vain to persuade our government to take possession of the island. One of the most beautiful of the suddenly up-bubbling springs occurs on the Isle of Pines and is called the Spring of the Holy Faith. According to tradition, this too was a scene of ancient Indian suffering. The spring appeared when a young Indian chief was slain by his own people, because he preached to them the beauty of peace and justice as a substitute for their ferocious wars. The few surviving Indians of the Isle of Pines still make pilgrimage to this Spring of the Holy Faith.



THE ANCIENT FORTRESS OF COLUMBUS AT SAN DOMINGO

CHAPTER XXXI—THE WEST INDIES

Haiti and the Dominican Republic

There is in all the West Indies no more remarkable island than that of San Domingo (sahn dō mēn′gō), nor one of warmer interest to Americans, since our government in recent years accepted a sort of protectorate over each of the two little republics which divide the island between them, Haiti (hā′tī) in the west and the Dominican Republic in the east. An English admiral, when asked what the island looked like, crinkled a sheet of paper up into a tiny ball and tossed it on the table. He meant that the whole island was a heap of abrupt mountain folds and ridges, a shapeless mass that thrusts out long peninsulas into the sea. The island is nearly two hundred miles long by half as broad. It is well watered and well wooded; and, with its high plateaus and surrounding sea, it has a climate so attractive that it seems intended for an earthly paradise. Yet so persistently has evil haunted the land, that superstitious folk have said there was a curse upon it handed down from the first Spanish conquerors.

Here Columbus planted the first settlement in the New World, upon the northern coast of Haiti at La Navidad; and when he came back on his second voyage every man of his first settlement had perished. The island then became the center of Spanish dominion, the seat where Columbus set up his capital. He called it San Domingo,

which means Holy Sunday, because he began the building of the settlement on that day. In this fierce city the conquerors developed a sport more brutal than even their modern bull fights. They had their Indian slaves baited by bloodhounds, torn to pieces to entertain their masters, so that at last the island became impoverished through lack of slaves to till its plantations. Afterward, as news drifted back to San Domingo of the gold lands of Mexico and Peru, every Spaniard started to desert the island. The authorities could restrain only a few, resorting almost to force. So the whole beautiful island became an almost empty land, stricken into death by the human passions that had swept across it.

Later, as Spain grew weaker, the west coast of the island was seized by the French, and they heard from the few surviving Indians the old native name for the island, Haiti, and bestowed it on their colony. The Frenchmen managed well for themselves; and in Napoleon's day Haiti was a prosperous colony wherein some thirty thousand rich French planters ruled over almost a million negro slaves, whom they had imported from Africa. One of the side issues of the French Revolution for democracy was a class war here in Haiti, wherein the freed negroes fought their masters to retain the freedom which they had been granted. It was an awful war of extermination on both sides, the cultured whites inventing barbarities of torture quite equalling any that the blacks could devise.

At length numbers triumphed; the whites fled or were exterminated, and Haiti became what it is today, a "black republic." Indeed such was the negroes' power, that they more than once extended their rule also over the enfeebled Spanish colony of San Domingo at the other end of the island. But this at last established its freedom as against both Spain and the Haitians. Yet even today, though the Dominican Republic occupies two-thirds of the island, there are nearly three million Haitians and less than a million Dominicans. This eastern end of the island had also become, under Spanish rule, a land mainly occupied by negroes; but it retained a small percentage of whites and part-whites, who have always managed to keep the main control over its government.

There are strange sights for us to see in Haiti. It can not be said that its black rulers have ruled well. Always one tyrant or another has held mastery by force. If we land at the first northern port, Cape Haitien, only four days' run from New York City, we can see the remains of a remarkable villa, Sans Souci, built by the forced labor of the negroes under one of the earliest of these tyrants whom they blindly

TORTUGAS ISLAND

Tortugas or Turtle Island off the coast of Haiti was once a famous stronghold of the buccaneers.

set over themselves for their desolation. His name was Christophe and he had been himself a slave, a barber, until the whirling fortunes of that fierce war for freedom made him a king, the "King of Slaves." He showed rare taste in the building of this beautiful villa with its old French name of "Without Care."

Christophe showed striking genius too in the mighty fortress citadel which he compelled his people to erect upon a nearby mountain summit. We must journey out to it, for though the road is rough and little trodden today, the fortress is really one of the wonders of our continent. Its huge brick walls are sometimes forty feet thick and it would be almost impregnable even in our day. Since Christophe built, earthquakes have shaken these mountains and have thrown down cities, but they have scarce damaged these stupendous walls. Tradition has it that some poor negro's life paid for every brick in the vast structure. The great guns which were dragged up the mountain, and which now stand useless on the parapets, were carried here by sheer brute force. Christophe is said to have put a crew of a hundred men to drag each cannon; and at the close of each day of their slow climbing, whichever crew had made least progress were called before the "Emperor," and decimated. That is, each tenth man, picked out by lot, was slain. Many a victim of the fierce ruler was hurled to death from the ramparts of the fortress. At length in old age Christophe had a paralytic stroke. His supporters turned furiously upon him; but before the first band could reach him to destroy him, he shot himself—using, characteristically, a silver bullet for the deed.

The modern capital of Haiti, Port au Prince, lies at the inner end of a deep gulf, far south of Cape Haitien; and as we steam toward it through the night we shall see upon the shore many a glimmering bonfire. If we are close enough we may even note through a spyglass dark figures moving in sudden shifting shadows about the flame. Perhaps, as our ship captain will tell us, these are only charcoal burners; but perhaps, too, we may be looking upon veritable voodoo incantations. Few of us realize that this black and bloody African superstition has such full power close to our doors; yet voodooism has as much secret power in Haiti today as ever it possessed in its own native home. In the old French days these negroes professed Christianity, and many of them do so still; but the misery of their lives has plunged them back to a terrible degree into the old barbarism.

Voodooism is a form of serpent-worship, a serving and placating

of the powers of Evil, so that Evil shall not destroy you. In the milder moments of this serpent-worship, the devotees are satisfied to sacrifice a chicken and smear themselves with its blood. In more vital moments they sacrifice a goat, even dressing the beast in human garments to indicate the victim that he typifies. In their wildest frenzy the worshippers demand the highest sacrifice, the "goat without horns," a human victim whose blood must be let out while he knows what is being done; and then the blood-smeared mob goes on to cannibalism. Little children are still sometimes stolen and slain for this voodoo orgy. The

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN A HAITIAN VILLAGE

city negroes, most of them, have small faith in it as a religion; but they know that these "father" and "mother" priests of voodoo, papalois and mamalois, have knowledge of strange poisons, or perhaps of psychic spells, by which they can kill those who fall under their displeasure. Therefore even the most "enlightened" Haitian president will make no serious effort to suppress voodooism. On the other hand, presidents have sometimes taken part in its incantations, and gathered strength from the support of its priests.

A thoroughly established incident of recent years will show us the weird power of voodooism here almost within sight of our own coast.

A negro of Port au Prince had entered rather earnestly into a new church association, and had thus incurred the ill-will of his former voodoo comrades. He was suddenly stricken with a heavy fever and despite every effort of several puzzled modern doctors, he died. That is, he was declared dead, and after more than a day's inspection he was buried. The next night his coffin was dug up by unknown workers; and on that night a government messenger driven by storm to ride across the mountains on an unused path, had a startling experience. He burst upon a voodoo gathering; he must himself have come riding rather like a demon through the lightning, for the voodoo worshippers fled before him. He found himself alone with a bound man who moaned with clouded wits. The messenger brought this victim into a town, and he was found to be the supposed dead man, alive but hopelessly insane. In this condition he remained until death over a year later. The voodoo priests had evidently selected him for the "long sacrifice" and had given him a poison which completely deceived everyone by its effect of death. Yet they had been able to revive him. Moreover rumor says that they insist on a victim who knows what is happening; so they perhaps possessed a further antidote which would have restored even his wits before they slew him.

And now the capital of Haiti rises before us, Port au Prince, named after some prince whose very name has been lost in the fitful changes and quick forgetfulness of this negro government. Port au Prince, a city of over a hundred thousand people, looks beautiful as we approach. All San Domingan cities do; because the island's curse is not on the natural beauty of things but only on the works and miseries of man. When we come close we realize that even all the years since the American protectorate began in 1916 have not been sufficient to wipe out the smells of this unspeakably careless city. The only reason any Haitians survive their blindly unsanitary ways of living is because among them births are even more numerous than the many deaths. Those who survive become immune.

The people we shall see here on the streets are mainly large and vigorous; their faces are all dark, but their features are perhaps more French than African. They jabber at each other in a strange patois which is not African, but certainly is not French. It is only what the old French has become after a century or two of utterly careless handling by an utterly ignorant folk. Many of the leading blacks of today have become educated men of clear intelligence. They have courtly

OLD RELICS OF SAN DOMINGO

Not many relics of the Indians of pre-Columbian days exist; but a few that are preserved in San Domingo are here reproduced.

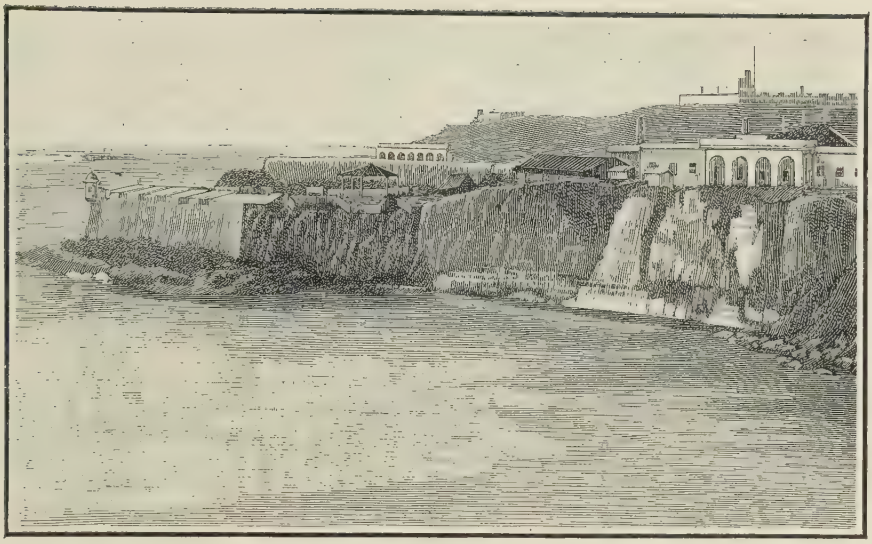
manners, like a Frenchman, and they wear thin, pointed, aristocratic beards.

There are no elaborate buildings; the city has been sacked and burned too often by marauding brigands, calling themselves patriots. In truth the people here have caught the patter of democratic words but have no sense whatever of self-government. An election, to them, means simply that everybody puts in a ballot marked exactly as the man in power says it shall be marked. For the moment that "man in power" is our "Uncle Sam;" and the Haitians can never get over wondering why he does not give his orders. How else can they tell how they are expected to vote!

We shall find conditions in the other half of San Domingo, in the Dominican Republic, much the same as in Haiti, now that Uncle Sam has undertaken to keep order in both halves of the island. New roads, new schools, a new prosperity have come upon these idle people, who are not at all sure that they rejoice in all the comfort and progress sufficiently to pay for these with industry. It is pitiful, of course, to think of the capital erected by Columbus, the first busy European city in the New World, as having degenerated into the helpless little city we shall find here. Nevertheless it retains much of its old historic interest. The city is still known, like the nation and the island, as San Domingo, and it is well worth a visit.

It lies on the southern sea-coast at the mouth of a little river. Its encircling walls will remind us of Cartagena, on a smaller scale. Its old city gate is still partly built into the walls of the fortress of Columbus; and we shall be shown the Columbus' mansion, though this was built by the son, Diego Columbus, not by the father. Its massive walls seem to have been constructed for all time. Now, however, they are roofless, and stray dogs and goats, donkeys and negroes, slumber within the empty walls of what was once the throne room of the Viceroy of all the unknown Americas.

There are ancient churches here that date back at least to Diego Columbus; and there is a cathedral in which the bones of both Columbuses were once buried. The San Dominicans are very sure that the remains of Christopher Columbus are still there, having been hidden by a trick when Spain carried away what she thought was the coffin of the discoverer, but was really that of his son. One likes to think of the stately old Christopher as still remaining in this city which he built with so much toil and wherein he suffered many sorrows.



EL MORRO, THE WATCHFUL SENTINEL OF SAN JUAN

CHAPTER XXXII—THE WEST INDIES

Porto Rico and the Virgin Isles

Porto Rico is our own particular island, ceded to our Government by the Spaniards in 1898 and managed by us much as our own Territories used to be in earlier days. It has a Governor appointed by the United States, and a legislature elected by its own people. Some day it may even become a regular State of our Union; though there are objections to this, and it would be a very small State, only about three-quarters the size of Connecticut. Its population is well over a million and is increasing rapidly; for one of the excellent things our Government has done there, in its generation of rule, is to drive away the fevers and thus reduce the island's death rate by fully half. Births were always numerous in Porto Rico, but in the old days the new births just about equalled the deaths. Now, with the latter cut in half, the total population is advancing at a rather startling rate. Let us go there to see just how successful our people have been in developing a Latin-American island along North American lines.

One misses a good deal of understanding by not knowing the meaning of all the soft-sounding Spanish names of places among these islands. Porto Rico means really the Gate of Riches, a promising title which the fertile island well bears out. Columbus himself discovered it upon his second voyage. He sailed, as we shall sail, from his own

proud city of Holy Sunday, or San Domingo, across the ninety-mile wide Mona Passage. Mona means monkey; and there is a Monkey Island and a Little Monkey Island in the broad strait, with a towering cliff so thin and tall that the Spaniards called it Caigo-o-no-caigo, "Shall I fall or not?" Columbus landed, as we may land, at the little port of Aguadilla, and named the new island San Juan Bautista, Saint John the Baptist, which is the name of its capital to this day.

Columbus ruled over so many islands, that he never really did anything with this new one; but he often talked of it at San Domingo, declaring it was really the most beautiful and most healthful of all the Indies because it had none of the fever swamps of the other islands. After the discoverer's death one of his most trusted lieutenants, Juan Ponce de Leon, resolved to go and take possession of the isle the master had loved; and it was de Leon who named it the Gate of Riches and built its capital. His first city was so overrun by ants that he had to abandon it and build on an island off the coast, which is where San Juan is now, though long since joined to the main isle by a bridge.

You will be surprised, now that we have seen so much of other Spanish-American countries, to find that the large majority of people we meet in San Juan are whites. They form two-thirds of the populace, not only in the capital but all through the island. This is because the original Indians of the island were completely exterminated under the savagery of Ponce de Leon's followers, and the island was afterward used as a convict settlement to which condemned Spanish criminals were sent. So attractive was the wonderful climate, and so difficult was departure from the island, that even those convicts who were pardoned, or who completed their term of servitude, usually remained upon the island. They formed the peasant class or "gibaros" who still constitute the bulk of the population of the island. These gibaros serve as plantation workers, so there has been less need for importing negro slaves; and the black population has never equalled the whites in number. There have, however, been several fierce slave insurrections, and at one time every white person was authorized to kill any negro he would, being only required to assert that the negro seemed inclined to become violent.

All of these conditions have changed since the United States took possession of the island. Gibaros, negroes, and old Spanish aristocratic families seem living in comparative harmony, though the wealthier plantation owners often dwell wholly in Spain, and govern their estates

THE PORTO RICAN COUNTRYSIDE

There is no region in the world of fairer or more attractive beauty than the untouched hillsides of Porto Rico.

as absentees, showing no interest in Porto Rico except to get money from it regularly. A number of Americans have lately invested heavily in plantations or in factories here; and, in their effort to secure laborers, they have pressed so heavily upon the poorer classes that there has been an outcry that the old days of peonage have returned. Of such charges there is little real evidence or justification. A gibaro only works when he wishes to, and in this fertile island he can live on a tiny patch of mountain land, growing a few bananas and yams or sweet potatoes for himself and his almost naked family. If he wants meat, or if his wife wants gay clothes, then he must work for them at hired labor.

The entrance to San Juan's harbor is as narrow as that by which we entered Havana. It is also similarly guarded by a huge fortress or "morro" built in the complicated style of the antique Spanish defenses, so that it spreads over a great space of ground and rises in several places into huge and picturesque battlements. In 1898 our United States' fleet bombarded this stubborn old fortress for hours with modern guns, yet did it no appreciable damage. You will enjoy wandering over El Morro, the great castle-fort, and you will enjoy also a brief rest in one of the really comfortable American hotels of San Juan. Its streets are colorful. Grandmothers dress in hues as bright as do the "flappers"; brass bands are numerous and noisy; carnivals are frequent; and gambling games flourish everywhere. Cock-fighting and horse-racing seem the national pastimes. An effort was made to introduce baseball; but a gibaro who will not work for wages will scarce work for sport. He prefers to watch the cocks or horses working in his stead.

The city houses are usually colored in bright pinks or blues; although the most noted and attractive of them all is the Casa Blanca or White House, which tradition points out as the original palace of Ponce de Leon. It is much adorned and carefully preserved as a government building, and it certainly does not look its age. Most of the older houses of San Juan are built like those of a Mexican city, huge, heavy squares of stone, meant for defense against any possible attack. In these carefree modern days, however, the aristocracy as a rule occupy only the upper floor of their homes and rent out the street floor in single rooms to a large number of the poorer classes. Hence in San Juan we get a peculiar effect of intimacy between rich and poor, all dwelling in the same great houses.

Saturday here is "beggars' day." If we walk about the town then, we must be careful to carry a whole pocketful of pennies; for every one

who chooses to beg will demand something of us as a right rather than as a favor. In the larger stores on Saturdays, a clerk is stationed by the entrance and passes out two or three pennies to any who hold out a hand. Salesmen canvassing a town are quick to bestow pennies on all beggars, as this favorably impresses their customers. Each merchant feels that the poor of his town must be supported; and he is glad to see a stranger assume some part of the responsibility, and so save the home-folks from too severe a drain.

San Juan stands on what is really an islet. Its cross streets run

AGUADILLA, THE BEACH WHERE COLUMBUS AND DE LEON LANDED

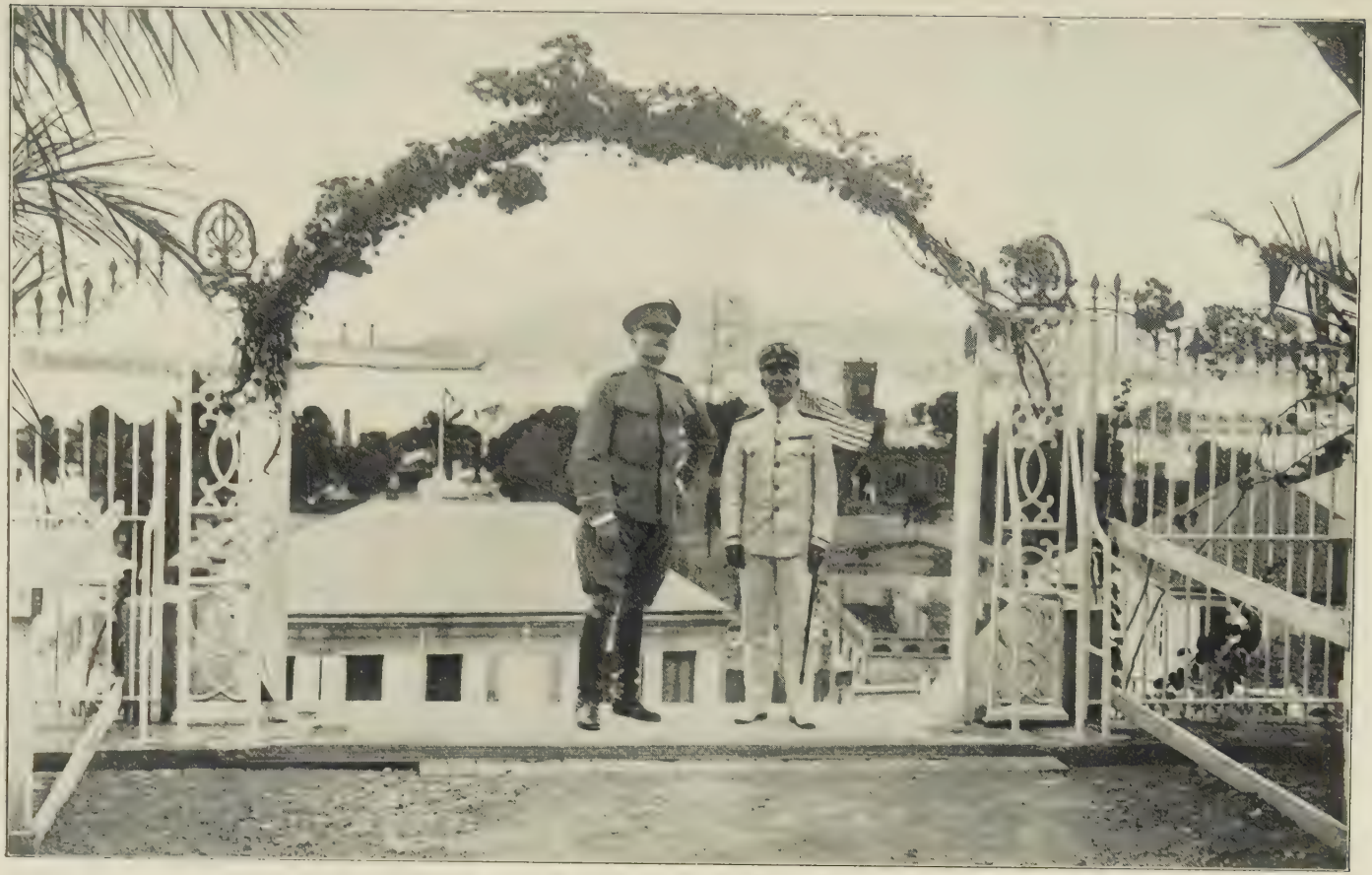
from the rocky ocean shore back to the wharves which lie along the inner harbor; while its four or five main streets extend through the city from end to end of the islet. There is considerable rain in this northern portion of Porto Rico, and the river and the marshes which separate the capital from the mainland are kept usually well filled with water. A long bridge carries us either by automobile or by railroad to the main shore and there we shall begin to see the true scenic beauty of this delightful isle.

An excellent automobile road crosses the land from San Juan to Ponce, the chief city upon the southern coast. The island is only about

forty miles wide, but the necessary windings of the road as it climbs in and out among the mountains extend the ride to over seventy miles. The trip is one long succession of delightful pictures, at first of sugar and tobacco plantations, of grape-fruit groves and pineapple fields and coffee "rincas." Then come the rugged gorges and wild forests in the center of the isle. So little was known of this inner region, until the Americans explored it, that the Spaniards often pointed out as the crest of their island the rugged peak of Yunque, which means the anvil, a solitary mass rising abruptly over three thousand feet above the eastern plains of the island; yet we know now that several of the ridges of the central mountains rise almost a thousand feet above the more conspicuous Yunque.

From this main road across the island, other excellently made American roads branch off to seek the other towns. Epecially attractive is the winding way along the island's rockbound northern shore. This brings us at length to Aguadilla, the town nearest to San Domingo, at the head of the bay where both Columbus and De Leon are said to have originally landed on Porto Rico. Aguadilla is still a slumberous little Spanish town, chiefly notable for having a little pool or spring which the inhabitants are confidently sure was De Leon's "fountain of youth." It stands in the very heart of the town, adorned with tiny statues and carefully guarded by an iron railing. Around it play all the little white and black babies of Aguadilla, perpetuating in each new generation the true eternal youth of the land.

Eastward from Porto Rico other smaller islands rise in sight, one after another. Some belong to Porto Rico as part of its territory. A few small islands scarcely more than barren rocks belong to Great Britain. The most important of the group are our own Virgin Islands, bought from Denmark for twenty-five million dollars in 1917. The name Virgin Isles was given to all those scattered little islands by Columbus, because he discovered them on St. Ursula's day, and she was the legendary captain of a troop of eleven thousand virgins. The islands seemed to their discoverer equally numerous. The largest of them, Santa Cruz, contains less than eighty square miles of land. Its name means the isle of the Holy Cross; but to the irreverent it was long known, from its two chief products, as the isle of Rum and Sugar. Santa Cruz and the next two in size, St. Thomas and St. John, constituted the bulk of our purchase from Denmark. St. Thomas is much the most important of the Virgin Isles; for it contains the city and



THE AMERICAN FLAG IN THE VIRGIN ISLES

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Admiral Oman and General Pershing are here shown watching the hoisting of our flag over the government buildings at Charlotte Amelia.

excellent harbor of Charlotte Amalia, so named from a Danish princess. Our Government believes that in case of need this port would be our chief naval defense, or enemies' point of attack, for the Panama Canal. It is a natural fortress sometimes referred to as the Gibraltar of America.

Today Charlotte Amalia is a quiet rather sad little town of about ten thousand people. Its Danish inhabitants voted to join our union so that they might share in our prosperity; but almost immediately afterward we passed the Prohibition Amendment to our Constitution. Almost the only export from Charlotte Amalia was bay rum; and our new laws practically stopped the manufacture of this. The rum was made from a peculiar tree, the "bay leaf," which grew not on St. Thomas but on its sister isle of St. John. St. John today holds less than a thousand people; and the population of Santa Cruz and St. Thomas threatens to dwindle in similar fashion.

Charlotte Amalia is a beautiful town, cooled by constant sea-breezes and delightful in climate. It is built upon the slopes of a mountain ridge, and its harbor was once a volcanic crater. Today, beyond its wealth of rich flowers and mighty trees, its main attraction lies perhaps in its pirate past. It was once the main gathering place for all the buccaneers of the West Indies; and it still holds two towers planted on opposing hills and known as Blackbeard's Tower and Bluebeard's Tower. Blackbeard was indeed a noted pirate, a terrible ravager of our own southern coast, who really occupied the grim tower named for him. Both towers were however originally built by the Danish governors for defense; and Bluebeard's Tower was probably only named to match that of Blackbeard. It is now occupied as a dwelling house by a pacific citizen.

Between St. Thomas and St. John lies a stretch of sea so enclosed by reefs that it is as quiet as a harbor, but so difficult to enter that it can be reached only by ships whose pilots know it well. It was long the pirates' favorite shelter, known to them merely as "The Sound." Our Government recently named it after one of our Admirals noted for scientific exploration, so that it is now officially Pillsbury Sound; but the wild romance and horror of the old days still clings to it, as to all this region of the Virgin Isles.

VISITORS EQUIPPED FOR A TRIP ACROSS JAMAICA

CHAPTER XXXIII—THE WEST INDIES

Jamaica, Britain's Chief Colony

Jamaica ranks after Cuba, San Domingo and Porto Rico, as forming with them the four larger islands of the West Indies, commonly known as the Greater Antilles (ăn tĭl′lēs). Jamaica lies south of the other islands, not forming part of the mighty semi-circle of mountain peaks which separates the Caribbean Sea from the Atlantic, but well within the circle in the heart of the Caribbean. It is the chief center of British dominion in America; and its capital, Kingston, ranks next to Havana and San Juan among the chief cities of the Antilles.

As Jamaica is about the same size as Porto Rico, a comparison between the two islands, as representing the results of British and United States administration, is frequently made. That comparison, though Britain has held her islands for nearly three centuries and we have governed Porto Rico for only a generation, shows almost wholly in favor of the American colony. It is true that the flow of visitors today is much larger toward Jamaica; but that is partly due to the fact that Jamaica has no "prohibition" law. In frank acknowledgment of this, the Kingston papers issue constant diatribes against prohibition, insisting that it is an utterly pernicious and destructive form of tyranny, and that even if the authorities in Great Britain should one day wish to pass a prohibition law, Jamaica would never submit to it.

Jamaica is beautiful, as are all the West Indies. As our steamer approaches its northern shore, we first see rising above the haze the noted Blue Mountains, so called because of the atmospheric conditions which give to their summits in the sunshine a delicate tint of blue. Their topmost peak is over seven thousand feet high, and they form a definite barrier separating the wilder north coast from the more populous and peaceful south. The island extends nearly a hundred and fifty miles from east to west, and Kingston lies about midway of the southern or sheltered coast. The steamers from Europe and our land have thus to pass along a considerable portion of the island shore before reaching the capital. This southern coast is hot and dry; for the cool winds and the storm winds of the West Indies come from the northeast, from the Atlantic. Hence the leeward shores of all the island lack both breeze and rain, especially where they have such a ridge as the Blue Mountains to shut off the clouds.

Kingston will seem to most visitors unpleasantly warm; yet it certainly offers a most attractive vision as we approach its noble bay. Beyond the palm-fringed beaches, we see orange groves and fields of the tall, gracefully waving sugar cane. Across the extensive and well-sheltered harbor, we can trace the low, white houses of the city, and beyond this rises the long upward slope of the mountains. Kingston bay ranks among the most noted harbors of the Indies. Unfortunately it comes fully within the danger zone of the volcanic activities of this region, and its settlements have been repeatedly devastated by earthquakes and tidal waves. The first British town here was established not at the inner end of the harbor where Kingston now lies, but at the very entrance to the bay. Here a long, narrow peninsula, scarcely more than a sand-bar, extends for eight miles along the main shore, forming a shelter to the harbor. At the end of this spit of land, almost completely surrounded by water, the English built Port Royal.

In the fierce struggle against the Spaniards, the Britons made little distinction as to the private character or nationality of any man who would aid them in battle, so buccaneers and pirates were fully welcomed in old Port Royal. At length the chief pirate of them all was appointed governor of Jamaica and was given an English title, as Sir Henry Morgan. He made a most successful governor, for he could do excellently the one thing which the English most desired at that time; he could control wild men and lead them to do tremendous fighting. Port Royal became noted as the most wicked, terrible, death-

WOMEN OF KINGSTON, JAMAICA © Ewing Galloway

Queen Victoria's statue stands at the entrance to the city park, a dominant figure. Its twisted position on its base was caused by the earthquake here.

haunted city of its time; yet it continued its wild life unchecked, until it was suddenly, completely, overwhelmed by an earthquake and tidal wave. The negro boatmen will still point out to us traces of the old walls quite clearly to be seen beneath the waters of the present bay.

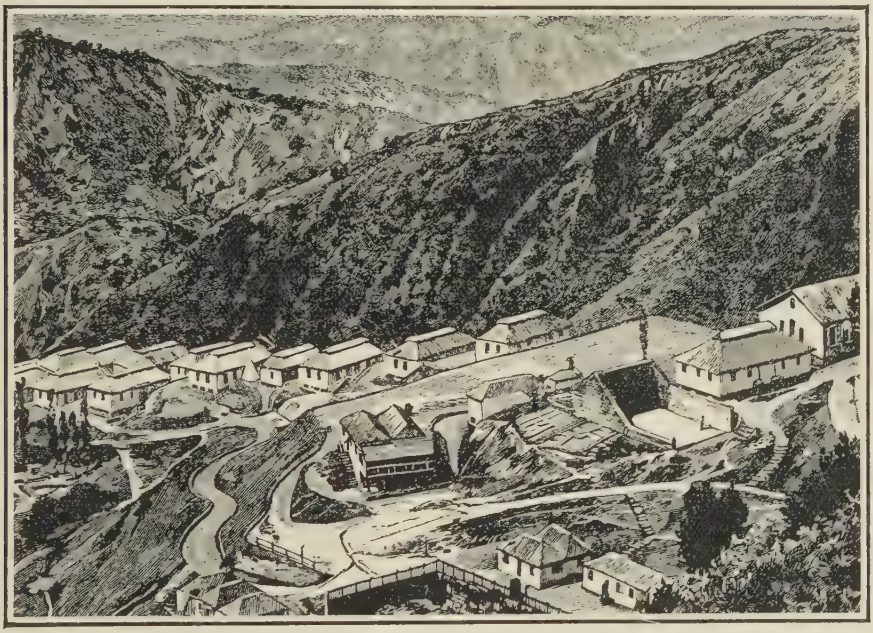
Awful descriptions indeed have been left us by eye-witnesses of that cataclysm! The earth yawned and caught men in its cracks, and then closed again crushing them or perhaps leaving only their heads helplessly exposed. Then it heaved their bodies forth again, while great waves swept over the tops of houses and tore men from the topmost branches of the trees in which they had sought refuge. The survivors of this catastrophe began the city of Kingston, but a second smaller Port Royal was built again upon the sandy point. This we shall see as our steamer enters the harbor, and we must come back to visit it again. It is today a charming summer town of pleasant sea-beach bungalows.

This modern Port Royal still retains the interesting old fortress called Fort Charles, which was built when Charles II was King of England. So solid is this structure, that it has resisted all the many lesser earthquakes which have shaken Port Royal since. Fort Charles was once commanded by the greatest of all English admirals, Lord Nelson; and the tower rooms wherein he dwelt are carefully preserved. So is the battlement, commonly known as "Nelson's Quarter-deck," on which he would tramp for hours to and fro.

The Kingston at which our ship lands is almost wholly a city of recent construction. One of the best known earthquake disasters of modern times occurred here in 1907. Fire followed after the quake; and the city was completely ruined, with a loss of five million dollars worth of property and over a thousand lives. Modern government buildings, churches, stores and hotels, have since risen from the ruins, so that today we once more find a modern city, fully equipped and containing fifty thousand people. Few visitors, however, care to stay in Kingston. They prefer rather to seek the hotels in the country districts around; for Kingston, outside of the yellow concrete buildings of its main streets is a city of hovels, poorly built negro shacks. That indeed brings us to the startling fact that confronts us, not only in Jamaica but in all the British Indies. These are becoming almost wholly negro countries.

The white planters of the old slavery days lived magnificently. They had a large confidence that the yearly returns from their sugar plantations would always keep them rich. When slavery was ended by law in

all the British colonies about a century ago, and the black man could no longer be forced to work, he almost entirely stopped all labor. Plantations went to ruin, and their masters with them. Since then the tendency of the whites has been to leave the islands. In most places their number has actually decreased; though in most parts of the world the century has shown enormous increases in the number of human beings. The blacks in their lazy freedom have vastly increased in number. They have also gained in power and influence. In Kingston at least they have reached a position of confident resentment against the



A JAMAICA SUMMER VILLAGE OVERLOOKING THE CARIBBEAN

white man's attitude of superiority. They will cringingly obey the wealthy person or high official who rolls through the town in an automobile; but the poorer whites who must use the tram-cars not only find the best seats taken by the negroes, but are subjected to a constant stream of verbal insult from black passengers. There is little sexual morality among the blacks here; perhaps the example set them has not always been good. So, when a Jamaican negro of either sex unlooses the Jamaican vocabulary to its fullest extent, no one of any sensibilities would care to be within hearing.

There is, of course, in all of these islands a considerable populace

of a mixed or mulatto character. In Jamaica these hold themselves quite apart from the negroes. Today there are probably half a million full negroes in Jamaica, nearly half a million "people of color," and perhaps fifteen thousand whites. The latter are mainly of the British government class, sent out as officials, and having no permanent interest in the island. Public schools have been established; but these do not begin to compare either in number or efficiency with the American schools in Porto Rico. Many people believe that the blacks are sinking back into barbarism; and that the future of the islands will be decided by a conflict between them and "the people of color," with the white man wholly ignored. Even the police of Kingston are negroes; and in their control of order there we can see quite plainly that they distinguish three classes—the rich whites, the poor whites, and the negroes. The poor whites receive the sharpest police treatment of the three.

The beauty of Jamaica lies in its country districts. These have all the tropic beauty of gorgeous trees and flowers. In several places the British government or private owners of the older days established botanical gardens, some of them as experimental stations, others as wonderlands of floral splendor. The automobile roads over much of the island are excellent; and railroads reaching out both ways from Kingston traverse it from end to end. Carriage driving still survives here as a sport, and the horses of Jamaica are noted for their strength and size. The frequent rains give the island plenty of water, so that among the mountains almost every mile brings us to another stream and another charming little water-fall. In fact the name of the island is but a modern form of the old Indian name, Xamayca, which meant the "land of springs and streams." The soil, however, is so porous that water quickly sinks into its deeps, as in others of the West Indian islands, and digs for itself caverns and underground courses to the sea. There are bathing places here where you will feel the sand constantly pushed up between your toes by the surge of water seeking exit underneath. Hence the lower plains of the island often lack water. A characteristic feature of the landscape is the slowly turning windmills, pumping up the vital fluid from some stream which has been located far underground.

There is one spring at Bath not far from Kingston which has been noted for centuries for its medicinal value. Here, in a deep and narrow gorge, the waters issue at several places from the base of the precipitous rock. These springs are hot, though not to the point of boiling, and

LOADING SHIP IN JAMAICA

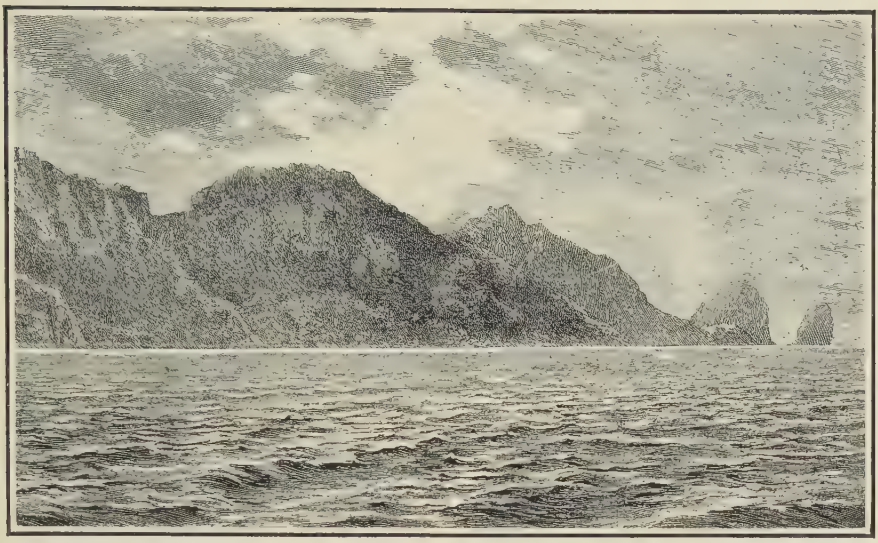
© Ewing Galloway

At Kingston, as in Japan, the work of ship loading is done by the women. The men boss the job in comfort.

each one contains slightly different minerals, some of them supposed to be specially valuable for rheumatism. Another such gorge, famed for its beauty, is Fern Gully. The ferns which mantle its steep sides are said by Jamaicans to be the richest and most varied on our continent.

Of other towns beside Kingston we shall want to visit at least Spanish Town and Montego Bay. Spanish Town was the capital in the early days before the British captured the island; and it was retained as the official capital until quite recently. It lies some ten miles inland from Kingston, having been placed there in the old days so as to be safer from a sea attack. It is a very pleasant little place today. It has a central square which few cities could surpass in attractiveness. One side of this is occupied by a huge and stately governor's house, erected a century ago to be the "noblest and best edifice" in America. Another side of the square is filled by a stately memorial to Admiral Rodney. This commemorates the great naval victory of 1782, which made the West Indies British instead of French, and saved Britain from feeling in Europe the full weight of her defeat in our American Revolution. The memorial is an extensive and graceful structure of colonnades with a central dome. The statue is quaintly fitted to the Roman taste of its day. The sturdy admiral has a hard and rugged British face; but the body is half naked like that of some antique hero, and the admiral has a loose Roman toga over his shoulders, and a flowing drapery about his waist that suggests the Highland kilts.

Montego Bay is the chief watering place and bathing resort on Jamaica's northern shore. It is surrounded by beautiful coral reefs and sea gardens. This seems to have been the chief Indian settlement of the pre-Columbus days, and many relics of the long vanished redmen are found in its vicinity. Not far from the town along the coast stands Rose Hall, one of the most typical of the surviving mansions from the old days of the planters' splendor. Rose Hall has been preserved chiefly by superstition, as no negro will go near the place. It is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of its former mistress, the wife of Sir John Palmer. She is said to have poisoned four husbands and to have treated her slaves with such brutal cruelty that at length they rose in madness and strangled her. The shadow of great crime has lingered for many years over this empty mansion, and it remains untenanted, though its stately massiveness still defies all the assaults of storm and time.



THE LAST HOME OF THE CARIBS, ON THE COAST OF DOMINICA

CHAPTER XXXIV—THE WEST INDIES

Britain's Lesser Antilles

The chain of the great West Indian islands which we have already visited is known as the Greater Antilles. These lie to the north of the Caribbean Sea and are separated by a narrow and dangerous strait, the Anegada Channel, from the Lesser Antilles, which we are now to visit. These Lesser Antilles form the eastern border of the Caribbean; they extend southward from Porto Rico and the Virgin Isles, until they reach the coast of South America. These lesser islands are small when compared with Cuba or with San Domingo. The ancient mountain range of which they are the peaks, has here sunk much deeper beneath the ocean, so that only its highest summits arise, sudden and abrupt, to make the isles of the Lesser Antilles.

There is a peculiar double row of these islands, each row having a sharply different appearance. The inner line, those nearer to the Caribbean, are sharply and menacingly volcanic, one of the most terrible eruptions of modern times having occurred on one of them, Martinique. The outer row, facing the Atlantic, are of coral and other aqueous rocks; they are flat and seem to have been raised above the sea by slow and natural gradations. Hence, amid these innumerable sun-kissed isles, each with its own wonderful climate and different vegetation, a wanderer may find whatever variety of dwelling-land will please him

best. We may pause, however, to take note that our own George Washington and his brother, after visiting this region as a health resort, went home to Virginia with the shrewd comment that a land which had no change of climate from season to season could never form an attractive abode. Here there is no winter and no spring. Except for the shifts between sun and storm, the season remains unchanging through a man's entire life-span.

Most of the Lesser Antilles belong to Britain, though there is an occasional Dutch island here, and some important French ones. Regular steamship lines will conduct us to the chief ports of the more settled isles; but many lesser ones are still unreachable, except to those who explore these regions in private steam yachts, or to those rough and ready voyagers who will take passage on some native sailing-boat. Let us proceed therefore in our own private yacht to follow the submerged mountain chain southward from the Virgin Isles, stopping at each attractive islet as we pass.

The Anegada Channel which separates the entire group from the Virgin Isles is in itself a dangerous passage. The hot waters of the Caribbean, which form the Gulf stream by their northward flow, seek eagerly for escape from their heated basin and come pouring out, through this and every other channel, with angry force. Anegada is bordered by shoals, especially by the far-reaching dangerous Horseshoe Shoal, which is said to have caused more wrecks in the old sailing days, than any other reef in all earth's seas. Abruptly, on the eastern edge of Anegada, there rises a great rock hundreds of feet in height. This, because of some fancied resemblance to a hat, was nicknamed by the old sailors Sombrero Island; it is the most northern of the Lesser Antilles. So far as known the barren heights of Sombrero are utterly uninhabited today; it is a mere worthless block in an otherwise valuable ship channel. Yet there was a time when Sombrero had quite a population engaged in shipping the guano, the valuable fertilizer, with which it was then covered.

Beyond the Sombrero come The Dogs, a pack of dangerous, rocky islets forever howling with the tumult of the waves, so that they are indeed well-named. Beyond these come islands more habitable, though they are so isolated that their tiny populations pass their entire lives with scarce ever a stranger in their midst. They develop odd peculiarities, strange ways of living. There is Montserrat for example, which was first settled by an Irish colony, so that though there is scarce a

ON THE SHORE OF ST. KITTS

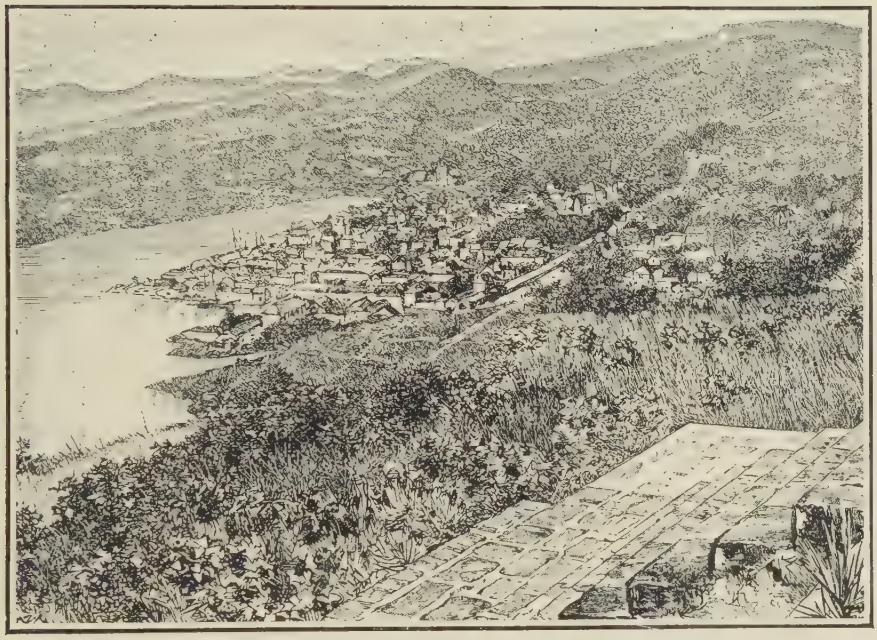
The island is so largely given over to negroes that their settlements fill every vista.

drop of white blood in its negro inhabitants of today, they all speak with a broad Irish brogue. There is St. Eustatius, a Dutch owned island whose people live in patient poverty today with nothing to export. Yet the "Eustatians" had once their brief moment of prominence. This happened in the time of our American Revolution, when the Dutch were the only neutrals in America, so that the little harbor of St. Eustatius became the center of an enormous trade in contraband goods. Its people were all rapidly becoming millionaires, until Admiral Rodney, the British conqueror of the West Indies, declared that they were all smugglers or pirates. With little regard for international law, he descended upon the Dutch island with his entire fleet, took possession of everything in sight, and then brought out the secreted wealth by holding a great auction, at which all the captured goods were sold to his own sailors or whoever else would buy. This auction is recorded as the largest one ever held; its sales reached into the millions of dollars. For a moment the whole world talked of the Eustatians.

At another nearby island, Saba, we must certainly land—if we can. It is one of the most remarkable in the group; for it has no landing place whatever. It is simply the rocky summit of an extinct volcano rising almost perpendicularly from the sea. It is a Dutch island inhabited by a small but prosperous colony of white folks of pure Dutch descent, though they speak now, as all these islanders do, in the English tongue. You land on Saba by jumping from a tossing boat onto a little shelf of rock; and then you rush hurriedly to start climbing "the Ladder," before the next wave can sweep you off. The Ladder is a terrifying foot-path, a narrow ledge clinging to the cliff while it mounts to a height of over a thousand feet. There at last you can take breath. You cross through a break in the crater walls, and you can then see, a goodly distance down the circular slope within, the stone cottages of the little Dutch town of Bottom. It is well named for its place in the bottom of the crater. Its hidden security explains why these Dutch have been able to survive here, when so many other colonies of whites were swept away by war or pirate raids. Each little home in Bottom has its own carefully cultivated flower and vegetable garden; but the men of Saba live mainly as fishermen and ship-builders. Every day therefore, they make the toilsome climb out of the crater and down the Ladder to the sea; and they lift their light boats each night upon their shoulders and carry them up to ledges above the reach of storm.

Beyond Saba and Eustatius we come to St. Kitts, or St. Christopher,

which is in some ways the most interesting of all these little gardens of the sea. For one thing, Columbus not only visited St. Kitts but gave it his own first name. He saw in its mountainous shape some fancied resemblance to the Saint Christopher or "Christ-bearer" of old legends. Moreover, St. Kitts is recognized as the mother isle, "la Mère des Antilles" of both France and England. Its fertility led to its being the first of the group to be settled; and it was then seized by one nation after another. Its capital even now retains its French name of Basseterre, though its British owners pronounce it Barster.



CASTRIES SEEN FROM THE OLD FORT ON THE MORNE FORTUNÉ

The St. Kitts of today has white governing officials, sent out to it from Britain; otherwise its native populace are practically all negroes. They are reputed to be the idlest as well as the most discontented of British negroes, a character explainable perhaps by their sufferings. The northern end of the isle is a high mountain known as Mount Misery, because from its steep sides the heavy storms which plague the island have come down in repeated floods. These destroy the crops and desolate the plains; and the discouraged people have become persistent and most insolent in demanding alms. On St. Kitts one is never out of reach of the whining cry "A penny, please." A white person who does

not, or cannot, satisfy these demands is shouted after, or treated with even grosser abuse.

Just south of St. Kitts lies its smaller companion isle of Nevis, which is chiefly interesting to most of us as the birthplace of our famous statesman, Alexander Hamilton. It is a smoothly circular mountain cone of an island, possessing now only a single little seaport, the Charlestown in which Hamilton was born in 1757. His father was a Scotch merchant and the site of his mansion is still pointed out, a few gray fragments of ruined walls. These lie in a terraced, flower-filled garden, on the sloping hill behind the town. British visitors are much more interested in seeing the ruins of Montpelier, the planter's mansion in which Nelson was married some thirty years later.

Beyond, we come presently to Dominica, an island of much romantic interest. Its topmost peak, Diablotin, is the culminating point of all the submerged mountains of the Lesser Antilles, rising over a mile above the sea. Dominica was the last of these isles to be settled; for its natives proved stronger in resisting white invasion than any other of the Indians. Some even survive now in semi-independence. These few Dominicans are thus the last of the warlike "Caribs," whom Columbus found in possession of all this region. The Caribs had conquered the other Indians by learning to be bold sailors of the sea which still retains their name. When Columbus first saw Dominica, a name which means Sunday and was given to the island because of its discovery on that day, the explorer found to his horror that the Caribs here were cannibals. They were also resolute fighters, who drove off his men and defied all the slave-hunters and pirates who came afterward. Not until two centuries later did a French colonizing expedition succeed in making a settlement on the island; and then the Britons promptly took it from them.

On the east or stormy shore of Dominica, the few remaining Caribs now dwell on a reservation guaranteed to them by the British government. They are a yellow skinned people, with eyes slightly slanting, as though they looked back to a Mongolian ancestry. They are straight and sturdy and high-spirited, and are still reputed to be the ablest boatmen in America. Today they have at least in part adopted the dress and the home-life of modern civilization; but they still chant among themselves a plaintive and unpleasantly suggestive little song:

"In olden times we were men, and ate our enemies;
"Now we are women, and only eat cassava cakes."

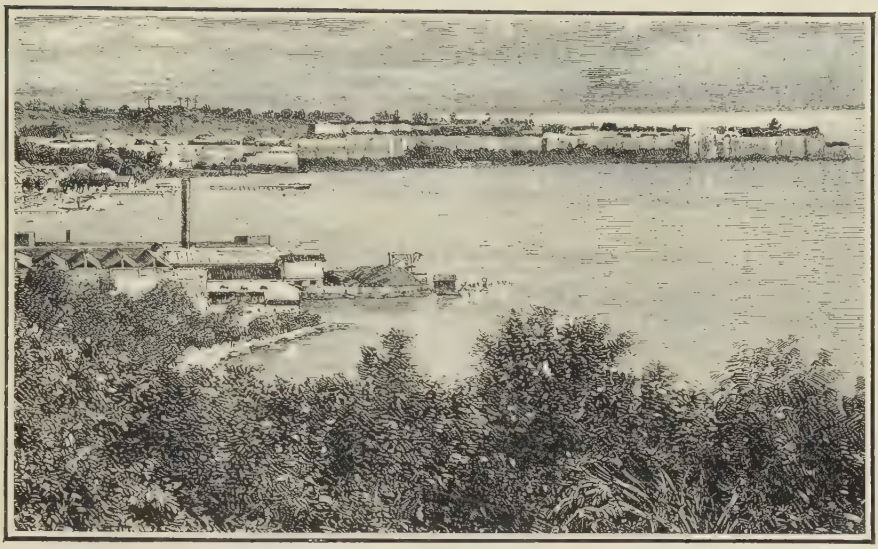
A WEST INDIES WEDDING PROCESSION © Ewing Galloway

In this typical scene from St. Eustatia, only the clergyman is of white race. The abler negroes form an aristocracy of their own.

Much of the interior of Dominica remains unknown and unexplored even today. It is the most mountainous of all the islands and perhaps the most beautiful. It is covered from the sea's edge to the crest of Diablotin with green of every varying shade. There are no cleared plantations; the mountains leap straight from the beaches. The only trade of the island is in lemons, and its capital, Roseau, is but a rambling negro town. A great gorge, opening behind Roseau and carrying the Roseau River gives a precarious mule-path by which one may climb to the interior. It is a wonderfully beautiful gorge; but as wildly lonesome as if its only inhabitants were the black and silent, raven-like birds who peep forth at us. They are called diablotins, which means little devils; and their name has been given to the chief mountain of the island because it too hides itself away amid inaccessible darkness. It seems to draw all the rain-clouds of the Indies and is said to receive three hundred inches of rain every year, while normal lands are well satisfied with fifty inches.

South of Dominica, the British possess several smaller islands, of which St. Lucia is the most picturesque and important. Indeed, the most striking natural picture in the West Indies is of St. Lucia's two sentinel rocks, the two Pitons. They are bare needle-like peaks which rise twenty-five hundred feet out of the water off the island's southern shore. St. Lucia was long regarded as the military key to all the Lesser Antilles; and its capital Castries has been more fought over than any other spot in the Indies. Just beside the town there rises a steep hill, the Morne Fortuné. This was fortified until it became the main defense of the island; and the many gallant assaults upon it by both French and English make one of the most tragically pathetic stories of the uselessness of war. The Morne Fortuné has had more heroes with less outside results, more bloodshed with less gain or even change of any sort, than any other hillock of its size.

All of these islands are now proving quite worthless to their governments; and our purchase of the Virgin Isles at an enormous price has caused much speculation among both French and British ministries as to whether we might not take a few more islands and a few more thousands of negroes off their hands at a similar profit.



FORT-DE-FRANCE, SHOWING THE OLD WALLS OF THE CITY

CHAPTER XXXV—THE WEST INDIES

Martinique and Guadeloupe

The close of the long struggle between the British and the French for possession of the West Indies left France the owner of the two largest, most populous, and apparently most profitable of the Lesser Antilles. These are Guadeloupe (gwahd loop′) and Martinique (mar tĭ nēk′). The latter is particularly well-known among both travelers and scholars; for its women are noted for their picturesque beauty, and its volcano, Pélé, has showed us the most terrifying and disastrous eruption of modern times.

These French islands are strikingly unlike the British Antilles, in that the French negroes are both contented and prosperous, and their islands are everywhere bright with color and gay with the childish merriment of their people. Our landing at the French capital, Fort de France on Martinique, plunges us into a veritable babel of noise and life and confusion. Swarms of the negro boatmen paddle furiously out to our steamer. They try to squirm and struggle their way through the descending crowd on the narrow ship's stairway, each one determined to reach us on deck and persuade us to entrust our lives and baggage to no one except his able and reliable self. The French temperament added to the negro excitability has produced here a people of such vehemence that every trifling act of life is carried through with the

passion of a major tragedy—also with something of its abandon. There is nothing unusual in seeing three or four trunks or hand-bags splashing in the water at the same time, where they have been dropped or thrown by porters too eager or too careless. If the things float they will be recovered, after another period of tremendous and confused excitement. If they sink, that is the last of them. "It is fate."

On the quay, we are met with French courtesy by the customs officials, usually negroes or mulattos, who almost refuse even to glance at our luggage, so assured are they of every gentleman's honesty. In the streets we find ourselves at once in a little Paris, though a dark-hued Paris where a fully white skin is seldom seen. The few upper class whites dress in severely correct Parisian costumes, the men wearing the stiff white helmet-shaped hats without which no Frenchman would consider life in the tropics possible. The men of color are more carelessly, often rather sketchily, dressed; but each one is adorned with the pointed moustaches—if he can possibly achieve them—and the narrow beard or imperial made famous by Napoleon III. That ruler of France is still a hero to the intensely patriotic folk of Martinique.

As for the women, they certainly justify their fame for picturesqueness. The island is alone among the Lesser Antilles in preserving in its present name a modernized form of its Indian title, which was Matinino, meaning the land of women. Columbus is said to have searched for this island specially for a considerable time, because of its feminine repute. The women dress with individual taste, using the brightest of colors, and the richest of modern fabrics that they can afford. They wear a peculiar, gay turban so twisted that one end thrusts itself up like a narrow feather, a single coquettish "ear," as it is called upon the island. In figure they are graceful and statuesque because of the national custom of carrying heavy burdens upon their heads; but their beauty of feature must be left to the judgment of the visitor. They are of every cast of countenance from the pure negro to the almost pure French.

Fort de France is in itself an attractive little city of perhaps thirty thousand people. It has Parisian street signs on its corners and Parisian advertisements of "chocolat" and wearing apparel, with dashing accompanying pictures, in every vacant space. It has Parisian cafés overflowing on all its main streets, and these have always customers engaged in eager argument. As for its houses, not content with a single color, these are often painted in varied tones, or even in criss-cross

THE BELOVED EMPRESS Courtesy of Thos. Cook & Son

Josephine, Empress of the First Napoleon, was born in Martinique. Her statute forms the center of a park

patterns of flaring hue. Above all this brightness, the great green mountains soar into the blue sky overhead.

Just beyond the center of the town, there lies a public park or "savanna" as it is here called. It is rather rough and unkempt; indeed the whole of Fort de France is a bit careless in personal habits and more than a bit unsanitary, and there have been visitors discourteous enough to call the "savanna" a foul dump-heap. In its center, however, there rises a statue which no one perhaps has ever looked on without sincere admiration and a sense of pathos. It is a well executed figure of Napoleon's empress, Josephine. She was born upon this island and is by far the best known figure in its history. Her father was a sugar-planter, whose home lay just across the harbor from Fort de France. The family mansion was destroyed by a hurricane during Josephine's childhood; but the ruins of the outhouse on the estate, in which she must have spent her childhood, are still pointed out to visitors. She married the son of the governor of the island and returned with him to France where, as a widow, she met Napoleon. She never revisited her native home, but she always spoke of it with deep affection; and her statue now stands looking across the bay yearningly toward her childhood's abode.

The prosperity of Fort de France is almost entirely of the present century. While it has long been the official capital of the French Antilles, it has more than once suffered almost complete destruction from the terrible hurricanes of this neighborhood; and it was quite wiped out by fire in 1890. The wealth and business of the island therefore concentrated in the rival city of St. Pierre, until the latter was in its turn destroyed by the terrific outbreak of Mont Pélé in 1902. Since then Fort de France has been the sole center of the island, and has profited largely by the wealth which the World War brought.

The good fortune of these islands at that time came from the fact that they had not abandoned their sugar plantations, as the British islands had at least partly done. The French had kept on better terms with their negroes; though a great slave uprising had compelled the granting of freedom nearly a century ago. There is very little real sense of color difference among the mass of blacks and mulattos here; and freed slaves continued working good-naturedly, if inefficiently, for their former masters. So sugar was still raised, though almost entirely for the making of rum, for which the islands are noted. During the World War sugar rose to fabulous prices. Rum making was temporarily

abandoned, for the mere planting of sugar cane in quantities; and the planters profited enormously.

Good motor roads extend all over the island, though even along its coastline the highways must justify their name by climbing steep and dizzy heights to reach from one little river valley to the next. Motoring here is an exciting sport; motor omnibuses are common, and every one who can afford it rides in one of them, not for the sake of getting somewhere but for the joy of the mad coasts down hill. At every stop upon the way an eager crowd clamors for place upon the bus; and

BASSE-TERRE, THE OFFICIAL CAPITAL OF GUADELOUPE

those who cannot be accommodated argue the matter vehemently with the driver. Argument is indeed the joy of life in the French Indies. The market place in Fort de France is a revelation to those who think they have heard excited bargaining in the cities of Europe or of the crowded East. Few purchases are completed here until buyer and seller have seemed on the point of throttling each other with hatred, and deserting each other in utter scorn, at least a dozen times.

We must of course visit the ruins of St. Pierre. We may go either by one of these mad automobiles, or by the little daily packet boat which is the sole survival of the once crowded shipping of the old

metropolis. The ruins lie on the west coast near the northern end of the island, some fifteen miles from Fort de France. In the year 1902, St. Pierre contained over forty thousand people, and was a wealthy city of handsome stone houses, the best built city of the Antilles. It prided itself on its Parisian reputation of being also their most wickedly alluring city. Behind it rose the slopes of a supposedly extinct volcano, the mountain of Pélé, some four thousand feet tall, and broad of base, filling the entire northern end of Martinique. There were many signs of volcanic activity throughout the Antilles in the spring of that year, and even forgotten old Pélé became active, smoking and rumbling, sending forth ashes and achieving a minor eruption which destroyed several plantations with a flow of hot mud from the placid lake which had long filled its crater. That, thought the people of St. Pierre, was the end of the danger; and they started to celebrate a holiday.

On the morning of that holiday, the whole side of Pélé, right above the town, suddenly blew out! A mighty whirlwind of flaming gases swept across the town and the shipping in its harbor. The flames roasted to death those whom the gases did not suffocate. Rocks and lava followed, but were scarcely needed to complete the deadly work of that first flaming outburst. St. Pierre and all its forty thousand people had ceased to exist. One steamer at the outer edge of the harbor was swept away with a few sufferers still alive amid her roasted crew; and one criminal was found alive, but dying, by rescuers days afterward. He had been shut deep in a cell so solid that everything but the nameless horror had passed him by.

Today a few of the people who had left St. Pierre before the catastrophe, have returned there. Little wooden shacks stand in the shelter of the remnants of old stone walls. A single wharf reaches out into the bay, and a single main street has been cleared through the mass of ruin; but most of the old St. Pierre has already been overrun by the swift-growing vegetation, and lies hidden and already forgotten. High on a hill, a little to one side, stands a tiny village which partly escaped disaster; and its village church rises untouched except for the badly bent and twisted cross on its spire. The preservation of this cross is pointed to as a miracle; but the great cathedral in St. Pierre was less kindly treated. It shows but a shattered wall and arch rising above the mass of ruin and jungle at its base.

Guadeloupe, which is the largest of all the Lesser Antilles, containing over six hundred square miles of land, and a crowded populace of

THE MARKET PLACE IN GUADELOUPE © Ewing Galloway

This scene from Pointe-a-Pitre is typical of the negroes under French control, their bustle and bright gayety.

over two hundred thousand people, is very similar to Martinique, though striking a note not quite so bright in life and color. It really consists oddly of two islands, separated by a narrow channel, the so-called Salt River, shallow and narrow but kept open by the swift run of the tides through its sandy length. A single bridge across it binds the two islands together. They belong, in fact, to the two widely differing rows of the Lesser Antilles, which at this one point come so close together as to touch. The eastern island is low and ocean built; the western is fire-built and wildly mountainous. The names of the two therefore strike newcomers as incongruous; for the lower and somewhat smaller isle is called Grande-terre or the main land, while the other, far more bulky isle is Basse-terre, the low land. To the inhabitants, however, Grande-terre is such because it is the cultivated, busy, populous part of their land, while the other, the lower or more southerly isle, is but partly inhabited. Its inner ravines, in fact, have never been thoroughly explored, and its scarce seen central mountain is called the Untouched Mountain.

Following the French custom, the two centers of life in Guadeloupe have been separated. Its official capital, Basse-terre, on the Isle of Basse-terre is but a minor town. It has a few well built official buildings, surrounded by a crowd of poor negro hovels. The motor buses which run from here to the much larger commercial city, Pointe-a-Pitre (pwant ă pētr′), on Grand-terre offer us a ride wilder and more picturesque than anything in Martinique, until we reach the bridge over Salt River and escape the cliffs and ravines of the one island for the peaceful plantations of the other.

Pointe-a-Pitre holds perhaps twenty thousand people. It is almost unvisited by tourists, so that a white person is something of a curiosity, to be stared at in the streets. Architecturally it is an ugly town, older than Fort de France, and built chiefly of stone covered with gray plaster. The shutters are of heavy wood recalling the old days of warfare when every house must be a fortress. There are two town-criers who go about to announce official news, one beating a drum to draw the crowd and the other then reading trifles from a formal looking sheet, as France used to do for her own illiterate populace three hundred years ago. Guadeloupe remains comfortable, languid and immoral, and her population increases rapidly. The heedless laughter of her people fills the evenings of our visit there with kindly pity, as the excited bargaining in her shops fills our daytime hours with amazement.

TRINIDAD'S LAKE OF ASPHALT

CHAPTER XXXVI—THE WEST INDIES

Barbados and Trinidad

Both Barbados and Trinidad are island colonies of Britain. Neither of them belongs strictly to the Antilles; for in both population and geographical character they are sharply separated from that group of submerged mountain peaks. Trinidad is so far to the southward of the other islands, that it is actually a section of the South American coast; while Barbados lies a hundred miles to the eastward of the other isles, alone in the Atlantic, the summit of a little separate table-land of its own, with deep waters all around.

Barbados (bar bā′dōz), one of the earliest English settlements in this region, has never changed hands among the nations, as all the rest of the West Indies have so frequently done. It has been British from the start, and hence it is overwhelmingly British today. It proudly calls itself "Little England," and boasts that it possesses almost the only British government in the world that has continued without radical change for over three hundred years. Barbados is only a small island, about twenty miles by twelve; but the peaceable character of its progress and the remarkable healthiness of its climate have so increased its population that it holds today nearly two hundred thousand people. It is thus more densely crowded than any other separate land.

The difference between Barbados and the other British islands we

have visited here, seems to spring mainly from the fact that the white settlers of Barbados have remained in residence and in control. The island is so small and so fertile that when the enforced emancipation of the black slaves came, all of the land was under cultivation and private ownership. The freed negroes had nowhere they could go to set up a little shack, and plant a few yams and bananas for themselves. Hence they remained as servants, dependent on their former masters. Even today they own scarcely any of the land, and must rent it from the wealthy whites. Under these conditions, the Barbados negro has really learned to work with considerable energy, to take care of himself, and to assume the responsibilities of his own existence. He is generally regarded as the ablest specimen of his race to be found anywhere outside of the United States. He neither fawns on the whites, nor does he treat them with insolence when he dares. He calls himself an Englishman, and has acquired much of the sturdy self-reliant independence of the race from whom he has learned his civilization. Nevertheless, Britain is beginning to face here a very serious problem, not quite of race but of labor. The Barbados black realizes how much he is held back by lack of land, and by the low wages which he receives from all-powerful "capital" on the island. Dissatisfaction increases, and the negro men of Barbados, despite their centuries of patriotism, are beginning to seek homes in other lands. There have even been fears expressed of a black uprising in this famous "Little England."

Bridgetown, the capital of the island, at which we land, is so called because between it and the body of the island there extends a very ancient bridge crossing a shallow stream or channel. There is little to hold our attention in the town itself, as it is almost wholly a trading and shipping center. Its open square contains the earliest monument erected to Lord Nelson, the popular hero of the British West Indies. Beyond Bridgetown, practically the entire island seems like a continuous settlement. Negro houses of much better grade than we have seen elsewhere line all the roads; and a recent traveller lamented that he had become actually afraid to put his foot down anywhere, lest he should find underneath it a wailing pickaninny.

The whites do not live in Bridgetown, but in their handsome mansions scattered over the island. A typical example of the splendor of these is furnished by the noted house called "Lord's Castle" on the southern coast some fourteen miles from Bridgetown. This mansion has now stood for years unoccupied and is open for inspection. It is

THE BRITISH CLUB IN BARBADOS

© Ewing Galloway

In Bridgetown, the Barbados' capital, the handsomest building is the club house owned by the few white residents.

a huge, square building with immensely thick stone walls, and with castle battlements upon its roof. It has four stately entrances, each approached by marble steps patterned in stones of black and white. Within, the great reception room and dining room are upheld by columns of polished mahogany. Large looking glasses cover the reception walls, and the ceilings are adorned in handsome plaster work, said to have been the work of an artist brought out among the criminals who, a century ago, were still transported from England.

The fame of Barbados as a health resort is to some extent at least dependent on its complete freedom from marshes or other insect breeding pools. The island is almost wholly of coral formation, and rain water sinks at once into the porous soil to be gathered in underground streams and reservoirs. From these, as in some of the other islands we have visited, the water is pumped up for use by means of wind-mills. The diary of George Washington gives us a most interesting picture of a visit which he made here in his youth. He came with his elder brother, who was seeking escape from lung disease, and who had heard of Barbados as the healthiest climate in the world. The elder brother did not find release from his trouble, but died from it shortly after; and George himself contracted the small-pox, from which he suffered miserably. Nevertheless, the brothers seem to have enjoyed their stay, finding a ready welcome into a social world of planters much like that which they had known in Virginia. In fact the list of names of the Barbados country families parallels with singular closeness the list of the chief Virginian settlers. The two colonies were sister lands indeed, except that this southern island was much the wealthier of the two, because of its sugar plantations. Young George frequently expressed his amazement and disapproval at the reckless abundance with which his new friends scattered around their money. Virginia folk were accustomed to a more cautious and considered expenditure.

When our ship carries us south from Barbados to Trinidad, we enter a wholly different world. Trinidad is an island which in size approaches almost to the Greater Antilles, containing nearly two thousand square miles of land. It is square in shape, somewhat like Porto Rico, but with two long peninsulas at the two extremes of its western coast. Both of these reach out far into the west and almost connect the island with the South American mainland, of which it must once have formed a part. The channels which now divide the island from the continent have been dug and deepened by the tides and the waters

of the great Orinoco River, which find their way into the Atlantic just south of Trinidad.

Having thus journeyed to within reach of the South American mainland, we have lost the splendid freshness of the sea winds which keep the Lesser Antilles forever fairly cool and healthful with their crisp, vigorous salt air. Trinidad is engulfed in fogs, and much of it is covered by marshes. No more rain falls here than in most of the Antilles, but there is a heavy mugginess which keeps us in a constant atmosphere of damp. Neither is Trinidad volcanic, in the same large

THE PARK IN THE SUBURBS OF PORT OF SPAIN

sense as are the sea islands. Is has its own little volcanic activities of mud geysers and its famous lake of pitch; but it is part of the ancient, solid, unchanging continent which it adjoins. Even its mountains are wholly unlike the jagged "new" peaks we have lately seen; the hills of Trinidad are rounded and low, worn down by the storms of many ages. Columbus, approaching the island from its southern coast, saw three of these hills, each scarce a thousand feet in height; and from them, with his usual preference for holy names, he called the island the Trinity, La Trinidad. It only escaped the common misery of its Spanish-American neighbor lands by being an island. Because

of this, it was seized by British ships and made into a British colony, a little over a century ago.

The capital of this last acquired of the British Indies is still called Port of Spain; but it is a wholly modern British city. Like others of these heedlessly built wooden towns, it has been swept by fire so frequently that even its streets are of recent arrangement and construction. It lies on the western coast of the island, on the shores of that enclosed Gulf of Paria which is shut in between Trinidad and the mainland of Venezuela. The southern entrance to this gulf was called by the early navigators, the Serpent's Mouth, because it is a single broad, smooth passage into which Columbus and later shipmen were lured and carried forward by the swift flowing waters from the Orinoco. But the northern straits, by which ships must find exit from the gulf to the Caribbean, are narrow and dangerous, blocked by many islands. Hence these passages, into whose perils the smoothly flowing Serpent's Mouth had led the ships, were called the Dragon's Mouths. Our steamer with its powerful engines and its well-marked charts, has no fear whatever of the once dreaded Dragon's Jaws, but threads their waters easily to enter the Gulf of Paria and anchor off Port of Spain.

The recently remodelled city has a populace of at least fifty thousand, and expects to be the future metropolis of the Orinoco valley, when once the wealth of that vast region is developed. Already the island of Trinidad holds nearly half a million people, and these are a wide conglomerate of races, gathered to the spot from many regions. The Britishers of a century ago sought to plant the island with sugar cane, and brought negroes to their plantations. The growing of the cocoa tree has, however, proved more profitable than sugar; and a new class of labor was thus introduced. Hindoos were brought to the islands in such numbers that they now form as large a percentage of the populace as do the blacks. The Chinese were also welcomed, and they have multiplied and to some extent united with the other races. They still retain, however, their separate districts, as do the Hindoos. Then came the development of the asphalt lake and the oil wells, requiring American and British mechanics and engineers.

The native Indians of Trinidad seem to have been largely, if not wholly, exterminated; but every year a few Indians cross from the mainland in their canoes to gather for themselves some of the forest products, thus adding another element to the medley of races. Venezuela and the other South American states supply a contingent of

THE INDIANS ON TRINIDAD

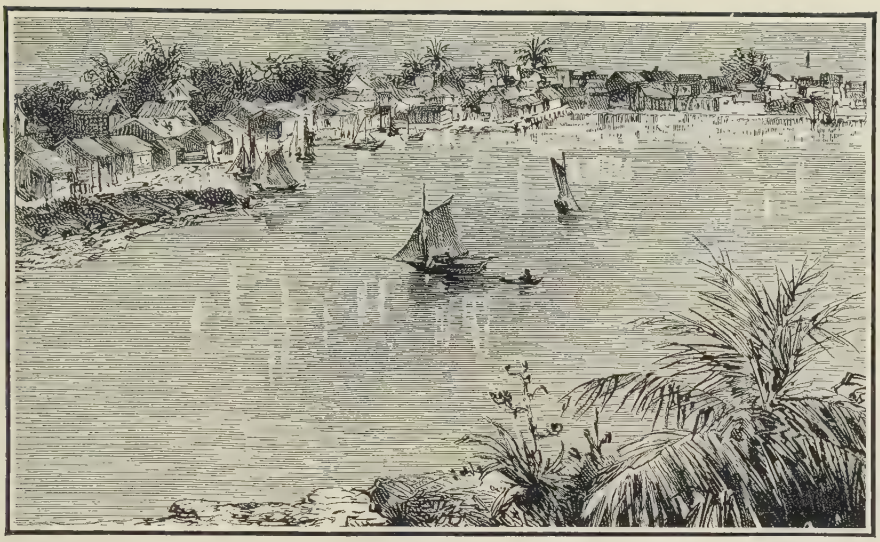
Indians from the mainland cross every year to Trinidad, gather some of its forest products, and return in their canoes.

fleeing revolutionists, so that on every block of Port of Spain you will see shops with the names and wares of many races, ranged side by side in friendly intimacy. You can visit a row of inns offering food and entertainment that shall be Spanish or Chinese or Hindu or American or British, as you will.

It is interesting indeed to watch this medley of population in the great park which lies behind the city, as the seat of its sports. There is a race-track here, and everybody goes to the races. There are also ample fields for cricket and for base-ball and a dozen other games. In each of these the young men take part, not according to their actual kinship—for already there is such a mingling of blood here that few of the later generation trace back to a single line of ancestry—but according to the nation which each elects to admire and imitate.

Beyond Port of Spain the railroad will take us to one town after another, each belonging to a different people and displaying the architecture of their home-lands. We could wander for weeks in Trinidad among strange and interesting scenes. Chiefly, however, we shall wish to visit the world-known natural wonder of the Lake of Asphalt. This lies close to the coast along the southern shore of the Gulf of Paria. Its little port is called La Brie. When we land here, a few minutes uphill walk brings us to the lake, which occupies a crater and is about a hundred acres in extent.

This lake is filled with pitch, and somewhere far underneath there is just enough heat and pressure to keep the pitch always in a semi-liquid state. The surface is fairly hard; we can walk upon it with safety. Little islands of earth sometimes accumulate upon it, from wind-blown dust. These grow bushes and even trees, until the weight becomes too heavy, and the pitch gives way underneath and engulfs them. Later, perhaps years later, a trunk of one of these trees will rise to the surface again, absolutely bare and worn smooth by the constant pressure underneath. These naked stakes are forced up perpendicularly and rise like a pointing hand that reaches despairingly toward Heaven. Because of the constant absorption of foreign matter, the pitch of the lake is by no means pure, and is not rated high among commercial asphalts, yet it yields profits of about a million dollars every year. The tax paid from it to the government makes Trinidad one of those rare and very comfortable lands to dwell in, a country which supports itself.



HOPETOWN, AN OLD AMERICAN LOYALIST SETTLEMENT IN THE BAHAMAS

CHAPTER XXXVII—ISLES OF THE OUTER ATLANTIC

The Bahamas and Bermuda

Beyond the West Indies, and sometimes far out beyond any continent, there are other isles of the Atlantic, lone mountain summits rising from great deeps of sea, peaks perhaps of that legendary island of Atlantis supposed to have been engulfed by the Atlantic in some vast ancient cataclysm. Of such separate islands the nearest to the West Indies are the Bahamas and Bermuda, which also constitute colonies of Britain's wide-spread island empire.

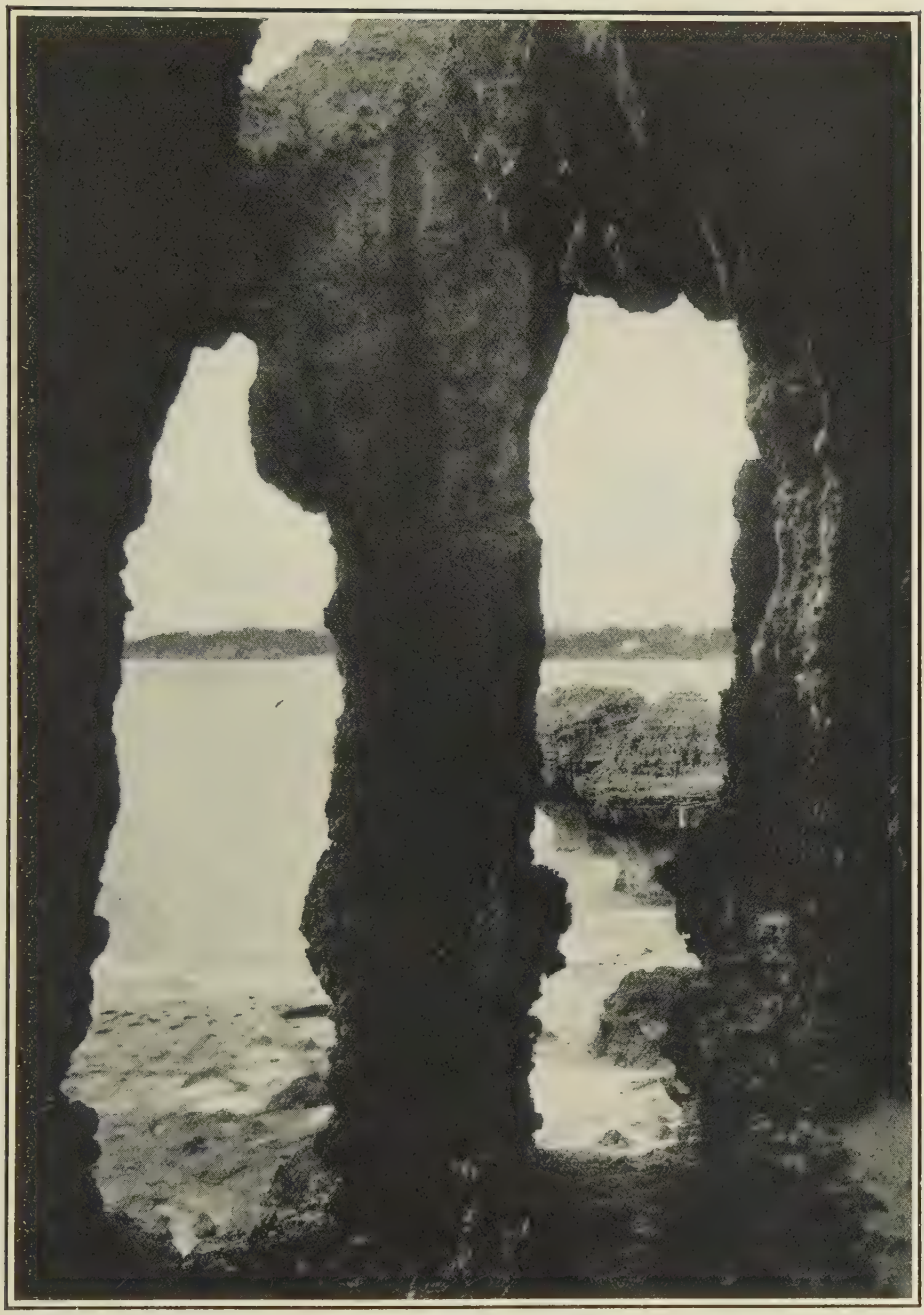
The Bahamas lie off our Florida coast, so close to the ridge of Cuba and the other Greater Antilles that they seem part of the same system. Yet the Bahamas are separated from the West Indies group by an ocean abyss which is miles in depth. They form in fact a separate mountain ridge parallel to that of Cuba and equalling it in extent, only that the Bahama ridge in some ancient convulsion sank completely beneath the sea, leaving not a single summit to form an island. This long and narrow ridge was then built upon by coral insects until, in the course of ages, the coral reefs rose above the sea and formed this mass of low-lying islands. There are thousands of them, low coral keys, some drowned anew by each high tide, others built up high by storm-tossed coral which changed at last to limestone rock and soil. One such accumulated hill rises over three hundred feet, but usually

a height of even a hundred feet is here so rare as to form a noted headland. Directly north of this eight-hundred-mile-long shoal, with its marshy reefs and sand-bars and wide-spread sounds of shallow water, the mountain ridge from which the whole reef has grown plunges down more abruptly into ocean deeps than in any other known spot. The angle of descent is often steeper than 45°. Three miles off some of the northern keys, the Atlantic is three miles deep.

We shall find these little islands attractive indeed at first view. Their sandy beaches are lined with graceful palm trees, and the larger isles sometimes carry extensive woodlands of all sorts of varied trees and charming flowers. There was little however, to attract here the early colonists who could elsewhere find land so much more fertile, more extensive, and more varied. Columbus first sighted American land on one of these Bahama Islands, which had then a seemingly extensive population of a gentle Indian people called the Arawaks. These apparently knew nothing whatever of warfare; they had no weapons, and lived chiefly on food gathered from the waters. These harmless, happy folk were all carried away by the Spaniards as slaves, and the islands were empty of human life for a century or more. Then they were occupied by pirates.

Not until after our American Revolution was there any genuine attempt to colonize this region. It was then occupied by thousands of the loyalists, who fled from our southern states. With British governmental support, they set up a Bahama colony of their own, which has ever since been allowed almost complete independence, and has remained intensely and loyally British. Many of the colonists brought with them their negro slaves, and even after slavery was abolished in all British dominions, a considerable number of Africans were added to the Bahama populace by the fact that the British Navy used this as a landing place for negroes who were rescued from the slave ships of other nations, but could not be returned to their unknown African homes. Hence a large number of the Bahama negroes are of much more recent African descent than those in other American lands; and they still retain peculiar customs of their own.

We shall find much to interest us among the Bahamas. We may visit Hopetown which lies on Andras Island, the largest of the group. Hopetown has a white populace descended wholly from the American loyalists, who long excluded all strangers and intermarried only among themselves. They have kept to old colonial customs to a remarkable



CATHEDRAL ROCKS © Ewing Galloway

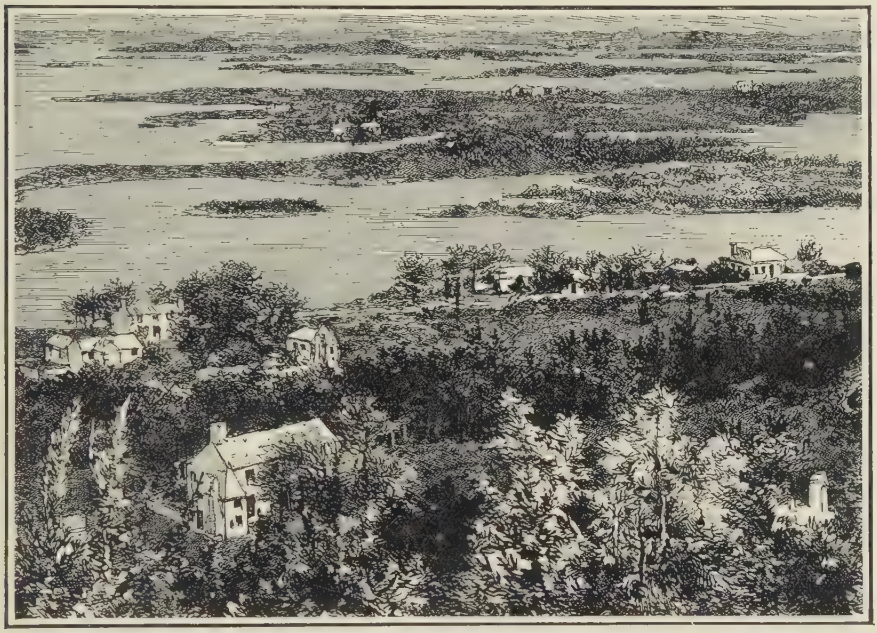
At the western end of Bermuda the soft rock has been so worn away by the waves as to cause pillared openings into little caves.

degree. Or we may visit Eleuthera Island which faces directly on that great northern ocean slope, and receives all the winds and waves of the north Atlantic, though these are so tempered here, that Eleuthera grows great fields of some of the finest pineapples that ever reach a market.

We must visit Watling Island also, which has its name from a ferocious old pirate who once made it his headquarters, but which has now been selected by historians as the probable San Salvador, the first of all the islands on which Columbus landed, and which in gratitude he named for the Holy Saviour. There has been much argument as to which of these long empty isles best fits with the narrative left us by Columbus. A monument now erected on the ocean side of Watling's Island claims for it this distinction; but other islands have also their "landing places" and other carefully marked sites. None of these islands are thickly peopled. Watling's Island or San Salvador, holds only about six hundred people, who are said to breed excellent cattle. The total populace of the entire Bahama bank is less than a hundred thousand. Nearly a third of these are gathered on the principal island, New Providence, which contains the highest land of them all, and therefore seemed to early settlers the safest place to live in this wind and wave-swept world.

The New Providence city of Nassau is the capital and chief port of the Bahamas. As we approach it by steamer, a low coral island, scarcely more than a reef, intervenes and thus forms shelter which gives Nassau all the harbor it possesses. Hurricanes from the north have here dashed many a ship high upon the shore. For a great steamer, however, the partly sheltered harbor is perfectly safe. We can approach close to the shore, and look beyond the wharf street to the low but attractive houses, which rise one beyond the other to the hill summit nearly a hundred feet above us. Three times in the course of its changing history has Nassau been a rich and bustling port, with long years of lazy idleness between. Her first wealth came in the old pirate days; her second during our War of Secession, when the blockade runners stealing in and out of southern ports brought here many thousand tons of cotton to be transshipped to England's starving cotton mills. Nassau's third period of activity arose with the passage of our Prohibition Law and the vast resulting profits of successful "rum running." This has brought to Nassau large numbers of lawless characters whose presence is deeply resented by all the older citizens who do not profit from their trade.

If we come to the Bahamas with letters of introduction to any of the older settlers, we shall be received with the generous hospitality which has always been traditional here. Probably, the white settlers originally outnumbered the negroes; but the larger number of births among the latter has resulted in making them today at least four-fifths of the population. The whites, however, remain a governing aristocracy, in complete political and financial control. We shall find here no negro officials such as we met in the West Indies, and none of the anxiety there expressed as to how the negroes will vote. They remain here a



VIEW IN HAMILTON HARBOR, SHOWING THE MASSES OF TINY ISLANDS

completely subordinate race, voting as they are told. Neither do they seem discontented with their fairly comfortable lot, though an ambitious negro often leaves the islands. Perhaps their nearness to the African life impresses on them more sharply all that they have escaped. They still retain among themselves many African customs, even recognizing a division into four distinct nations or tribes according to their old African homelands. Each of these tribes elects for itself a negress queen who, while not officially recognized by the white government, holds a large influence over her people.

These negroes have naturally become expert boatmen. Except

for the recent activities of Nassau, the chief occupation of the poorer islanders has been sponge fishing. This is done by small boats with a negro crew, financed by a white merchant and often under a white captain. The sponge boat goes off for weeks among the vast unoccupied shallows, with the men looking down into the crystal-clear waters in search of the sponges which grow among the coral. These underwater scenes are of exquisite beauty, and bring endless exclamations of delight from the tourists who still visit Nassau.

Bermuda is a much smaller model of the Bahamas, a group of coral islands raised upon a solitary mountain summit in the midst of deeper waters. The Bermuda group, however, rises strangely isolated in mid ocean, seven hundred miles south of New York, seven hundred miles east of Carolina and seven hundred north of the Bahamas. Far north though it lies, it remains a distinctly sub-tropic land because of the warm Gulf Stream which encloses it and keeps away the colder winds and icy waters of the North. Hence to Americans in the northeastern United States, Bermuda is the nearest foreign summerland that can be reached in winter. Its distance by swift steamer from New York is scarcely over forty hours. Because of this, the main industry of Bermuda is the taking care of American tourists.

The entire land surface of Bermuda covers a space of not more than twenty miles by ten, and this is broken up into a group of small islands, the chief of which lends its name to them all. These islands, like Barbados, have been under British rule ever since their first settlement, which took place but a few years after that of Virginia. One of the Virginia ships was wrecked upon the islands, and its sailors brought home such enthusiastic tales of the beautiful, empty isle that Shakespeare caught from them, at least in part, the inspiration for his beautiful island drama of "The Tempest."

The first settlement on Bermuda was made in a harbor at its northeastern end, the scene of that original wreck. Here a little city grew up, St. George, which still holds the distinction of being the oldest, as it is perhaps the most charming, spot upon Bermuda. The quaint little park in its center displays the grave and monument of its first governor, the commander of that wrecked ship. Here, too, a tiny old colonial church displays with pride the silver communion service presented to it by a British queen more than two centuries ago.

The main modern activities of the islands, however, are gathered in the capital town of Hamilton near their other extremity. It is to the

A BERMUDA LAGOON

The inner channels of the ocean that thread Bermuda offer many scenes of peaceful waters and homes built of the coral rock.

port of Hamilton that a visiting ship will bring us. We enter through a narrow channel, scarcely wide enough to admit the passage of our ship. We steam up a beautiful island-covered bay, past little white houses built of the coral rock, and dozens of larger buildings which are hotels of every varying degree of style and expense. At the depth of the harbor we see Hamilton rising cosily amid a mass of shade trees and flowers. The most elaborate hotels of all line the summit of its hilltop. Hamilton is so essentially a tourist town that there is practically nothing to it but American shops and hotels.

The native population of the islands does not exceed twenty thousand; and though slavery was never profitable so far north, and few slaves were ever brought to these islands, the natural increase among the negroes has resulted in their being today more numerous than the whites. The old Bermuda settlers lived in much comfort, but with no possible source of wealth, until the coming of the American tourist, which began more than half a century ago. Moreover, the profits from their trade have been absorbed mainly by professional hotel men from England or other lands and have done little for the upper class natives, except to relieve them from taxation. There is still a small, exclusive Bermudian aristocracy, a set which welcomes and visits with the governing officials from Britain, and which is very chary of admitting strangers; but outside of these the islands are wholly given over to the winter visitors from the States.

No automobiles are admitted in Bermuda, perhaps because an automobile would so swiftly traverse the entire length of the land, and might shoot off at either end. The result is that the islands still retain a quiet, old-world charm, of stately carriages driven by pompous negro coachmen, that makes it unique. The central islands have risen somewhat higher above the sea than the Bahamas, so that the Bermuda shores are lined by limestone cliffs with wandering caves within, and jagged coral rocks outside. Amid these the waves rush and break in wild, endless beauty. Bermuda has also, like the Bahamas, its sea-gardens, into which tourists look from glass-bottomed boats which reveal all the varied wealth of undersea life. The vegetation of the isles cannot compare in luxuriance to that of the true tropics, but an occasional palm is seen, and the determined effort of the islanders has covered their land with beautiful flowers, especially with the oleander hedges, the beauty and the fragrance of which have done their part to make Bermuda famous.

THE LONESOME PEAKS OF TRISTAN DA CUNHA

CHAPTER XXXVIII—ISLES OF THE OUTER ATLANTIC

From St. Helena to Greenland

Of outer islands of the Atlantic still more detached from any continent than is Bermuda, the most noted are Tristan da Cunha in the far south, St. Helena and Ascension just south of the Equator, and Iceland and Greenland in the far north. Ascension stands almost in the exact center of the Atlantic. It is, like St. Helena, a volcanic peak. Both of these islands rise abruptly from a long submarine volcanic ridge which divides the Atlantic into a northern and a southern basin.

Ascension is a mere mountain dot upon the sea, reaching nearly three thousand feet above the water and having a diameter of only about seven miles at the water's edge. It belongs, as does the more southern St. Helena, to Britain, and is used by the British navy as a coaling station. Until it thus came into use about a century ago, it was an utterly barren rock. The members of its British garrison have, however, planted and cultivated it; and as its climate parallels that of the West Indies, it has blossomed into a mass of verdure which now clothes it delightfully from sea to summit. This gives shade and coolness to the rock, which otherwise would be sometimes quite intolerably hot. The isolated position of Ascension so near the equator has led to its being repeatedly used for astronomic expeditions sent to observe some unusual heavenly phenomenon.

St. Helena (hĕl ē′nă), a similar isolated dot in the South Atlantic, is famous as the island on which Napoleon was imprisoned by the British from 1815 until his death six years later. Before the Suez Canal was opened, we could have visited this island by means of many ships; for it lay on the long route around Africa to India, and was a regular British landing on the way. Now, however, both its importance and its populace are sadly shrunk. There remains only a small but exciting trade with the ships which "pass," that is which do not make a landing, but which slacken speed for a moment to greet the shore-boats which have come out to meet them. The boatmen cling skilfully to the side of the still moving ship, and are thus enabled to sell a few fresh vegetables to the ocean voyagers.

St. Helena is a peculiarly rugged isle of deep cut ravines. We shall find difficulty even in landing on the coast; for there is no good harbor, and in most places the cliffs rise abruptly from the sea to six hundred, or on one shore to two thousand, feet. The little capital, Jamestown, can scarce hold a place upon the mountainside. Yet some visitors persist in coming here, despite all difficulties, so as to do homage at the last home of Napoleon and at the simple tomb in which his body was laid until it was removed to its present gorgeous mausoleum in Paris. His home was but a quiet farmhouse at Longwood, some three miles outside of Jamestown, where he was strictly guarded to prevent a rescue. Even now the complete isolation of the farm upon its rocky hill-slope, the hopelessness of any escape from it, strikes us with a shudder. A few relics of Napoleon's quiet domestic sojourn are still preserved at Longwood; but the general ultra-British attitude of the islanders is one of indifference to this mighty figure that once dwelt among them.

Far to the south of these two islands lies the even smaller and tinier Tristan da Cunha, a group of close gathered islets which have attained a shadow of repute as being "the last place on earth," because they are so utterly remote from all other human life and so difficult of access. The chief peak of these volcanic isles rises over seven thousand feet; but few human eyes have ever beheld it, for the islands are over a thousand miles from any other land or any steamer-route. They lie in about the same south latitude as Africa's Cape of Good Hope; so they know some cold weather and are subject to tremendous hurricanes. They were uninhabited until Napoleon was imprisoned on St. Helena; then Britain placed a garrison here to prevent its being used as a base from which to plan a forcible rescue.

THE GREENLAND SETTLEMENT OF GODHAVN

Godhavn is the chief settlement of the missionaries in Greenland. It flies the Danish flag.

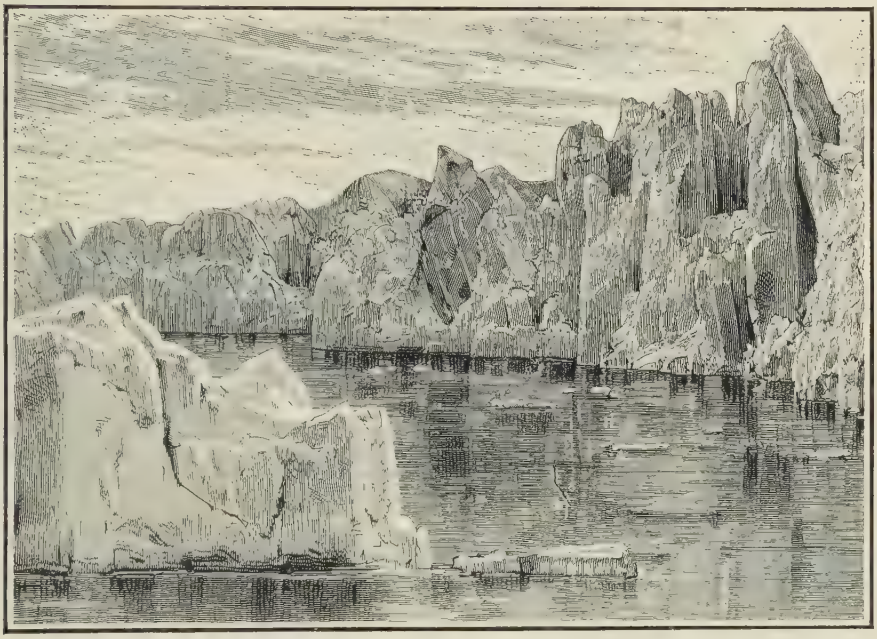
After Napoleon's death Britain abandoned the bleak and empty isles; but one corporal of the garrison, William Glass, elected to remain. A few whaling sailors joined him and a boatload of African women gave them wives. Ships visited their island only at rare intervals; and to the later generations, who were born there, both money and books became unknown except as names. The bare islands could never support more than about a hundred people, who must live mainly upon fish and potatoes. More than once the paternal British government has removed the surplus population, but the people go unwillingly. They are very shy, and they cling to their island home. Some fifty years ago all of the grown men of the island but one were drowned in a great wind while out fishing together, so that for a time the island held only women and children; but of late years it is reported to be overpeopled again.

Life on Tristan da Cunha is probably the simplest to be found anywhere on earth. Corporal Glass was a religious man who taught his people a very devout Christianity. There is no warfare among them and scarcely any trace of crime. They share everything in common. They have not even a form of government. Occasionally they have chosen a leader from among themselves; but there has been nothing for him to command, and so his leadership has been soon forgotten. This southmost spot in the Atlantic has known grim poverty; but it has also known warm comradeship and contented peace.

Of the two great northern islands of the Atlantic, Iceland is usually regarded as part of Europe, and Greenland as part of America. Strictly speaking, however, they are both ocean lands, standing fairly close together and separated from the two continents by sea spaces that are deep and wide. Both islands belong nominally to Denmark; but that country's interest in Greenland is as slight as her interest in Iceland is strong. Iceland is a prosperous, populous, and well-paying province. Greenland is, and apparently will be for many centuries, an empty waste.

Iceland is an island as large as one of our smaller states, extending some three hundred miles by two hundred. Its northern point touches the Arctic Circle, but the fairly warm ocean around it prevents it from growing utterly cold. It is, besides, a fire land, where whole ranges of volcanoes exist, including the mighty Hekla. Hekla has broken out at almost regular intervals in a long series of eruptions, of which more than twenty have been recorded in recent centuries. Even more regular are the geyser explosions. The earliest know geysers of the world exist in Iceland; in fact the word is of the Icelandic tongue and is the name

there given to the land's chief geyser. This, The Geyser, shoots a column of steaming water over a hundred feet into the air, at regular intervals of a few hours. None of the Iceland geysers, however, are as large or impressive as those afterward discovered in our own western States, especially in the Yellowstone Park. Boiling springs with medicinal values are also a feature of Icelandic life. The people use the less-heated ones for washing, and the warmer ones for cooking, though some are far too hot for us to venture near, bursting forth in geyser jets of super-heated steam.



A GLACIER OF THE WEST GREENLAND COAST

There are perhaps a hundred thousand people dwelling in Iceland, and they have regular steamer communication with both Denmark and Britain. By these steamers we can reach their capital Reykjavik, though this is but a little town of some three thousand people. The mass of the Icelanders are farmers, living on their own broad acres. They are an intelligent and highly civilized people who will welcome us gladly, as visitors are here few indeed. Iceland has not many schools, the farms being so widely scattered that it is difficult to gather the children; but each isolated family takes charge of its own young folk and teaches them to read and write, and usually to speak at least one

language beside their own Icelandic. These cultured people have seriously discussed the wisdom of leaving their frozen and inhospitable land and migrating in a body to America.

This isolation of the farms is caused by the fact that most of the island is quite uninhabitable. It consists of huge volcanic rocks and wild snow-covered mountains. Only in the few narrow valleys which bring the rivers down to the ocean is there sufficient soil and warmth to make farming possible. Even in these valleys the fields produce chiefly a coarse grass only suitable for raising live-stock. Iceland lives largely on her sheep, and exports these to Europe; but she also raises cows which give an unusually large amount of milk, and sturdy little shaggy ponies of an almost human wisdom and a child-like friendliness. Fishing is as profitable as stock-raising; the seas are filled with cod and herring, and even bring occasional seals and whales. The rocks are covered with sea-birds, especially the eider-duck, noted for its soft, feathery down.

Thus anyone who is willing to work hard may always be sure of a living in Iceland. The people are of ancient Norwegian stock, strong and tall and blond, and given to bursting forth into some chant from their old songs, which they highly prize. They are in fact a highly literary folk. Their sagas are among the earliest preserved in Europe, and they have novelists today who are world-known.

Greenland, though it extends considerably farther south than Iceland, is caught amid icy Arctic sea-currents, so that even its southern extremity is almost unendurably cold. Its northern end reaches nearer to the North Pole than any other known spot of earth; and the high mountain interior of the island between these two extremes is generally regarded as the coldest place on earth. Temperatures are said to have been observed there as low as 90° below zero. The great island almost rivals the scarce known continent of Antarctica in size, and also in complete emptiness of life. Southern Greenland does, however, supply homes for perhaps five thousand Esquimos; and in its few brief weeks of summer the snow melts from some patches of its shores. We may even find in July a few poppies and other hardy flowers springing up, the more beautiful for their unexpectedness. A few trees also exist upon the southern coast, though none of them rise to any considerable height. The willows, for instance, have here become stunted to mere dwarf trees, only three feet tall; and the chief product of the land is the moss on which reindeer feed.

THE MONARCH OF THE NORTH

As human life flees from the cold, animal life takes the mastery. The polar bear is an adept at catching seals and fish.

Greenland was once colonized by the Norsemen, but they abandoned it. Then, some two centuries ago, Denmark claimed the island and sent out missionaries, who Christianized most of the natives. A few Danish traders followed, and there is today a Danish commandant of the island with a tiny official capital at Julianes Haab. Thus a few half-civilized little villages exist at the extreme southern tip of the island. Its eastern coast is so solidly frozen as to be absolutely lifeless. The western coast is not quite so icebound; and the missionaries long since pushed their way north along this shore. Here they have their churches set amid a few Esquimo homes. At Godhavn, which is well above the Arctic Circle, there is a printing press which prints a newspaper for all the settlements; though some may not receive it until months after its issue. The most northern Danish mission post of all is at Upernavik in the high Arctic latitude of 73°. The little wooden church of Upernavik is the most northern permanent outpost of man's civilization. Our polar explorers have sometimes found bands of wandering Esquimos much farther north. Etah, a semi-permanent village or "family" of them, was located for years close to the eightieth degree of latitude, along the route by which our explorers finally reached the pole.

Except for these few fragments of people whom we meet clinging to Greenland's southern and western shores, it is an utterly empty land. It is covered by snows which must be many centuries old, and which have a thickness of several hundred feet. Their vast sheet completely obliterates whatever natural hills or valleys the land may have, and makes its surface appear but a single slightly undulating sheet of glittering ice, several thousand feet in height. From this vast ice reservoir come all the icebergs of our northern seas. Other lands tell of glaciers high amid their mountains; but Greenland is practically one entire glacier. The enormous weight of the central cap presses the ice outward toward the sea on every side. The shores are often high cliffs of rock; but down each valley between these, the ice moves in a stately glacial river. The largest known of these glaciers is the Humboldt, far up toward the north. It has a frontage of eighty miles and a height of three hundred feet; and though the advance of its ice is slow, the amount of water which its bergs deliver annually to the ocean equals that of some of earth's largest rivers. Greenland is in short a frozen land of slow movement, vast distances and little life.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN NEAR THE MAGNETIC POLE

CHAPTER XXXIX—THE NORTH POLE

The Lands Farthest North

Greenland and the lesser islands connected with it on the North are the lands nearest to the North Pole. West of Greenland a series of deep ocean channels separate this almost continental island from the wide-spread cluster of similar but smaller isles which fill the seas to the north of our own American continent. These American islands all belong to Britain. The ocean space which separates them from Greenland grows ever narrower as we advance into the north, until at last, far beyond the highest settlements of the Esquimos upon the Greenland coast, a mere narrow strait, the Robeson Channel, separates the two groups of land. It was by way of this channel that in 1909 the American explorer, Commander Robert Peary, was the first to reach to the region of the North Pole.

Beyond Robeson Channel, Peary and his ship-mates came to the borders of what explorers have called the Paleocrystal Sea. This is another name for the Arctic Ocean, or rather for that portion of it which is forever covered with ice and snow. North of Greenland and of Grant Land, the British island on the other side of Robeson Channel, this ice-covered sea extends for four hundred miles, until it reaches the Pole. The ice upon this sea is forever drifting, swept along by the waters underneath. Sometimes the ice sheets crack apart, and long gaps

or lanes of open water widen between them. Again the floes come slowly together, driven by the wind to meet and consolidate; or perhaps they are driven suddenly one upon another, and are piled up into great ridges with a frightful smashing and crashing and jamming of huge icy blocks. In many places along the edges of the Paleocrystal Sea, one such jagged ice ridge has been piled and packed upon another and yet another, until the vast mass has become firmly grounded in the shallow sea and stands there, no longer moving with the waters, but apparently fixed and unchangeable forever. This is what the explorers call the "Ancient Ice."

Across the hillocks of this Ancient Ice, perhaps thousands of years in age, and then across all the shifting, treacherous floating icefields beyond, Commander Peary made his way with sledges and dogs and the aid of loyal helpers. At last, as nearly as he could judge, he and his one remaining sledge reached the actual Pole. There was nothing in this empty waste to mark the spot, and calculations of position made from the heavenly bodies were necessarily inexact. The dim sun here even in summer time can never rise above the horizon, but only swings around this in a perpetual circle of hazy light. Neither is there any intervening summer night, in which the sun's disappearance could help men to read their position by the stars. So Peary and his Esquimo attendants roamed in a general way over the drifting ice fields for miles around; and when they were confident that they had actually stood above the Polar point, they sped back toward their ship, and escaped the empty desolation.

Except for Greenland, the lands coming closest to the Pole are the Isles of Spitzbergen in the eastern Atlantic, and these isles of North America in the west. The channels between the American islands are sometimes opened by summer wind and sun—and sometimes frozen solid during the years of continuous cold. The islands belong to Canada, that is to Britain, and are now collectively known as the Canadian province of Franklin, so named from Sir John Franklin, one of the most famed of British Arctic explorers. He was caught here amid the freezing channels, and perished with an entire expedition of two ship-loads of British sailors.

Over all this region there now roam little bands of Esquimos, its only human inhabitants. Each band is a sort of family group, seldom consisting of as many as thirty. Most of these people have come under the white man's influence. They use iron knives and other tools brought

AMONG THE ESQUIMOS

The Esquimos of the far north are always fishing; but no longer with their old native equipment. They have many of the white man's tools.

from civilization. They have become Christianized and some of them can even read or write; though there are others who have never listened to a white man's voice and perhaps never even heard of his southern world. As a whole the Esquimos still live very much as their ancestors must have done for centuries. The approach of the white man has even made life more difficult for them, by driving off the animals which were once so plentiful in the North, and on which the inhabitants must depend as their main source of food. There is no vegetation here upon which a man might live, though for a few brief weeks in midsummer tiny herbs and grasses spring gaily from many a patch where the snow has melted away. Their sudden upspringing is a marvel of the power and persistency of life.

Deprived of other advantages, the Esquimos draw their chief support from the ocean. They have become expert fishermen and boatmen; and by this skill they live. They build a little cayak, as they call it, or boat of skins, in which they will ride the waves in the roughest weather. Indeed most of the cayaks are made so that the skins are drawn up close around the boatman and the narrow hole in which he sits with his paddle; hence the cayak may roll over completely, and nothing worse will happen to its owner that a ducking in the icy water. With a dexterous stroke of his paddle, he brings his little craft right side up again, bringing himself up with it, dripping, from the sea. The Esquimos' main reliance for food is on the seal, and the polar bear, though he catches whales and walruses and many small fish and sometimes wanders so far south as to find and feed upon the herds of caribou. These are a sort of wild deer, much like the protected and domesticated reindeer. The caribou once filled the extreme northern wastes of our continent, feeding upon its stunted mosses; but they have been pursued by white and Indian hunters, until the vast herds have been almost exterminated.

The Esquimos are a pleasant and kindly folk, with none of that ferocity which we generally associate with Indians. In fact the exact degree of their relationship with the Indian race has never been definitely determined. The name Esquimo is one applied to them in derision by the southern Indians. It means eaters of raw meat, and is intended to imply that these people are too uncivilized to possess even a fire. It is true that they eat much of their fish food uncooked, swallowing great chunks of raw blubber and fat, or drinking oil in a way that would nauseate us; but they do sometimes cook their food. They use a fire of

oil, since wood of course is practically unknown to them. They are in many of their ways more civilized than are the Indians who taunt them. Their own name for themselves is innuit, which means a human being, a title they will scarcely allow to other Indians, though they occasionally use it in referring to a visiting white man. They have clear notions of geography and can draw crude maps of the region over which they wander. They are fond of singing; and especially now that they have become Christianized and have learned hymns, they often spend an evening chanting together in soft, well-blended harmonies.

TRAVELLING OVER THE "ANCIENT ICE" OF THE FAR NORTH

In figure the Esquimos are short and usually as fat as butter from the oils on which they live; but they are muscular and vigorous also, and well-fitted to meet the cold. The Arctic has no terrors for them, as they have learned how to meet and even to enjoy its rigors. They wrap themselves thickly in furs and seal-skin and make their tents also of these skins, closely bound together with animal sinews instead of cords and thread. The tent is stretched over a framework made of fish bones or perhaps the ribs of whales. In very cold weather, the people desert even these warm skin houses, for rounded huts built of snow, within the perfect shelter of which no wind can penetrate. The human

warmth of the family soon raises the temperature of these huts to a very comfortable, although distinctly odorous, degree. No Esquimo ever washes unless he has the misfortune to fall overboard. Water here turns to ice upon the skin and burns it just as fire would, so that to an Esquimo the suggestion that he should deliberately wash his hands seems as absurd as you would think it, to be bidden to plunge your hands into the fire.

It is a sad fact that these kindly and contented people seem dwindling to extinction, except in our own Alaska where they have escaped the extreme cold and adopted our ways of life. In the Canadian north their food supply is diminishing because so many animals are killed by the white fur-seekers. As a result the Esquimos are distinctly less numerous than they were a century ago; and grim tales sometimes reach the southlands of tribes which have only managed to survive through a severe winter by eating all their own girl babies and old women.

Outside of Alaska at the one extreme and Greenland at the other, the Esquimo wandering ground includes the islands of Franklin and the northern regions of the mainland, the "barren lands" of the Canadian "North West Territories." Amid the islands of Franklin, or rather on Boothia, a peninsula thrust up from the mainland far amid the islands, lies the "Magnetic Pole" toward which all our compass needles turn. This Magnetic Pole therefore is not really the North Pole; the two are separated by fifteen hundred miles. Even if we visit this Magnetic Pole, it offers no explanation of itself. It is merely an empty snow valley; yet in it the magnetic needle points to no other spot, but dips directly downward toward the center of the earth. In some vague scarce comprehended way, the electric currents of earth have here an accidental pole, depending not upon the spot of ground but on the electric circuits of the world. Many Canadians have claimed that this gathered electricity makes the climate of their northland particularly brisk and crisp, so that it is tremendously invigorating and healthful despite its cold.

The numbers of the great empty ice-bound islands of the Arctic diminish as we go west, until quite suddenly, at the point of our continent's north coast called Cape Bathurst, they disappear altogether. An open sea extends on westward to Alaska and to Asia. The openness of the Arctic Ocean here is caused partly by the warm currents of the Pacific which sweep up into the north and finally reach Cape Bathurst and there beat against the Ancient Ice which enshrouds the archipelago.

FUR-TRADERS OF THE NORTH

This cut shows, I. a trader's fort; II. the loaded sledge on a snow shoe trail; III. the barter for furs within the fort.

Even more, however, the Arctic is here swept free from ice by the currents of the great Mackenzie River. This, the chief river of our continent to empty into the northern ocean, flows northward almost all the way across Canada, gathers to itself the water of a hundred broad and shallow lakes which fill this northern plain, and plunges at last with swift and mighty current into the sea which it keeps open about its mouth. The Mackenzie almost equals the St. Lawrence in the size of the lakes it drains as well as in the broad extent of its valley; yet the Mackenzie has until now been of little use to mankind. Even the Indians seldom venture into the vast solitudes which extend along its lower course.

Across these broad lakelands of the Mackenzie plain roam what are left of the once innumerable caribou herds. Here too are still found a few of the muskox, that rapidly disappearing Arctic animal which seemed never able to make up its mind whether to grow into an ox or a sheep, and so has lingered about half way between the two. The great valley is also a paradise for northern birds; wild ducks and geese dwell here by the million during the short, bright, summer season. Along the warmer more southern valley of the upper Mackenzie, the fur-forts or trading posts of the famous Hudson Bay Fur Company extend at intervals of a few hundred miles. Today there are even little steamers which run regularly along the river from fort to fort. At each post the head-trader will show us his little garden patch, wherein the twenty-hour sunshine of the summer days enables him to grow potatoes, berries, and perhaps a few other hardy plants.

The trader will prophecy to us a future day in which all this northland will be prosperous with cattle, with the millions of reindeer herded on its meadows, and with mines. There is a stream here known as the Coppermine River, so rich are the ores which show openly along its banks. The Esquimos of its neighborhood have plenty of copper which they use for knives and other tools. Some day this may indeed be one of the chief mining regions of the world. Today, however, all of Canada north of the sixtieth degree of latitude, all the vast Arctic plain of our continent, must still be classed with the polar islands of Franklin as a practically empty waste.

A TEMPORARY FISHING STATION ON THE LABRADOR COAST

CHAPTER XL—BRITISH AMERICA

The Bleak Atlantic Shore

The nearest point of our continent to the settled lands of Europe is Cape Spear, the eastern point of the island of Newfoundland. From here to Ireland the distance is only two thousand miles; but from this extreme eastern point of our continent the lines of the coast run sharply away to the westward, so that most of our ports are three thousand miles or more from those of Europe. This is one of the two great facts which make the British province of Newfoundland what it is today. The other fact is the existence here of the broad under-sea shoals, known as the Newfoundland banks, over which the codfish feed. Most of the early French and British seamen who explored our continent came first to Newfoundland (noo fŭnd land′), as its name implies; and here they found more fish than gather in any other known waters. So fishermen have continued coming here ever since. England's first American settlement was planted on Newfoundland, and it is today the oldest British colony in the world. The people here are sentimentally proud of this; they are enthusiastically loyal to Britain, and have persistently refused to lose their distinction by joining the Canadian union, which now embraces all the other British provinces around them. Hence, to speak accurately, British America consists of two provinces, Canada and Newfoundland; and we are journeying to a

different land and coming under a different administration when we visit the latter.

The French fishermen here were once as numerous as the British; and we shall find an odd survival of the old colonial days and disputes, in that while France long since surrendered to Britain all her Canadian possessions, she retained for her fishermen a place on the Newfoundland coast. The whole northern and western shore of the island is still known as the French Coast; and until very recently no permanent buildings could be erected on this shore, lest their presence might interfere with the landing and the fish-drying of French sailors. Moreover, France retained complete possession of two little islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, off Newfoundland's southern coast. These we shall visit with considerable interest, as the only surviving possessions of France in the northern part of our continent.

Before visiting the French islands, we must explore the mainland of Newfoundland. Its capital, St. Johns, lies not far from the eastern extremity of the island at Cape Spear. It is visited by regular lines of excursion steamers from Canada and also from Boston and New York, but its main business is as the capital of the fishermen. Its harbor is a marvellous thing to see. The coasts of this rock-bound island are high and rugged, a line of great cliffs which face the Atlantic like a solid wall, and have for ages withstood all the buffeting of the waves. These beat against the precipice with all the mighty force of ocean winds and currents sweeping across the most storm-driven waters of the globe.

The huge breakers often hurl themselves over rocks which rise thirty feet in air; and to approach this coast in a boat seems to be to invite a sure destruction. Only when we are swept close up to the terrible wall of the cliffs, do we see that they are not set in a solid line. In a thousand places the waves have worn away the softer portions of the stone, and have thus opened deep clefts. These are channels which lead sometimes into little bays, secluded harbors, each of which holds a stoutly built fishing hut or perhaps an entire village grouped beneath its cliffs. Each harbor is a spot of calm, a dale safe sheltered from most of the winds which rage upon the cliff-tops overhead. Each fisherman knows his own hidden channel, and with marvellous skill sails his little boat straight into a tremendous surf beating against what seems the unbroken wall of rock; then at just the right moment, with a quick turn of his helm, the pilot sends his boat scooting through the narrow gateway which he knows awaits him.

A NEW FOUNDLAND FISHING VILLAGE © Pub. Photo Serv.

Quidividi, a typical village, is here shown enclosed in its rocky harbor, with the fish-drying platforms all around.

St. Johns possesses just such a harbor as this, only upon a larger scale. As our steamer approaches the mighty cliff, we shall feel that we too are about to be dashed to pieces upon its rocks. At the last moment a narrow entrance, scarce wide enough to admit our steamer, shows itself opening at an angle between two jagged points; and we shoot through a narrow channel, into a commodious harbor. This is walled all around with steep hills, and climbing the side of one of these, and spreading out on its bleak summit, is the city of St. Johns.

There is not much of wealth or display to be found in this city of forty thousand people. For one thing, St. Johns has been repeatedly desolated by fire; and for another, any of its people who do gather money are apt to go to England for a visit, from which they never return. Hence the town remains its simple, rugged, ancient self. Its houses are small, but solidly built, often of the eternal stone of the island's basic rock. The people whom we meet in the street are true Britishers, silent and self contained. They are deeply religious in an old fashioned way, guarding old forms narrowly but earnestly. At one time the city authorities even forbade the intrusion of moving-pictures here; and though these are now permitted, they have certainly not improved the "morale" of the town. To sit in a St. Johns' movie house and contemplate, not the screen, but the calm solemnity with which its wildest efforts are regarded by the audience is to learn something new of a race other than our own.

The interior of Newfoundland remained until a few years ago a wilderness almost wholly unknown. Everyone on the island dwelt upon the coast and was devoted to the fisheries. Now, however, the farmlands are being utilized. The climate here is cold, much colder than that of the British Isles, although the latter lie slightly farther north. Hence most farm products do not thrive here. The coast is often wrapped in heavy fogs. These are caused by the clash of ocean currents, hot and cold, on the Newfoundland banks, the shallows of the ocean. The fogs add to the somber misery of St. Johns and the fisherfolk. Twenty miles inland we come to a region to which this ocean dampness rarely reaches, a sun-warmed region well fitted for the growing of wheat and other grains. Its fields are now beginning to rival the famous fisheries in the value of their products. Back of this again, the center of the island is covered with lakes and forests, and has become noted among huntsmen. Every summer sees an increasing flow of amateur enthusiasts who come here to shoot birds and deer.

Yet the chief interest of Newfoundland must be always with its sturdy, much enduring fishermen, their homes and families. If, in the rare intervals of quiet summer weather, we can find a boat to take us from one to another of the coast villages, we shall learn that each has customs of its own, each is a law unto itself. Most of the little harbors can only be reached from the sea; they have no roads connecting with the interior, not even a pathway penetrating beyond their own little region of goat pastures and berry bushes on the hillsides. Their people

A HUNTER'S CAMP ON HUDSON BAY

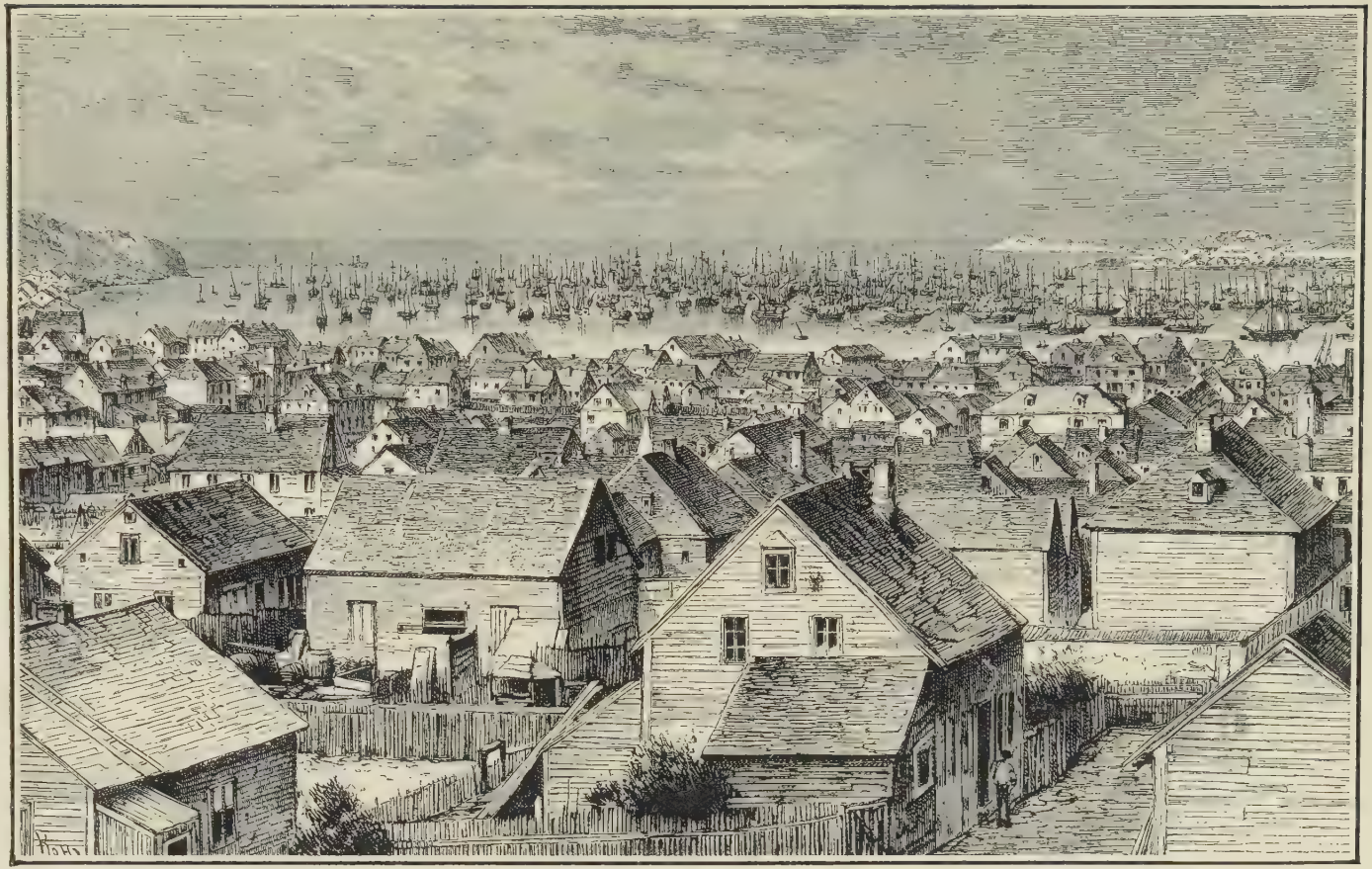
live on fish, canned goods, and the berry pies and tarts, for making which their housewives are far-famed.

The daily life of a fishing village, when the fish are running, begins with the men starting forth in their boats, often long before daylight, so as to escape from their harbor with the proper ocean tide. Then, at the break of dawn, the women rise and hasten with all the older children to the fish platforms or drying grounds. Before being shipped away the fish are dried and usually salted to preserve them. This is the work of the entire village, spreading out the fish to catch every moment of sunshine, gathering them in with haste before a storm. No work is ever done on Sundays, so that even the important fish are then

allowed to rest; but through all the other six days fish dominate the town, in odor as well as labor. The women here will not even draw water on Sundays; and as a village is often wholly dependent on a spring or stream some distance inland, the path to this is worn with double travel on Saturdays, each housewife climbing up the cliff to the well and returning with two full buckets held firm by an iron hoop.

As we follow north along this wild Atlantic coast, we come at length to the broad, smiling, and beautifully wooded Strait of Belle Isle, which separates Newfoundland from the continental mainland. Through this strait passes all the commerce between Europe and the great Canadian cities of the St. Lawrence valley. Both shores of the strait are under Newfoundland's dominion. The interests of this region, and its people, are the same as her own; so her government has been extended naturally over all the mainland coast which stretches for nearly a thousand miles into the north. This mainland shore is known as Labrador, a name which means "The Slave Coast." We have many traditions, but no real knowledge as to how such a seemingly inappropriate name was ever attached to this empty, almost uninhabitable land. In appearance the Labrador coast is a continuation of the great rocky headlands of Newfoundland, only on an even grander scale. The cliffs here rise almost sheer upward towering in many places to three thousand feet above the sea. The storm waves beat against the rocks in a mad welter of eternal din. In winter, Labrador shares in the deadly cold of the Arctic regions, so that scarcely any one at all will dwell here permanently. The land's only real use to man seems to be from its fisheries, which are quite as rich as those of Newfoundland. Each summer the fishermen, as many as twenty thousand of them, gather here from Newfoundland, and dwell in temporary huts until the autumn, when they return to their own warmer homes.

Labrador has a few missionary settlements of its own, and a few fur traders' forts. Otherwise its permanent populace consists solely of the scattered Esquimo tribes. Heroic and devoted missionaries, the "Moravian brothers," have labored for centuries to Christianize these Esquimos, and have really made of them a most devout, kindly and intelligent race, who help to spread their knowledge among their remoter kinsmen in the farther north. Labrador had also, recently, its "gold rush." The discovery of gold amid its barren rocks brought to its tiny harbors a crowd of eager adventurers. They soon departed, for few found any wealth; and they did no good to the land.



THE FISHING FLEET OF SAINT PIERRE

St. Pierre, the only remaining town of northern America under French rule, is a prosperous fishing settlement.

At the extreme northern end of Labrador, well up now toward the frozen islands of the Arctic archipelago, we come to an impressive, natural phenomenon. All the storm-driven waters of the Atlantic gather toward this shallow Arctic Sea between Greenland and the American coast. They pile up in a tide the highest anywhere known. Measured tests in some of the inlets along shore have shown that the waters even in calm weather rise and fall through a height of sixty-four feet. Imagine the tremendous spectacle along these shores in time of storm!

Here, around northern Labrador, Hudson's Strait, named after the same famous explorer who discovered our Hudson River, extends inland for five hundred miles and opens out into Hudson Bay. This, our American "inland sea," is a thousand miles in length. Through Hudson Strait the vast sweep of the Atlantic tide rushes with tremendous force, and ships borne along upon it make tremendous speed—if they are not crushed against the ice-floes which crowd down into these waters from the north. Beyond the strait, the tide encircles the whole inland sea in a great daily sweep of majestic force. It only sinks to become an ordinary tide at the far southern end of the sea.

Let us turn now southward from our starting place at St. Johns, and our boat will bring us very shortly to the quaint French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, tiny chips broken off from the high rock coast of Newfoundland. Their only town is on St. Pierre and is known by the same name. It is as French as any town could be, with little French houses and streets climbing up its rocky hillside, and little French cafés overflowing on its narrow sidewalks. Its people look at you with kindly eyes, their French vivacity softened by the grave patience which all the fisher-folk have learned in this stern and hardy land. They will usually answer you in either French or English, whichever you employ; for life here has taught them both tongues, and their natural courtesy inclines them to accommodate you. St. Pierre has always had its overflowing quantity of French wines and liqueurs sold in its cafés; and now that intoxicants have acquired an illegal value in all the surrounding lands, a great deal of quiet smuggling passes through here. It is, of course, perfectly legal to sell liquor in St. Pierre, and many large wholesale houses have opened branches in the town. Obviously they do not seek the small local trade of the few thousand people of the island. They sell to the fisher boats and to the ever increasing crowd of other "ships that pass in the night." A new and not pleasant wealth has entered St. Pierre.

SALMON FISHING BY NIGHT ON THE RESTIGOUCHE

CHAPTER XLI—CANADA

Acadia, the Land of the Sea

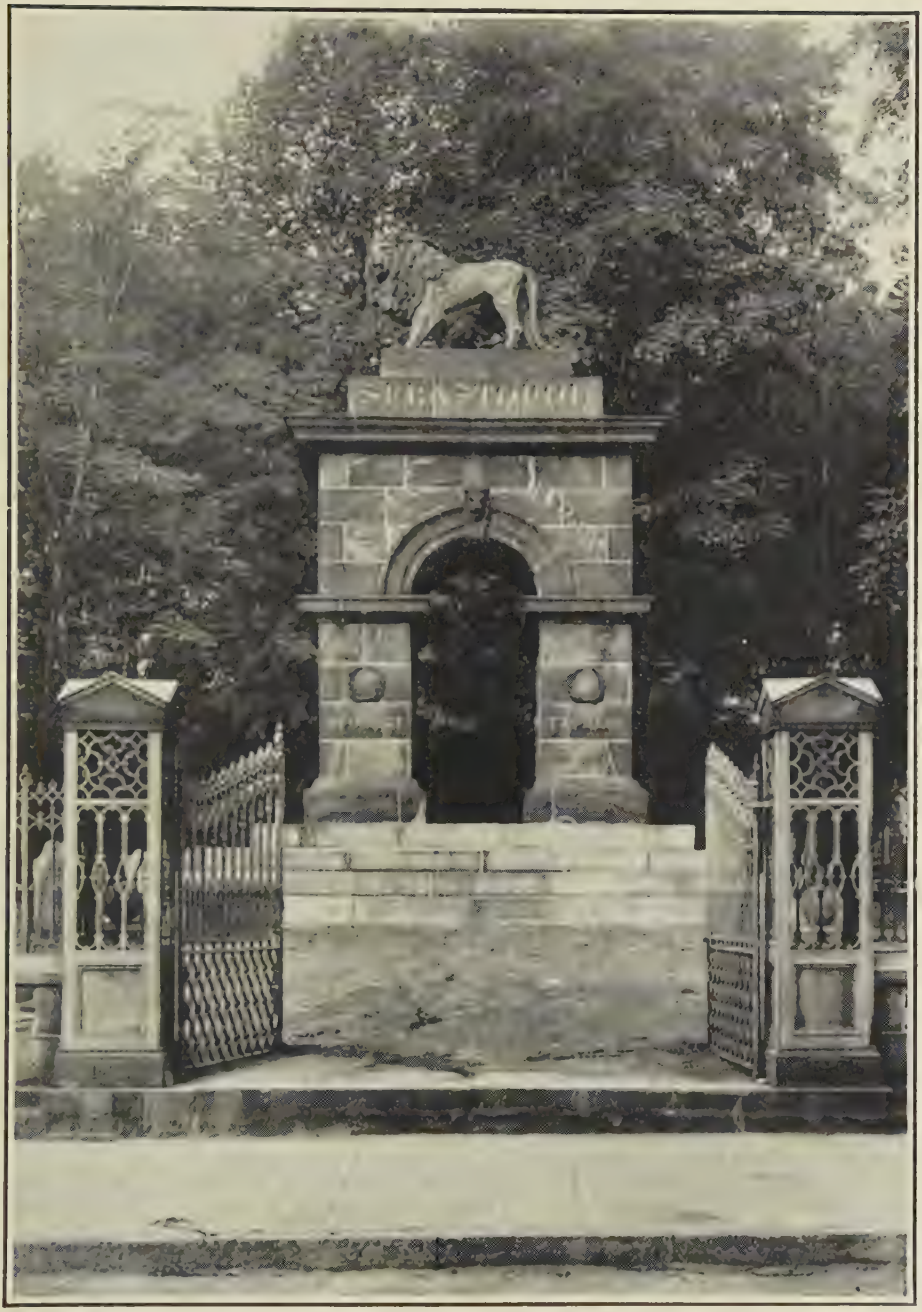
The Canada of today is a busy, alert, and energetic land, containing ten million people. Many of these, however, are recent immigrants; and the newcomers do not stop on the Atlantic coast but push eagerly into the great undeveloped prairies and highlands of western Canada. Hence what are usually known as the "Maritime Provinces," the Canadian shore lands south of Newfoundland, remain but little changed by the passage of time. They are today much what they were in an older century when they were still known by their first French-Indian name, Acadia.

If we speak in terms of government there are three provinces here, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; but the life in all of them is much the same. They all depend primarily upon the sea, its fish, its clams, its lobsters, and, above all, its ships and tides. Back of the seaboard lies the farmland with its berries and its fruits. These three Maritime Provinces contain together perhaps a million people, and equal New York State in size. Prince Edward Island is much the smallest but the most densely peopled, containing a hundred thousand inhabitants, old-time farmers who have turned the entire island into well-tilled fields. It is called the "Garden Province of Canada." Its chief town, Charlotte, is a little place which has no busi-

ness except as the market center for the farmers and the landing-place for the many summer visitors who love the quiet of the Prince Edward lanes. The people are almost all of old Scotch descent, the kind who do not sell their farms. Hence there is no room for newcomers, and the population tends to decrease in numbers, rather than increase. The island has more summer visitors, but fewer permanent inhabitants, than it had twenty years ago.

The two other seaside provinces differ from Prince Edward in being larger and thus having room to grow. Each of them possesses at its heart a central region of the primeval wilderness. In New Brunswick the old forests have scarce altered from the days when only savage Indians shared the depths with the moose and the catamount. The catamounts are gone—for they killed sheep and a bounty was placed upon their heads. But the moose of today have grown plentiful, being protected by game laws. Every autumn our own cities, as well as those of Canada, send here a rush of eager huntsmen. Each of these pays a heavy license fee into the coffers of the thrifty government, and also enriches the provincial guides and hotel men, for the privilege of—possibly—returning home with a huge moose head to hang proudly upon his wall. As for salmon fishing, the Restigouche, a stream of northern New Brunswick, is reputed to hold the biggest and the sportiest fish in all America. There are no high mountains here, just inland lakes amid forest covered hills, with a thousand rambling connecting streams, so that a canoe can carry you from one end of the wilderness to the other. Such a canoe trip through the central wilds of New Brunswick is an enjoyment never to be forgotten.

The settled region of fishing villages and farms close by the sea presents a very different picture. Nova Scotia is a peninsula which juts out into the Atlantic from the extreme southwestern corner of New Brunswick's coast. Indeed this new Scotland is almost an island like the old; only a narrow isthmus, at one point not a dozen miles wide, connects it with the mainland. Practically, therefore, Nova Scotia is an island, running parallel to our own Maine coast for some three hundred miles, and averaging some sixty miles in width. In one place, a peculiarly deep and narrow strait, the Gut of Canso, cuts this near island completely in two, so that its eastern end forms a real isle, Cape Breton Island. This was once a separate province, but has been long united to Nova Scotia by law, as well as by a railroad ferry across the narrow Gut.



HALIFAX MONUMENT TO THE CRIMEAN WAR

Canada served Britain loyally in the Russian War of 1857; and a monument with the names of its chief battles is one of the sights of Halifax.

Books and poems have been written in praise of Cape Breton Island. For one thing the famous telephone inventor, Alexander Graham Bell, made Cape Breton his summer home and the seat of his experiments for many years. His presence and his work drew hundreds of visitors who helped to make known the beauty of the island. Let us board the sea-adventuring train which crosses the Gut of Canso, so that we may judge of the island for ourselves. The gut is as deep as it is narrow; for as soon as the waters of the Atlantic found a passage here, they dug it sharply open with their swift tides. They keep it now one of the clearest, bluest, fairest strips of water to be seen anywhere. The island itself is shaped like a great ring, with a narrow opening at one end, by which the ocean flows in to fill the center of the ring. Hence Cape Breton consists mainly of a broad salt water lake dotted by hundreds of little islands of its own. Land and water here seem inextricably mixed; and our train rushes across so many bridges, short and long, that we never know when we are on the main island.

Off to one side, beyond the winding lake, Cape Breton has a long peninsula of higher, rougher land, which is called The Highlands. This is still a wilderness, with a shore dotted only by a few fishing villages. Its people are so Scotch that the peninsula is often called the land of the "Macs." Its men have picked up a little fishermen's English at the other ports; but its women have lived on contentedly through many generations, speaking only the Gaelic which their ancestors brought from the old Scotch Highlands. The lower southern parts of Cape Breton are almost as French as the high north shore is Scotch. The fishermen who settled in the south were Bretons from the French province of Brittany; and they have lent their name to the entire island. They live at amity with the later-coming Scots, but the two have little intercourse. The little settlements here have scarce changed at all in two hundred years.

Even more French are the fishermen who live in the Madeleine Islands off Cape Breton's coast. These far-off dots in the great St. Lawrence Gulf were named by the first French explorers the Necklace, a necklace of pearls along the sea-coast of Canada. The inhabitants seldom see a stranger, unless we so call the crew of the little steamer which transports their fishing catch to the mainland. The French folk are descended from the Acadians who were driven from the mainland by British soldiers, as Longfellow describes for us in his "Evangeline," and though this happened over two centuries ago, the people here have

not forgotten it. They still weave on old Acadian hand-looms the wool which they pluck from their own sheep. The chief pride of their weaving is the "catalogne," a sort of bedspread. This is made usually with a white ground interwoven with colors in original designs, some of which are truly beautiful. They have the rare, old-fashioned taste of France. Years of hard living here have brought forgetfulness of the original name of the islands and they are now the Isles of the Magdalens, the sufferers; and the individual islands have taken such names as the Coffin, the Grindstone, and the Deadman.

CAPE BLOMIDON, GUARDIAN OF THE EVANGELINE COUNTRY

We shall meet a very different folk through all the southern parts of Nova Scotia. This, the most populous section of the province, was settled by American loyalists after the fate of the American Revolution decided that our country could no longer be a home for those who clung to their British loyalty. Several thousand of these exiles, aided by help from the British government, built homes for themselves here and in the adjoining province of New Brunswick. The previous expulsion of the Acadian Frenchmen had left the land almost empty; so that practically the entire population today are the descendants of these former "Americans." So little does immigration fill these provinces that more

than ninety percent of their people claim direct descent from this loyalist ancestry.

The chief city, Halifax, is the most thoroughly British town outside of Great Britain. Until recent years it even held a British garrison; and though this has now been replaced by Canadian soldiers, the life here remains that of a British garrison town. The streets, too, and the shops, are thoroughly English; dull perhaps, but perfectly correct. The policemen or "bobbies" seem to have come straight from London.

Halifax has started some manufactures of its own; but upon the whole the part of Nova Scotia which is not given over to fisheries remains a farming land. This is especially true when we turn from the Atlantic coast to that western shore of the peninsula which faces the mainland and is separated from it by the noted Bay of Fundy. It was on the shores of this bay that Evangeline lived with her Acadian country-folk. Longfellow's poem has made many of us learn to know this remarkable place well. We see the glory of its great pine forests, and the beauty of its sheltered farms. Here we must visit the Annapolis valley, so protected amid its hills that its climate seems not at all of the North. Each spring in Annapolis is rich with cherry blossoms; and when the cherries have all been plucked and packed and sent away to market, the berry season follows. Then come the apples! Acadian apples have the repute of being the best that reach London; and the annual harvest of them fills two million barrels. They are the main export crop of Nova Scotia.

At the very head of the Bay of Fundy, Evangeline's village of Grand Pré still stands guarded by great Cape Blomidon. Most of the old town has changed; but the old village church remains in its Quaker-like simplicity, with its low tower and its austere row of windows. Inside there is a high pulpit, and quaint, brightly painted box pews, and a sturdy old colonial gallery. These earliest French villages did not lie back amid the hills, as do the orchards of Annapolis. The first settlers built right on the water-line of the Bay of Fundy, so that to understand Grand Pré we must see this remarkable bay itself. In a lesser way the waters of the Atlantic gather here just as they do farther north for that mad rush which fills the sea of Hudson's Bay. But the tides which swept into the Bay of Fundy find no exit. The bay narrows rapidly to its northern end, and the tides rise ever higher, like a great splash of water in a bath-tub. Many places here have tides of thirty or forty feet, and at the top of the bay around Grand Pré, the tides

THE RASPBERRY FIELDS OF NOVA SCOTIA Courtesy of Thos. Cook & Son

The Annapolis valley, sheltered between two mountain ranges, is a noted region of carefully tended berry fields.

rise fifty feet. This means that the tides come in with tremendous speed and force. Often they rush up the rivers, in a single wave perhaps five feet in height, a "bore" like the famous "great bore" at Hangchow in China. As this Fundy tide spreads wide over the lowlands, it brings with it a sediment which it leaves behind. This makes a new and fertile earth; and when the deposit is thick enough, the inhabitants build a sheltering wall or dyke to protect it from the water. Thus they gain a new field of rare fertility. It was on fields or meadows such as this, that the crops of the old Acadians were grown.

If this high tide is important in the lives of the dwellers around the Bay of Fundy, the low tide of its ebb is even more so. Because of this ebb, the Bay of Fundy is the most convenient dry-dock in the world. Even the largest of its ships is left softly grounded in the mud when the water leaves, and can be comfortably patched and repaired. You will see men climbing down from the upraised decks of their ships by means of ordinary farm-ladders, which are not nautical at all. You will see goats wander out to nibble at some bit of green on the ship's bottom and be shooed away for fear of their eating the ship. At low tide, too, comes the army of clam-diggers. There are miles and miles of exposed mud-flats, and every family finds clam-digging an easy way of adding to its little income. Low tide in the Bay of Fundy is one of the queerest, most topsy-turvy sea-side scenes that we shall meet.

The mainland shore of this unusual bay is occupied by the province of New Brunswick. Except for that central region of a hunter's paradise, New Brunswick is as like Nova Scotia as a twin, even in having a loyalist population which still thinks in terms of the Revolutionary War. Its capital is named Saint John, which of course causes endless confusion with the similar St. Johns of Newfoundland. The New Brunswick Saint John, however, insists on having its name spelled in full. It is a busy railroad town which connects Canada by rail with our own land, and connects the "Maritime Provinces" with western Canada. Almost all the country of New Brunswick is fairly level, so that the great tides of Fundy run far up the rivers, sometimes reaching a hundred miles into the heart of the land. At Saint John this tide results in a remarkable "two ways" waterfall. The river gorge is so narrow that the waters of the bay cannot enter all at once. They pour through in a ten foot cataract to fill the upper river-basin; and at low tide the flow is reversed. What water-power here lies ready for man's factories!

PIERCED ROCK AND PERCÉ VILLAGE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE GULF

CHAPTER XLII—CANADA

The French Province of Quebec

The ancient province of Quebec was the original Canada, and is still the center of its thought and life. The city of Quebec, Canada's first settlement, is the most picturesque of American cities; and Montreal, the metropolis of the province, is the great modern trade center of all British America. The province of Quebec is well-nigh as French today as it was in the centuries before the English conquered it; and the visitor from our United States thus finds himself in an unexpectedly foreign hand, where even the language is strange to him.

Quebec is the land of the St. Lawrence river, that mighty stream which drains our own Great Lakes, and up which the largest ocean steamers ascend a thousand miles to Montreal. No other river of the world, except the mighty Amazon, has a free ocean port so far inland from the open sea. In figuring this thousand miles, Canadians reckon also the gulf of the St. Lawrence; that is, they reckon their river as beginning at the Strait of Belle Isle, that charming green-walled passage between Newfoundland and the mainland. Through this the great passenger steamers from Britain pass, and speed along the shore of Quebec province for some three hundred miles until, at the western end of the St. Lawrence's great gulf, they come to the actual mouth of the river. It is here forty miles wide; so the steamers continue at full

ocean speed up the majestic stream to the great city of Montreal, six hundred miles above.

The beauty and the picturesqueness of the province begin even before we enter the mouth of the famous river. Along the shores of the gulf at Gaspé Bay, where the folk are still fishermen, there rises on the summit of a mountain cliff a huge wooden cross, visible from far across the waters. It is a fitting symbol of this French and intensely Catholic land. A cross was raised here by the Recollet priests, the missionaries who first braved the horrors of the wilderness and the tortures of the Indians, three hundred years ago. As time and storm have worn away this cross, the successive generations of the mission fathers have always raised a new and larger one, until now the great cross is a landmark of the Gulf.

Not far from this cross, the fishermen of our own age, scarce a generation ago, raised a companion symbol, a life-sized image of St. Anne, the protectress of sailors. St. Anne is a chief figure through all French Canada. She has a renowned wonder-working shrine, which we shall visit far up the great river; but nowhere shall we find her more devoutly worshipped than among these fisher-folk who look for her protection every day. On the waters overlooked by the statue of Gaspé, there is a natural wonder, which draws every eye. This is the Pierced Rock, which lends its name to both the bay and town of Percé. The huge rock, doubtless of volcanic origin, rises with perpendicular, unscalable walls directly from the water. Its high, unattainable summit makes a safe home for many thousands of sea-birds. The waves, beating forever against it, have tested all its softer spaces, and so at length worn two great arches, completely through the rock. The crest of one of these arches fell a number of years ago, leaving its outer column as a separate rock. The other great arch still rises in majestic beauty, high above the water; so that fishing boats often sail through the passage underneath.

The lower reaches of the St. Lawrence river are frequently wrapped in chilly fog, and the lands on either side rise into mountains; so that the land here is very cold. Human life scarce begins along the river until we are some hundreds of miles beyond its mouth. Indeed its lower reaches were famous in the old days as a whale-hunting ground. Canada's first explorers, as they sailed up this mighty passage between the mountains, were confident that it was an ocean strait which would lead them through to China. Hence when at last, just beyond Montreal,

A STREET OF OLD QUEBEC

Champlain Street still recalls the time when all the city was crowded within narrow walls to be safe from Indian attack.

they reached the first rapids which showed them this was but a river after all, they named these rapids, sarcastically, "la Chine" or China. The town and rapids there are still today Lachine, a memory of disappointed hopes.

Three hundred miles up the St. Lawrence, we come to the mouth of one of its most noted tributaries, the Saguenay. This is scarce a river but rather a yawning abyss, a rift once opened by some great cataclysm, penetrating almost to the bowels of the earth. The water in this abyss descends to a depth of six hundred feet beneath sea-level, and its shores are cliffs rising straight upward for over a thousand feet. The two precipices which guard the entrances to this dark passage are known as Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity. The summer sunshine makes their black sides glitter, and they are certainly spectacular. Modern excursions run regularly up the gorges of the Saguenay to invite all visitors to see its splendor. Far up beyond the chasm is the large Lake of St. John, which is so well sheltered among hills that it is completely surrounded by prosperous farms. This region, lying close to the fiftieth parallel, is the most northerly section of eastern Canada which men have as yet successfully cultivated. In the west we shall find a much warmer climate, so that the farm regions there extend several hundred miles more northward toward the Pole.

At last the St. Lawrence narrows ahead of us; its banks are scarce five miles apart. A cluster of islands intervenes and further reduces the width. Just above these islands, an abrupt and rocky hill thrusts its way out into the river still further narrowing the passageway to scarce more than a mile. Here it was that Champlain, the great founder of Canada, saw with the eye of wisdom that his chief settlement should be planted. He called it Quebec, which means "the narrows;" and on the safe shelter of that stately hill, he began the noted city of today.

Quebec, as we first see it from the river, is beautiful indeed, tier after tier of houses rising up the hill-side, with its summit crowned by the great fortress which made Quebec the "Gibraltar of the North." It is crowned also by the towers of Laval University, the great Catholic College which was founded almost as soon as Canada was born, and has ever since exercised a large influence upon her destinies. Quebec is today a city of culture, of government and education, rather than of industrial importance. It contains a hundred thousand people, and it has modern manufactures of its own; but its bright period of commercial leadership ceased when wooden ships gave way to those of iron, and

railroads superseded horses for carrying freight by land. These changes transferred the commerce of Canada to Montreal, still higher up the river at the head of navigation, just below those fateful rapids of La Chine. Quebec remained the capital of the province, the seat of many noble and scholarly institutions, and a center of historic fame; but even its great fortress is now wholly out of date, preserved for picturesqueness, not for use.

A little before we reach Quebec, the mountains on either side of the river begin to drop away, and sink into an almost level plain. This

THE TYPICAL FRENCH TOWN OF BEAUFORT, NEAR QUEBEC

makes the hill of Quebec the more outstanding. It also makes the region of the valley more warm and fertile. Here begin the farmlands and the settlements; and almost the entire populace of Quebec province is gathered in the fair valley which reaches from here to Montreal. Both sides of the river are now so lined with houses that they take on somewhat the appearance of a continuous street. In fact, this has been called "the greatest street of the world." The farmers of the old days had no roads leading into the back country; transport depended wholly on the rivers. Hence lands were assigned to each new-comer in long strips. Each had only a narrow river frontage, often

just sufficient to hold his little house and barns; but this strip reached indefinitely back for miles, as far as the owner chose to cultivate. Modern security has somewhat changed the old system; but the tendency is still seen along all the rivers of French Canada, and gives to them an effect of a crowded country, with little hint of the wide empty spaces behind.

To know Canada, we must visit the homes of these French farmers, or "habitants" as they are called. The province of Quebec contains nearly three million people, of whom fully four-fifths are of French descent and speak French today. Were it not that the metropolis of Montreal is an English city and conducts most of its business in the English tongue, we could say that Quebec is all French. The "habitants" still retain most of their old French customs. The priest is the chief personage of the village, its real guide and father. The church is the center of the village life. It is sometimes a tiny wooden chapel preserved and treasured from old log cabin days, but more often a stately modern edifice of stone. To its services every one gathers on a Sunday, often driving long distances in a "caleche," a quaint little carriage resembling our forgotten chaise, the old "one horse shay" of the poet Holmes. Sometimes in the remoter districts there are not even yet roads fitted for the "caleche," and the farmers drive in ox-carts with broad solid wheels. These need no roads but can bump safely, if most uncomfortably, over the stoniest field. After church, the solemnity of Sunday falls away from the gay spirit of the "habitant." Everybody visits everybody. There is much shouting and laughter and much racing of one caleche against another; and the day closes in copious feasting.

All through the week the "habitant" is as hard working as he is cheerful. He recognizes quite clearly that he can never make a fortune at farming; but he has enough for his simple needs and simple pleasures, and he lives content. Rarely indeed is one of these old farms up for sale. The English who once settled in this part of Canada have almost all grown impatient, and sold out and gone west in search of larger prospects. The "habitant" remains. He loves his neighborhood, and he knows that anywhere else in the world he would be among strangers. If he needs money he goes to Montreal or Quebec for a few months, and then returns home. The labor problem here is far less serious than in most places. Labor is plentiful, yet if the laborer does not like the conditions of factory or warehouse work he has always a farm to fall back on for support.

WINTER SPORTS IN MONTREAL

© Underwood & Underwood

The amateur championship snow-shoe race is here seen starting on the grounds of McGill University

Not far from Quebec, the little town of Beaupré holds the chief shrine of the habitants' religious worship, a church of St. Anne, which preserves a relic said to be the finger bone of the saint herself. There is also a curative spring nearby; and thousands of devout worshippers make pilgrimages to this shrine. The day of St. Anne, June 26th, is the chief festival, but pilgrims crowd here through all the year. They kiss the relic of St. Anne, or rather the protecting glass in which it is enclosed; and they usually touch the waters of the spring. From this double act of devotion, hundreds of people suffering from some bodily ill have gone away declaring themselves cured; and those of us who know the remarkable influence of Faith upon the human body will not doubt that many of them have been actually relieved from their ills. The church is rich from the gifts of grateful believers. A few years back, fire totally destroyed the large and handsome church which had been erected here, but a new, more elegant one was at once begun.

Even when we reach to busy Montreal, the bulk of converse that we hear upon its streets will be in French, though the majority of the signs upon its shops will be in English, and Montreal has its own great British center of education, McGill University. The city has also become a center of modern winter sports. It has its ice palace, its winter carnival each year, its ski jumping contests, and the longest toboggan slide in the world. It is the chief railroad center of Canada and its wharves are crowded with shipping. To come up to the city at night, by the St. Lawrence steamers, is an impressive experience. The channel of the river from Quebec to Montreal was deep enough for oldtime ships, but not for the modern Titans of the sea, so Montreal at her own expense has repeatedly dug the river deeper, until now it has a channel which everywhere measures thirty feet. The channel is marked out by lights, so that steamers may continue their long voyage at night, and they approach the city through a lane of electric splendor many miles in length.

Montreal, like Quebec, has a hill or mountain of its own; in fact it takes its name from its "Mount Royal." In Montreal, however, the city does not climb its mount but lies spread out upon the plain beneath. Mount Royal rises abruptly in the background and has been converted into a beautiful park. Winding automobile roads, or a swift and inexpensive climbing railway, take us to the summit. From this a far-reaching view extends over all this bounteous valley of the St. Lawrence, the heart and the chief wealth of Canada.

AMONG THE MUSKOKA LAKES

CHAPTER XLIII—CANADA

Ontario, the Loyalist British Province

It was French Canada, the Canada of Quebec, which in colonial days fought the long and terrible warfare against the Iroquois Indians, the most fearsome warriors of America. It was the city of Quebec against which the British general, Wolfe, directed his celebrated assault which in 1759 gave Britain its power over Canada. It was at Montreal, in the following year that the last French forces surrendered and the colony passed finally into British hands. The fact that this French colony has today become so wholly attached to Britain is due in part to the generosity with which the British Government, taught wisdom by our revolt, treated its new French subjects. This loyalty is, however, due even more to "Upper Canada," the present province of Ontario which lies beyond Montreal along the banks of the upper St. Lawrence and the northern shore of our own Great Lakes.

Upper Canada was a wilderness until after our Revolution. Then the British threw it open to the "loyalists" who, though living in our land, had clung to their ancient devotion to Britain. Some of these loyalists, as we have seen, settled in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; but the great majority of those who needed government aid were transported to the St. Lawrence and allowed to take up land freely beyond Montreal, which was then the frontier outpost of the colony. Just

above Montreal, the St. Lawrence is joined by its largest tributary, the Ottawa River. The banks of this are as low lying and fertile as those of the St. Lawrence; so the incoming loyalists spread along both these rivers and built up the new province of Ontario. Today Ontario is more English than England itself. Indeed there is a definite tradition throughout the province that the Britons of the past century have shown marked degeneracy since they became factory workers; so that a better, truer type of the Saxon race is to be found among the free farmers of Ontario. Their chief city is Toronto, on our own Lake Ontario; for many of the "loyalists" entered the province from New York State, crossing the boundary at Niagara or building boats in which they sailed across Lake Ontario and landed on the low point of land whose Indian name, Toronto, means "trees rising from the water."

We, too, shall do well to visit the province from this direction, if only that we may have the pleasure of sailing down the St. Lawrence from the Lakes to Montreal, instead of sailing up from there. The difference in this noted St. Lawrence trip lies in the fact that a dozen different rapids block the navigation of the upper river. Canals have been built around these, one way canals, which are used by all steamers ascending the river. In going down stream, however, the steamers stay in the main river, "shooting" each rapid as it comes. This is an enjoyable proceeding not really dangerous, but bringing an ever recurrent thrill as the palatial river-steamer suddenly surrenders itself to the current and is swept along in the tossing waters, as impotent as a tiny canoe. The rapids bump the great boat about most vigorously; and we are guided only by its captain's long-trained skill.

Another pleasure of the St. Lawrence trip is the "Thousand Islands." These are scattered over the breast of the great river just where it leaves Lake Ontario and begins its downward rush. The salmon fishing here was once very popular; and though the fish are less numerous today, the region has become thoroughly established as a beautiful summer playground. Almost every one of the thousand islands belongs to a separate owner, who has built a summer home upon his separate domain. Some of the islands and houses are very tiny and rude; others are large, their costly mansions being set in elaborately built and decorated gardens. Thousands of tiny craft dart from isle to isle; and hotels and golf courses line the river's banks. The scene reveals a new charm at every turn. Gayety and life are everywhere; and many a family of Americans have returned here each summer for

SHOOTING THE ST. LAWRENCE RAPIDS

The crowded river steamers plunge in startling fashion down the many rapids between Lake Ontario and Montreal.

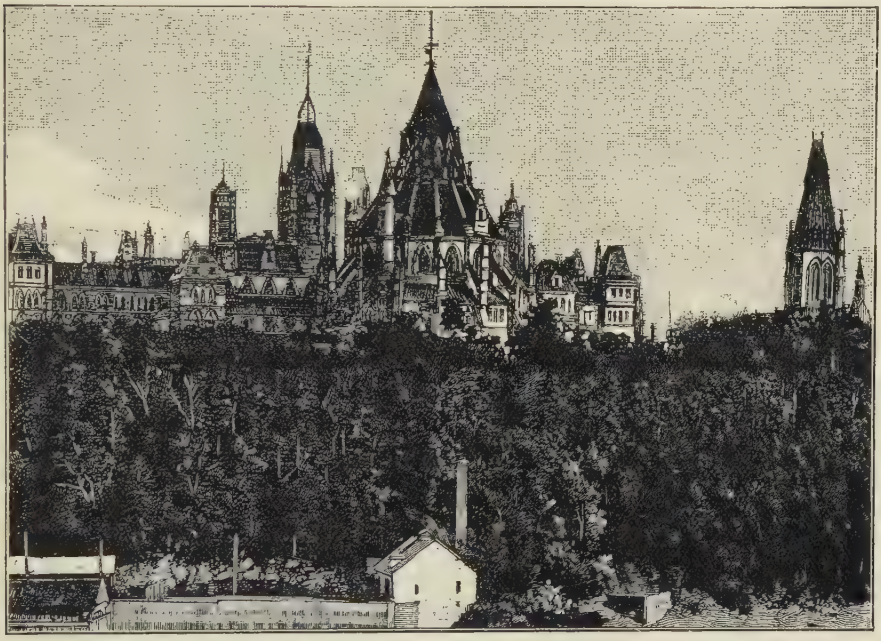
years, seeking the health and comradeship found amid the restful beauty of the region.

If from Montreal we start up the river toward its rapids and its thousand isles, we come almost at once to the spot where the Ottawa river joins it, the dark waters of the Ottawa remaining clearly marked, and refusing for miles to mingle with the clearer waters of the St. Lawrence. The Ottawa is a lumberman's river. High along its upper reaches lie the as yet almost virgin forests of upper Ontario; and great rafts of timber are still floated down its course by sturdy, rubber-booted "lumber-jacks" who ride the swift rapids gaily on the giant logs. The center of this lumber traffic is at the city of Ottawa, which is also and more notably the capital of the entire Dominion of Canada. Its handsome Parliament buildings rise above the river on the summit of a thickly wooded hill, and are generally admitted to rank among the most impressive groups of buildings on our continent. They are crowned by a graceful many-sided library, with a noble central dome supported by picturesque flying buttresses. The city itself, after a fire a generation ago, was all newly laid out in broad streets and pleasant parks, making it "the Washington of Canada." The official residence of the Governor of Canada, a building comparable, therefore, to our White House, is Rideau Hall. This is a low, rambling, comfortable mansion set amid extensive gardens outside the city, and perched upon a bluff with a glorious view across the river.

Ottawa and its noisy river are, however, too far north to be a part of the real Ontario. They are no more than the boundary line which separates its British soil from French-speaking Quebec. The true Ontario, often called "Old Ontario," lies just across our own borderline above Lakes Ontario and Erie and St. Clair, where our huge and busy city of Detroit looks over at the fair Canadian fields. We are so apt to think of Canada as a far northern land that it is well to pause and realize that the international boundary line here runs far into the south. The southern point of Ontario is in the same latitude as Chicago; it is almost as far south as New York City itself. Hence southern Ontario, the old loyalist colony, devotes itself to fruit growing. It has its apples and its cherries; but mainly it is a land of peaches. Thousands of baskets of this luscious fruit are among its most important exports. As we travel here, we shall see miles and miles of peach trees, ranged in soft, graceful rows. We shall see vineyards also, not of the wild blue grapes which grow far into the north, but of the specially large

and luscious, white and purple grapes which bring high prices in the markets. Dairy products, too, add to the wealth of the country.

The people are quiet, earnest, resolute. We shall pass old stone farmhouses that date back a century at least; but they are well repaired and kept up to date with every sign of prosperous ownership. The stone of their long low walls has acquired with age a yellow brown coloring. Their sturdy roofs slant steeply to shake off the winter snow. A clump of tall lombardy poplars or an old gnarled apple tree lends them shade. Sometimes the oldest houses have wooden frames covered on the out-



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS ON THE RIVER BLUFF AT OTTAWA

side with a thin layer of plaster or clay, white-painted but peeling now with age. The newer farmhouses are more like country villas or suburban homes, in their pleasant, brightly colored architecture. Yet most of these houses, too, are owned by old loyalist families; and in them we can find, still in use, furniture brought from our land in that first exodus. The loyalists, you must remember, were among the wealthiest of our people, and many a home here is still a treasure-house of American antiques.

Toronto, the capital of this well cared for region is a close rival to Montreal in size and commercial importance, a city of half a million

people. It lies on the shore of Lake Ontario, confronting our own New York lake towns, and it was twice burned down by our soldiers in the War of 1812. The city is prosperous and bustling, yet so dignified, so sedately old-fashioned, that its business men still wear as a mark of respectability the old style collars and stiff hats of a generation ago, and to be seen at a dance would be a serious injury to a young man's professional advancement.

Nevertheless, Toronto is a charming home city, wherein each dwelling house possesses its own little grounds. Only the business streets are built solidly, and these have tall stone houses, not sky-scrapers of course, that would be too reckless, but conservative buildings of good height and stateliness. Capital from the United States has of late done much for Toronto, and indeed for all the manufacturing towns of Old Ontario. Restrictive laws, operating on one side of the border or the other, make it much more profitable to manufacture some goods in Canada. Hence old differences whether of race or opinion have been put aside, and many a huge and prosperous manufactory here has had United States support.

Farther west along Lake Ontario we come to Hamilton, a manufacturing city second only to Toronto; and then swinging round to the south shore of the lake we come to the Niagara River and Niagara Falls, and view them from the Canadian side. The little town of Chippewa stands here upon the river edge and by far the larger portion of the falls makes its tremendous plunge near the Canadian shore. Old earthworks may still be seen at Chippewa, relics of those heroic days of 1814 when the soldiers of Canada and of our own land fought each other in repeated gallant battles up and down this countryside. Nearby at Fort Erie, the Americans built their chief defense. The old stone fort is a crumbling ruin now, still marked with the hundred scars made by Canadian shells.

There is a New Ontario which is in striking contrast to the older portion of the province. The close-built civilization of southern Ontario does not extend far into the north or west. On the shores of Lake Huron we begin to come in touch with the wilderness, and near the Ottawa River there is a great national park, Algonquin Park, wherein all hunting is absolutely forbidden, so that through all this region the wild game of old days, not the bears and catamounts but everything less dangerous, is rapidly increasing in numbers. The Canadian authorities call this the Muskoka Lakeland, and advertise that you should

TOBOGGANING AT OTTAWA

The winter sport of coasting on huge artificial toboggan slides was devised in Canada and has spread to all winter lands.

visit here to shoot moose and deer with a camera instead of with a gun. This was once the land of the Huron Indians. Today we shall still meet Indians along Lake Huron amid the thirty thousand charming little islands of Georgian Bay; but they are no longer Hurons. They are Ojibways, Indians of a tribe from the bleak regions of the far northwest, who have drifted eastward during the later generations of peace. The Ojibway squaws will sell us woven baskets quaintly adorned with porcupine quills; and the Ojibway braves now earn a living as camp cooks and guides to the summer visitors.

No one ever quite realizes the full joy and utility of a canoe until he has visited this region. Kipling called it the land of little lakes. There are no tall mountains here but only rolling hills, with a lake in every hollow and countless little streams that wander everywhere. There are no roads even, so that canoes are the only means of passage; and these in summer are numerous indeed. All Canada enjoys the Muskoka lakes. Probably no man has ever known them thoroughly, as even the Hurons had marked out only a few main water routes; but every summer the young folk of Canada certainly do their part for the exploration of the region in the gay groups of campers who roam everywhere.

There is a still more distant Ontario, the western plains which begin to get into touch with the great wheat growing movement of the prairie provinces we are next to visit. Also, along Lake Superior, there is a fishing region. The rapids of Saulte Sainte Marie, locally known merely as the Soo, lead the waters of Superior down to those of Lake Huron. Above their swift rush, along Superior's northern shore, there lie spread out the little homes of fishermen, many of whose fathers once migrated from the Maritime Provinces and brought their local customs here. Superior, though its waters are fresh, is a true inland sea, subject at times to violent storms; and the fisherfolk face all the dangers of the sea.

Far to the north of all this lie the chill and empty lands which extend up to the shore of Hudson Bay. In this region mines have been discovered since the opening of the present century, nickel mines so rich that more than half the world's supply of nickel now comes from Ontario. A great silver mine was also discovered, the Cobalt. It has produced such quantities of ore that it had its part in the recent lowering in the value of silver throughout the world. Gold too has been found in paying quantities; and there are numerous searchers for the precious metals, whom we may meet wandering over these bleak lands today.

THE BISON HERD PRESERVED BY THE GOVERNMENT IN ALBERTA

CHAPTER XLIV—CANADA

The Great Central Plains

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, those are the names by which, after several changes, the Canadian government has at last decided to name its three inland prairie provinces. These extend westward from Ontario to British Columbia, that is, from the Great Lakes to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, beyond which the older province of British Columbia descends to the Pacific. These prairie provinces constitute the northern end of our own great central prairie. Their division into three is not a natural one made by rivers and mountains, but a geometrical separation made by drawing imaginary lines straight across a map. Our own northern boundary here runs along the arbitrary line of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, which was agreed upon while all these lands were still an unknown wilderness. North of this, separated by straight lines which follow approximately the 102nd and the 110th north and south meridians, the three Canadian provinces extend to the sixtieth parallel. Beyond this equally arbitrary border which is marked only on the map, lies Canada's Arctic North. In truth, this imaginary sixtieth degree line of worthlessness is drawn much too far north across the empty land. Only about half, the southern half, of the three provinces is really warm enough for settlement and cultivation; and all the newly made farms of the prairie lie in this half.

The main immigration flow of northern Europe during the last few years has been into these Canadian prairies. Our own immigration laws have barred Europe out, so that the stream which once flowed to us now turns toward Canada. By every different line of ship and railroad the immigrants reach to Montreal and thence on to Winnipeg. This, the capital of Manitoba the oldest and most eastern prairie province, has now become the chief railroad and business city of the Canadian west. From it a dozen railroads branch out to all the western farmlands.

The settlement of these regions has been called "the Epic of Wheat." Not until the present century began, did men realize what wealth could be drawn from this fertile region by sowing it with the world's chief staple, wheat. Then the rush started. Immigrants crowded in. Fortunes were made not only by wheat speculators but also on a smaller scale by the farmers themselves. Railroads were swiftly built; and wherever they passed wheatfields sprang up on either side. In a dozen years, two million people settled in this prairie region. Then came the World War, over-speculation, and most important of all the exhaustion of the virgin soil, since the huge wheat-crops extracted from the land each year the same essential elements. The wheat boom almost collapsed. Today western Canada still makes wheat its main product, but mingles with this the growth of other grains, and has even turned to dairy farming. Thus it supplies the world with butter as well as bread; and its people are fond of emphasizing their production of the primary foods by calling this the "mother land."

The wide variety of the immigrants who settled here has stamped itself permanently upon the country. Almost every race has its own settlements, and each group tends to stay among its own people. Thus we shall see not one West Canada but fifty. Among the first comers were the Doukhobors, a Russian religious sect with some rather violent ideas about non-resistance, communal labor and communal love. They occupy large villages, refusing all association with other colonists, and retaining their Russian costume and Russian ways to the fullest. They work hard and obey their own leaders with absolute devotion; but they show no tendency whatever to become Canadians or democrats. There are at least ten thousand of them in Saskatchewan alone, and they are wealthy now with thousands of cattle and horses and sheep. Yet they still retain a religious frenzy which leads them at times to roll naked in the snow; and they still refuse all book education. They maintain

THE EPIC OF WHEAT

Courtesy of Thos. Cook & Son.

For a thousand miles the Canadian trains run across what is almost a single wheat field, filling the flat prairie.

that they are taught by the light of the spirit within them, and so learn all they need.

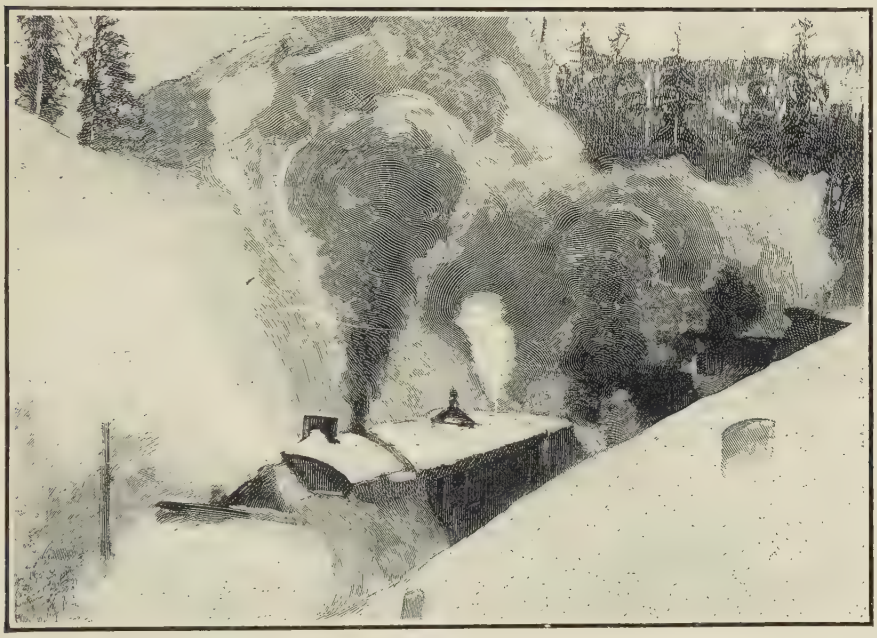
There are over fifty thousand Scandinavians here, healthy broad-shouldered men and plump flaxen-haired women, a self-reliant law-obeying peasantry. There are Icelanders also, a specially sent colony of twenty thousand who came to test the land and report to their friends at home as to whether the Icelanders should move in a body to Canada. A score of miles from Winnipeg we may visit the village of Gonor where Austria's former Galician subjects began their settlements. The town is a reproduction of their abandoned homes in Europe's Carpathian mountains. It contains a little white Eastern church with a decorative altar built by the settlers themselves, and a queer home-made dome which copies the bulb-shaped domes of the old Greek Christianity.

We see the Gonor women working barefoot in the potato fields; and if one of them invites us by pantomime to enter her house, we shall see the rough logs of the walls and the bare rafters overhead and the hard-packed clay of the floor, with wooden chairs and table hewed out by hand with the axe. And always from the rafters swings a canvas hammock or cradle holding the youngest born. There is no race-suicide here. If we stay to a meal we shall have strong black tea and home-made bread with eggs and curds and every form of dairy produce in abundance. Then the housewife may perhaps show us the carefully hoarded treasures of her dowry, woven shawls and embroidered bodices brought from Europe and far too precious to be worn, or sheepskin coats brightly lined, such as the Galicians all wore here at first but have now discarded as too heavy. The Canada prairies may be cold in winter, but their continental dryness prevents the cold from being felt as it is on the moist shores of oceans.

Each little group of West Canada homes has its own characteristic church; and each larger group has that institution peculiar to Manitoba, the school-teacher's home. These houses for teachers are built by the government, neat, dainty, warm, fitted with every modern device for comfort; so that from them the foreign peasantry may learn what they have a right to aspire to in this new land, what their own homes may become. No people except the Doukhobors are refusing English education, so Manitoba is rapidly making Americans of the children.

Our train reaches this open prairie country by speeding across miles of the Ontario forest lands, past that island-dotted "Lake of the Woods" which is famous in history because it lies on the international

boundary. It was the farthest western point of the wilderness known to the statesmen who outlined that boundary. Beyond Lake of the Woods they agreed that their line was to run along that unknown forty-ninth parallel, touching what lands it might until it reached the Pacific. Now on the edge of this unknown land our train runs into Winnipeg. It is the third largest city of Canada, holding two hundred thousand people; and every one of these seems there at the great depot to meet us. In other words Winnipeg is a "booming" town, very anxious to meet strangers, to sell them land, and to get them settled as "producing" farmers. Everything here is up to date. Indeed Winnipeg's citizens are fond of calling it the northern Chicago. Its streets are broad, its buildings high. Its automobiles rush madly along; the bells of its electric cars ring with a strident clamor. In winter its citizens all wrap themselves in huge fur coats—they must; but in summer they affect the gayest and coolest of attire.



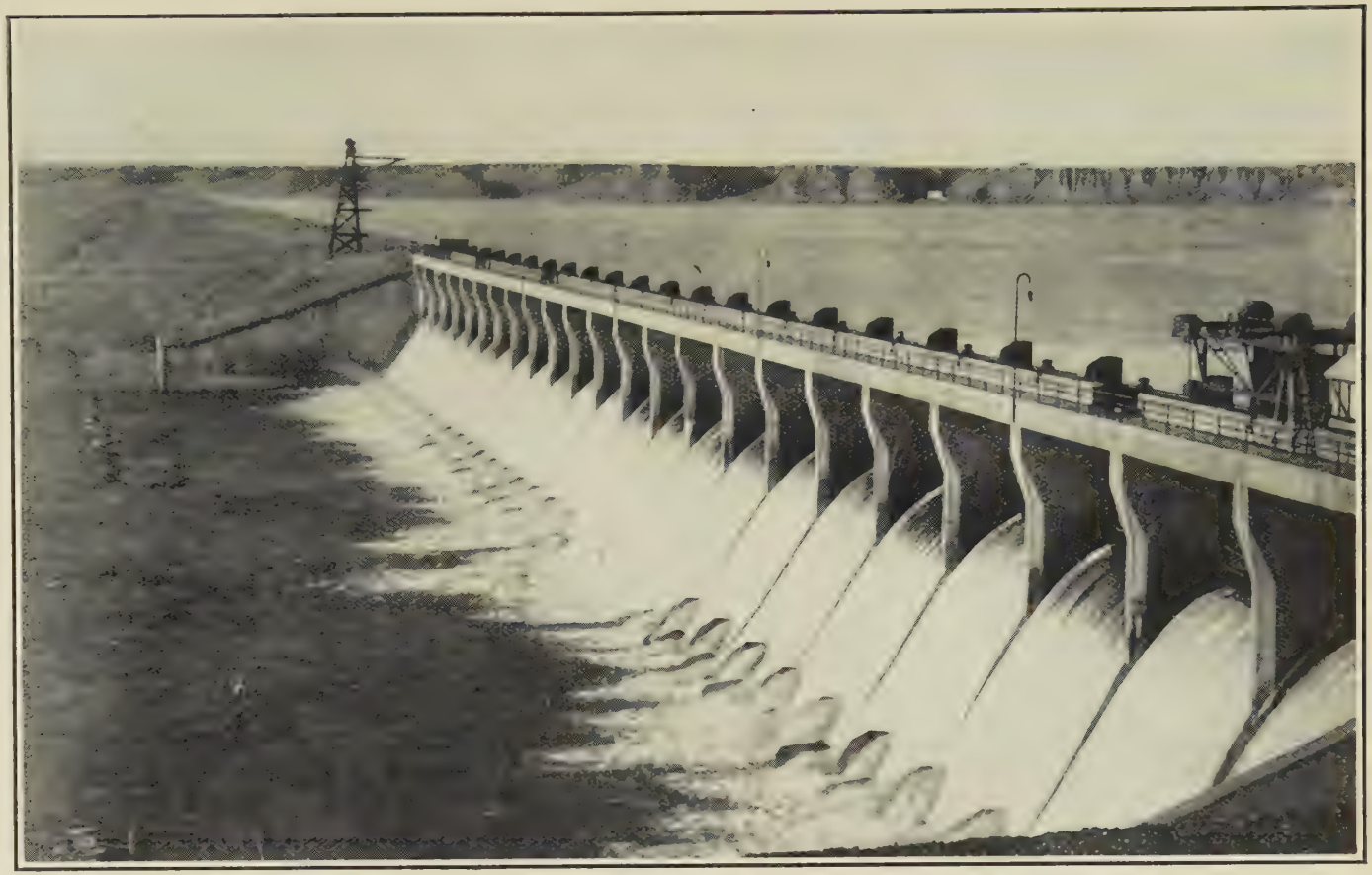
CLEARING THE RAILROAD TRACKS NEAR WINNIPEG

Yet, back in the 1870's Winnipeg did not exist. On its site there was only sturdy old Fort Garry, the stronghold of the fur-traders. Here were the rude frontier stores from which the trader gathered his stock. From here the trappers, red or white, started north by way of

Lake Winnipeg, as fair and almost as big as one of our own Great Lakes. Beyond this the wanderers sought The Pas, the renowned gorge on the Saskatchewan River by which all northern traffic passed. Today the new railroad to Hudson Bay follows the same old route, and cuts across the Saskatchewan at The Pas by means of a huge modern bridge which is a triumph of engineering. As the train rumbles across, the Eskimo dogs still challenge it with fury; but, except for their tumult, the old, wild Pas has also become modernized. It is a quiet village today; though it continues as of old, "the gateway of the North." It has a set of stores which boast that they sell everything from a miner's pick to a silk embroidered stocking.

The northern Indians, the Crees, still come to The Pas; but their women have learned to walk into a shop as carelessly as their Canadian sisters, and to purchase for themselves gay silks with which to work embroideries. High on a bluff above the river stands the old chapel, the earliest church in all these parts. Its pews and pulpit were carved by the men of one of the Sir John Franklin relief parties. They were themselves caught by the winter cold and shut in here for months, during which this carving was their pleasure. On a Sunday now you will see the Cree warriors seated in these historic pews dressed in all their splendor of furs and embroidery. Or you will see a Cree mother carrying on her back a babe strapped upon a board, which is called a "tikanagan." It has been dyed in bright colors by loving hands, and the baby rests upon it cuddled in soft reindeer moss, as if in a nest. Beyond the village, there is an Indian high-school, and down by the river-edge is a little whitewashed schoolhouse taught by an educated young Indian woman, a graduate of one of Canada's best schools. Civilization has gone all the way to meet the Crees, even in this far-off northland.

Westward from Winnipeg and The Pas, we can enter the province of Saskatchewan, named from the great river. The capital here is Regina, a city now of forty thousand people, and noted for its horses. Here we are indeed in the heart of the prairie. As one Canadian writer says of it: "It is a vast expanse—this Canadian prairieland, the billowy, mysterious, lovely prairie, swallowing up the little habitations of men in its immensity. These plains of God, stretching from the distant skyline to the far-off horizon, have their own allurement, though to some they may be dreary and depressing. Wonderfully carpeted with flower-life is the floor; rich in animal and bird-life are the great spaces. This is a level sea of grass whereon there are mysteries of atmosphere in the



BASSANO DAM IN ALBERTA Courtesy Canadian Pacific R. R.

Large irrigation projects have now fertilized such parts of western Canada as were once too dry for farming.

morning miracle of the sunrise, in the vividness of the noonday sun, in the wierd twilight hours that linger so long into the night, in the night itself where the stars shine strangely bright and the moon has a great white world to itself. And when to the succession of ever-changing nature pictures there is added a display of the aurora borealis, the dancing spirits of the red men's fancy, the impress on mind and memory is one never to be effaced."

When from Saskatchewan we pass on to the third prairie province, Alberta, we begin to note some change. Since the Rocky Mountain crest forms the western border of this province, much of its western half is hilly and even mountainous. Indeed, the whole province slopes up toward the mountains, so that its capital of Calgary (kăl′gă rĭ) in the southwestern corner is three thousand feet above the sea. A short generation ago, Alberta was a cattle land with cowboys, and with vast herds wandering over its unfenced ranges. It still has cattle and something of the old frontier air, so well known to our own western stories; but wheat has conquered here, as well as farther east. The cattle-herds, once many thousand strong, are broken into tiny groups, each with its separate owner dwelling on a fenced-in ranch. Calgary, once "the last frontier town," now boasts seventy thousand people, and caters mainly to the wants of the farmer, no longer to those of the cattle crowd.

So passes the old, giving place to the new. Men have built a city at Edmonton now, four hundred miles north of Calgary, and made it the governmental capital of the province. This new Edmonton already rivals Calgary in size and speaks of itself as being at "the center" of West Canada instead of at its northern extreme. A new district is being opened beyond, the "Peace River" region, which extends fully to the edge of that grim sixtieth parallel so lately drawn as marking the end of the habitable land. Peace River is a tributary of the great Mackenzie River, which we saw flowing to the Arctic Ocean through a vast frozen solitude. No railroads as yet traverse the Peace River valley; but the rails connect one end of it to Edmonton and the river boats reach all the rest. The new settlers along Peace River tell us that some day they are going to amaze all Canada by the variety of crops they will grow there. True, at this high latitude they have almost perpetual night through the long six months of winter; but on the other hand in summer their lands blossom under an almost perpetual sun, and the growth of their crops is swift and high.

THE NARROW HELL-GATE GORGE OF THE FRASER RIVER

CHAPTER XLV—CANADA

British Columbia and the Yukon

When our train leaves Calgary, the vast Canadian prairie soon drops behind, and we enter a new world, a world of big and impressive things, the mighty world of the Rocky Mountains. The crest of the mountains, some forty miles westward from Calgary, marks the beginning of British Columbia; and from there until we reach the Pacific coast, we shall be in one of Nature's wonderlands of great canyons, tremendous water falls, glaciers, wild and rocky peaks, and huge trees that rival the famous giant redwoods of California. The famous Douglas fir of British Columbia, which is really of the same stock as our own Oregon pine, rises sometimes to three hundred feet tall, and is twenty feet in diameter. It is said to be hardier than oak, and makes one of the most valuable lumber trees in the world. The red cypress is even larger, though of less lumber value. Not all the firs and cypresses rise to three hundred feet, but those of two hundred feet are fairly common. Imagine mountains clothed in such vegetation as this! It is among such scenery that we are now to climb.

The wonderful Canadian Pacific Railroad approaches these heights by way of Banff, a town which has become a noted alpine resort. Its admirers declare it the chief center of Canada's scenic beauties, and around it the Canadian government has created the largest of the

country's National Parks. The mountains here rise abruptly from the plain, and as our train approaches them they seem a solid, impassable wall. So they seemed at first to the railroad engineers. Half a century ago it was thought impossible that trains could ever climb them; yet so rapid has been Canada's development, that today three railroads, each an enormously expensive and yet profitable undertaking, wind their way up these heights and then down by a hundred great bridges over giant canyons, and by a thousand tunnels through steep mountain cliffs, down to the Pacific.

The southern and highest pass by which one of these railroads crosses is not here at Banff, but farther south, close to the United States' border. It is the Crow's Nest Pass, over six thousand feet high. The railroad climbs to it because here there have been found huge coal mines, one of the chief sources of natural wealth in British Columbia. Here above Banff, our railroad crosses by the noted Kicking Horse Pass, which is also over a mile high. We pass close to the great Cascade Mountain, and we look south to Mt. Assiniboine, a single enormous horn of rock thrust sharply into the sky, the Canadian Matterhorn. Not far off, too, lies the great Wapti glacier. There are many glaciers here, for at this great height we are in a land of perpetual snow; but the Wapti is the giant of them all, a relic of the old ice ages, such as no modern winter could create. Slow-moving now, growing smaller with the ages, but still over thirty miles in length, it moves slowly down from its mountain basin, to melt into nothingness in the valleys below.

Our train descends quickly to the valley of the Columbia River, that mighty stream of our own country, which has here its upper waters in the Canadian highlands. We follow down the valley of the gaily prancing Kicking Horse River, until we reach that of the Columbia, which even here is flowing with the calm stateliness which befits so great a stream. Then, the moment we have crossed the Columbia, a new mountain range confronts us, and we must climb almost as high again, reaching far into the north to find a passage over this second great range, or rather huddled mass, of the Caribou Mountains. From these we shall descend to the Fraser River, which is British Columbia's own great river. The Fraser runs for nearly a thousand miles, all within the limits of this vast extended province. Most of the river's course is southward, and by following it our train comes out at last at Vancouver, the metropolis of Canada's Pacific Coast, a great sea-port today, and the fourth largest city of the whole dominion.

KICKING HORSE PASS

By this gorge of the Kicking Horse River the railroad penetrates the barrier of the Rocky Mountains. The building and protecting of the road beneath these cliffs has been an engineering triumph.

We must not, however, speed down the Fraser River valley without pausing to gaze in awe at its great cliffs and its tumultuous rapids. The canyons through which it passes rival the most celebrated ones of our own land. In one case a huge fallen boulder blocks almost the entire space between the canyon's walls. The whole broad river must suddenly crowd through a space scarce a dozen feet broad. It seems to leap at the great boulder, and hurls itself through the narrow pass at an almost inconceivable speed. This river was first descended in a canoe a century ago, by one of those dauntless Scotch fur traders, who has given his name to the river. He was sent out to take command of this region of the west; and in proof of his leadership, he brought his canoe and his goods down this mad river, which had drowned many a venturesome explorer before and has killed others since.

The old time trail to the Caribou gold mines led up the Fraser River. There was a noted gold strike here in the 1850's, which lured thousands of adventurers north from the California mines to try this new field. The Caribou field made no great fortunes, but exacted its toll of many lives. The British government, at a tremendous expense for those days, built this noted Caribou trail over hundreds of miles. It exists, and is still used as a pathway today, though in many places it has almost crumbled to pieces. The trail follows the gorges of "Crazy River" as the miners called the Fraser in despair. The road is sometimes upheld for long distances on piles, sometimes swinging by a narrow wooden platform round a jutting barrier of rock, directly above the boiling river. There are few wilder or more tragic remnants of the early mining days than this grim Caribou trail.

It is never very cold in this wild region, once we descend below the highest mountain peaks. In crossing the Rocky Mountain divide, we have entered a wholly different climate. The mountains shelter us from the icy winds which sweep down from the Arctic across Canada's central plains. Moreover, there is a famous Pacific Ocean current, the Japan Current, the warm waters of which act as do those of our own Gulf Stream. That is, they leave the heated basin of Asia's tropic seas, sweep up past Japan, and then across the Pacific. Finding no northward exit into the Arctic Ocean—for the single passage at Behring Strait is both narrow and shallow—this current turns down the lower coast of Alaska, and sweeps past British Columbia. It still retains enough of its heat to save the entire province from extreme cold. Warm winds sweep up to us from the Pacific, here in the Fraser valley; they even

sweep on to the main Rocky Mountain range, and cross its passes to bring an occasional warm wind into the prairie province of Alberta beyond. There this warm wind is known as the Chinook, and is hailed as a breath of spring.

All British Columbia is thus much warmer than we should anticipate by experience from the rest of Canada. It is quite as warm as the corresponding parts of Europe. Its northern regions are like those of Scotland; and its southern coast around Vancouver has a climate that rivals that of southern England at its best. With all this sea warmth,

THE GREAT GLACIER IN THE NATIONAL PARK AT BANFF

there comes also rain. All the fogs of the Pacific gather here. The mountains around us are seldom to be clearly seen, because the fog-wreaths enwrap them, revealing them bit by bit in sudden startling pictures. Unkind people have declared that at Vancouver it rains eight days every week. The rain and the warmth are the source of all the lordly vegetation of British Columbia; and the showers are usually brief, so that they do not take all the sunshine out of life. They do, however, give us a land of many rivers. They account for the tumultuous and mighty rush of the Fraser, for the vast though slower movement of the Columbia; and they fill the mountain heights around us

with myriads of water falls. Some of these display a most unusual and splendid beauty.

North of the Fraser River region, the third and most northern of the great Canadian railways climbs the Rocky Mountains by a much lower pass. These mountains here have sunk to a mere shadow of their former size, and farther north they disappear altogether in the Arctic plain. The great mountains we shall presently find in the Yukon and Alaskan territory, belong to another range. Hence the northern railroad here makes no terrific climb, but finds a comparatively simple path down to the Pacific at the newly made city built for its terminal. This is Prince Rupert, the most northern city of Canada. It is but a little town today, holding scarce five thousand people; but it has vast opportunities of Pacific trade, and the plans of the shrewd railroad men who have developed it, anticipate for it a tremendous future.

At present both the populace and the wealth of British Columbia are gathered mainly, as we have already noted, at Vancouver, the busy city at the terminus of the main railroad line in the extreme southwestern corner of the province. Here the famous international boundary line of the 49th parallel, which has followed us all the way from Winnipeg, shifts to a natural water boundary. Vancouver Island, a charming region much resembling our state of Connecticut in size and climate, lies off the coast. Its southern end extends below the 49th parallel, and had already been settled by the British when the boundary was agreed on; so that the border-line was made to bend southward and give Britain the whole of the island. Between this large, enormously valuable island and our state of Washington runs the dividing Juan de Ulloa Strait. It is so named from a Greek captain who insisted to his British employers that he had not only found this strait, but sailed through it to Hudson Bay, and so to the Atlantic. As all British traders wanted such a strait, they quite readily accepted the Greek captain's fable of its existence, and named it for him. So the name remains today as one more memory of the long search for an ocean passage across Canada.

Oddly enough in this matter of names, Vancouver city is not on Vancouver Island at all. The island has a pretty little city of its own, Victoria, which has long been the capital of the province. Vancouver is a new city built on the mainland to be the terminal of the great railroad. It was born only when the railroad reached here in the later 1880's. It stands at one side of the delta of the Fraser River and is

AMID BRITISH COLUMBIA'S MOUNTAINS

Courtesy of Thos. Cook & Son

Summer comes suddenly among these snow-crowned heights, and great hotels like this at Mt. Stephen, welcome the tourist.

thus a little apart from the remarkable business which comes to this river and to others along the coast with each recurring springtime. This is the catching and the canning of the hordes of salmon which suddenly appear from the ocean and ascend the rivers.

No one who has not actually seen this amazing rush of the salmon, can realize its magnitude. There is a town here on the main channel of the river, Steveton, which does nothing but prepare salmon for market. You can scarcely speak of catching the fish, for they crowd up the river in a solid mass that reaches from shore to shore and compels them to enter every opening that is made for them. Hence the cannery workers merely pick out salmon as fast as possible, and ladle them into the remarkable machines. These cut off the fish's head and tail, cut him open, clean him, inside and out, cut him into slices of the desired size, and put the meat into a can. There are several different kinds of salmon that come at different seasons, but the rush of each stops as suddenly and mysteriously as it began, until the new horde comes next year.

Perhaps the pleasantest trip in all Canada still remains for us. It is to take steamer at Victoria or Vancouver and sail up the coast to Prince Rupert, or to our own Alaska. This coast has often been declared the most remarkable in the world. It has a steep range of mountains, the Coast Range, which descends to the waters with such abruptness that often the water directly off shore is hundreds of feet in depth. Narrow fjords, perhaps a mile in width, extend inland sometimes for thirty miles, like river canyons between the cliffs. The coast is far higher and wilder than that of the famous Norway fjords. Moreover, such masses of similar cliff-like islands lie off the coast that they make for our steamer a deep and sheltered passage. This is like a greater Panama Canal, so still is it, and yet so safe, so deep, so wholly free from rocks or sand-bars to endanger the great ships which speed along its winding passages.

At the far end of this passage we reach the Alaskan city of Juneau, where a railroad will carry us over the mountains into the far northern Canadian district of the Yukon. This is a frozen land to which men come only at the call of gold. Our railroad follows the earlier miners' trail; but the real connections of the Yukon are with Alaska, through which the great Yukon River flows down to the sea. We have reached the end of the Canadian lands.

WRANGELL, AN EARLY SETTLEMENT WHERE OLD CUSTOMS SURVIVE

CHAPTER XLVI—ALASKA

The Outer Sections of the United States

The name Alaska is an Esquimo word meaning the Great Land. Alaska is indeed the newest wonder of the world; for every added step in the exploration of this vast territory brings with it a new knowledge of remarkable things previously unsuspected. There are really two Alaskas, one of which lies to the north of a vast dividing mountain range, and the other to the south. Gold was first discovered to the north of these mountains, in the Klondike and other valleys of the Yukon River; and endless narratives were written of this vast, bleak snow-land. Hence our people learned to know Alaska from these tales, and have scarcely realized the existence of that southern Alaska which has a climate comparing favorably with that of England. Northern Alaska has great values as a mineral-bearing land; but southern Alaska has a far higher worth as a land of stock-raising, timber-growing, and fisheries.

The huge mountain range which thus divides Alaska in two, is a continuation not of the Rocky Mountains, which lie too far inland, but of the Coast Range of British Columbia. This mighty ridge of earth here reaches its greatest height, furnishing a series of peaks the highest on the North American continent, the roof of our world. The range tends to circle around the world-hollow of the Pacific Ocean. That is,

it ceases extending into the north, curves gradually into an east and west direction and finally even bends toward the south. Its diminishing peaks extend almost all the way across the northern Pacific, forming that amazing chain of islands which we call the Aleutians (ăl ē oo′shĭ ăns). Attu, the most westerly of the Aleutians, has a latitude farther west from San Francisco than Maine is east of it. In other words, if we measure solely by latitude, San Francisco, instead of being at the west of the territory of the United States, is at its center, or even somewhat nearer its eastern end. From Attu to Maine, our country extends nearly half-way round the globe. In the long days of summer at least, we can say of our land, as has been so proudly said of Britain's Empire, that the sun never sets upon the flag of the United States.

The half of Alaska which lies south of this vast mountain circle is warmed not only by the shelter of the range, but even more by the warm ocean current of the Pacific. This follows the curve of the Aleutian Islands in crossing from Japan to British Columbia. People accustomed to dwelling in southern Alaska often complain of the cold of the winters in our northern states, and want to return to their own more comfortable home; and Alaska has now become a justly popular resort for summer tourists.

These reach the land by the steamers running along the beautiful coast of British Columbia. At the fjord known from its length and depth as the Portland Canal, the ownership of the country changes, and both islands and mainland suddenly become Alaska. Our visit here, as in British Columbia, will be much troubled by rain during the summer months. Yet it is this rain which keeps the land so green, its berry patches so luscious, its yellow cedars so fragrant, and all the other forest odors so warm around us.

There are no large cities in Alaska, but there are numerous little towns of hard-working, prosperous people. Their chief profits come from the salmon fisheries, which rival those of Canada. Farming and dairying are also proving successful. Most of the inhabitants have arrived within the last generation from "the States"; but there are a few settlers from the old days when this region was held by Russian fur traders, so that the Russian tongue is still sometimes heard. There are also numerous Esquimos and a few scattered settlements of other Indian tribes. The modern capital here is Juneau, from which the mountain passes lead northward to the Klondike gold lands.

Historically, the most interesting of the little towns to visit is

A DEATH BED AMONG THE ALASKAN INDIANS

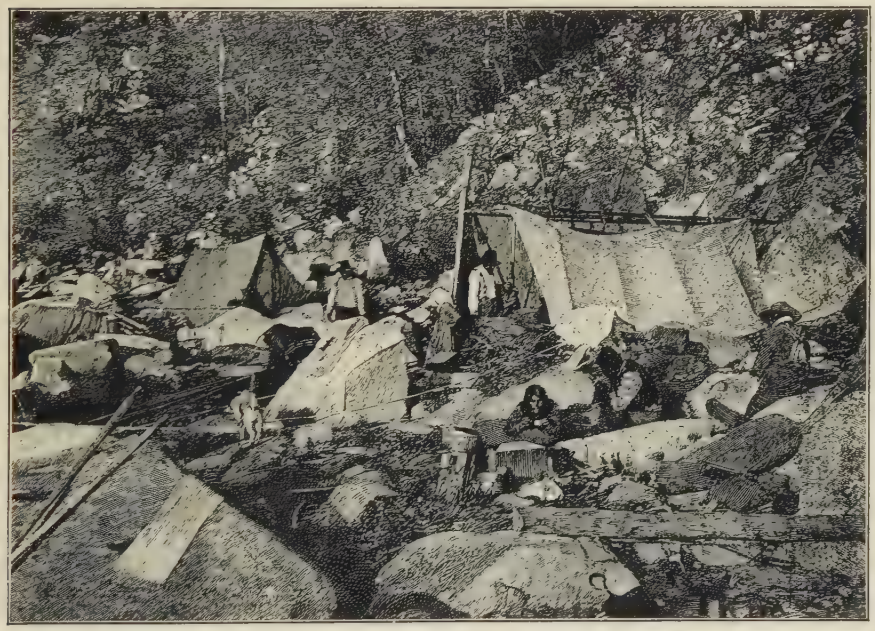
Some of the Esquimos and other Indians far from civilization still cling to old faiths. The masked medicine-man uses his spells over the sick.

Sitka, for this was the first white settlement, the capital in Russian days and during the period of American ownership before the gold rush. Sitka stands on the outer coast, in a spot well fitted for Russian trading ships, but not for the modern development of sheltered inland homes. Hence trade now flows to the inner islands, and Sitka remains little more than a curious picture of the past. It lies on a deep and beautiful bay with tremendous mountains as a background to its scenery, and it contains the well-built government structures of its early days. On its shore we shall be met first by the Indian women, curio-sellers, eager to offer us samples of their native work, baskets or moccasins or anything that we will buy. Escaping them we can stroll among the moss-covered log buildings of the past, and stop before the severely simple, old Russian church. It is green roofed with the strange bulb-like Russian dome, and with a clock tower, with a sharp spire above. Within the building also, we shall feel that we are visiting Russia itself. Here there are silver ikons or picture images, and richly molded and bejewelled sacrificial implements, and ancient priestly vestments of cloth of gold. All the splendor recently lost to Russia's own churches finds here a last feeble harborage.

Some traces of the old Esquimo civilization are also to be seen at Sitka, but we shall find them more numerous at Wrangell, a town buried deeper among the islands, almost a hundred miles further inland. Here we shall see some of the curious old wooden council-houses, and several of the tall, carved totem poles. The latter scarcely exist today outside of museums. To the older Esquimos these poles represented the spirits of their departed ancestors, and their devotion to these quaintly carved monstrosities was so intense that the Christian missionaries regarded it as a form of idol worship and vigorously disapproved of it. As a result most of the totem poles were abandoned, or even destroyed. We should have to journey far inland today, and even to the wilds of the still unknown north, to find Esquimos who have not adopted the Christian faith. Only a few of the remoter tribes still cling to old customs and call in their "medicine men" to charm away the evil spirits in times of sickness or of sorrow.

If from Sitka we follow the coast farther west—though here there are no regular steamers and we shall have to depend on accidental transport—we come to the most remarkable natural region of this remarkable coast. Here towers Mt. St. Elias (ē lī′ăs), its mighty bulk rising grandly from the shore, encircled by the Malespina (mah lā

spē′nă) Glacier. This glittering mass of ice extends for some seventy miles all around the mountain, slipping slowly down the giant slopes to reach the sea. The warmth of the coast regions makes the Malespina ice melt rapidly away, yet the huge bulk is always kept in place by the descent from above. Mt. St. Elias is eighteen thousand feet high; and, as the still higher inland mountains are invisible from the coast, this was long supposed to be the summit of the continent. It marks the international boundary line; at its peak the Alaskan boundary ceases to follow the crest of the mountain range along the coast and extends



A NEW "GOLD STRIKE" ALONG THE YUKON

directly north to the Arctic Ocean, drawing thus a merely mathematical division between Alaska and the British territory of Yukon, which holds the upper waters of the great Yukon River.

Still west from Mt. St. Elias and its stupendous glacier, we come to other little modern settlements. Cordova, at the mouth of the Copper River, is the port for the rich copper region. This exports about twenty-five million dollars worth of copper every year, whereas the gold mines, even at their first, richest flood, scarce exceeded twenty millions annually. Then we come to Valdez, which has gold mines of its own, but is chiefly notable for being the most northern ice-free

port in the world. It lies above latitude 61°, yet the warm ocean current keeps its harbor open all winter long. Beyond this, the great curve of the mountains carries the coast southward again; and we come to the island of Kodiak, where the green grasses grow taller than a man's head. Here hunters find the huge Kodiak bears, the largest beasts of prey in all the world, far larger than our grizzly bears, and tremendously outclassing the largest of African lions or Asiatic tigers.

On the mainland behind Kodiak, towers Mt. Katmai, hiding the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes." This, by the few who have seen it, has been declared the most remarkable volcanic region in the world. In a tremendous explosion in 1912, Mt. Katmai blew its entire head off, completely burying under its ashes the neighboring villages, destroying all vegetation through a wide extended region, and spreading a thinner coat of ash over all southern Alaska. Explorers, going inland to discover the source of the disaster which had spread along the shore, found the Mt. Katmai of today. The center of this peak has become a vast hole more than three miles across. A beautiful lake fills one portion of this crater, while sulphurous fumes or red-hot flames rise constantly from the rest. This hole, where once a mountain top had been, is now three thousand feet in depth, but the remaining shoulders of Katmai still make an enormous mountain around the hollow.

All this region is full of volcanos. The most remarkable manifestation of these, the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, extends northward from Mt. Katmai. The entire surface of the valley for some thirty miles is a mere lava crust. From this in thousands of places there burst forth jets of boiling steam. These are sometimes ejected so forcibly that they shoot straight upward for over a thousand feet, before the cold can condense them into water. Then they drift downward in a chilling mist. In the sunlight the rainbow effects are wonderful, but usually the valley's own mists fill it with a mass of clouds. Perhaps the fires beneath this region will some day cool sufficiently to make of it a geyser region, such as exists in Iceland and in our own Yellowstone Park; but at present the smoking valley is unlike anything elsewhere existing. It is Nature in the making.

Continuing southward along this wild volcanic coast, we reach at length, in a latitude farther south than that of Portland Canal where we first entered Alaska, the first channel through the Aleutian Islands. By this we can turn north and penetrate Behring Sea. We pass other volcanoes. We pass where islands have risen suddenly above the sea

ON THE PRIBILOF ISLANDS

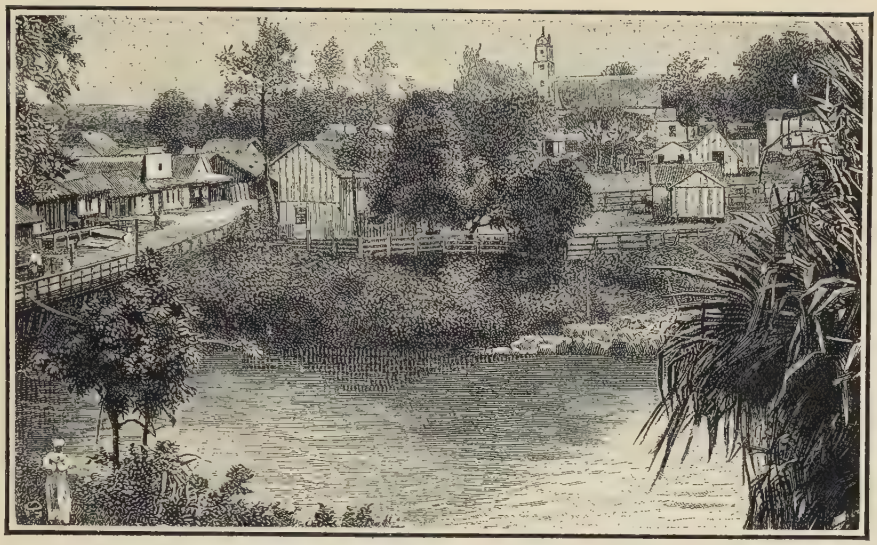
The Pribilofs were once the goal of every seal-hunter. A few sea-lions and walruses are still found there.

and sometimes disappeared again in later convulsions. We pass the Pribilof Islands, which once were considered the only valuable part of our Alaskan purchase. They are the seal islands to which millions of seals once resorted, making this the summer capital of the seal world. But sealing vessels have so recklessly and even lawlessly destroyed these seals, that our government now protects the remainder by force.

Far north of all this comes the delta of the Yukon. Here at last we find the world of cold, the world of mines, of dog trains and dog races over vast empty spaces. The island of St. Michael, the chief landing-place off the Yukon's mouth, is ice-bound for half the year. On a broad peninsula still farther north lies Nome, the gold city. During the great gold rush the sandy shores of this peninsula were found to be literally "golden sands." Men gathered wealth from the open coast; and though those first days are long past, the region behind Nome still supplies gold for scientific mining with machinery.

The Yukon River is itself ice-bound through the long winter; but regular lines of steamers use its channels when they can, to convey supplies not only to the mining regions over a thousand miles inland but also to the farming regions which have developed on the Tanana, a southern branch of the great river. Reindeer herding has also been introduced here, and under man's protection these herds have increased a hundred-fold. Another new, rich industry has thus been started. Fairbanks, the capital of the Tanana region, is the most flourishing Alaskan town of the farther north. An overland route by motor-car and railroad connects Fairbanks with the southern coast at Cordova, and many mining visitors now enter by that route.

Here at last we reach within view of Mount McKinley, 20,300 feet high, the crown of the Alaskan range and of the continent. The whole Tanana valley looks up to this great range, and we must cross one of its passes to reach the south-land. The Tanana valley is low, so that the full impressive height of this snow-crowned series of peaks is clearly visible. A National Park has been made to include Mount McKinley and the chief neighboring summits; and this will probably be one day our nation's chief hunting region. Game of every kind, especially the wild reindeer or caribou, is plentiful up to the very edge of the snow line. In this high latitude the line of eternal snow begins at about seven thousand feet altitude, so that all the upper half of these huge mountains is clothed in glistening, unbroken white. A fair crown indeed for our American land!



HILO, A TYPICAL CITY OF THE OLDER HAWAII

CHAPTER XLVII—AMERICAN ISLES OF THE PACIFIC

Hawaii

Hawaii (hah wī′ē) consists of a group of islands set in surprising isolation in the midst of a vast ocean. They are nearly two thousand miles from our Pacific coast, and are farther south than our land, lying in the latitude of Mexico, just below the Tropic of Cancer, and thus within the edge of the tropic zone. This group is the outpost of all that island world of Oceanica which occupies the shallow tropic part of the Pacific. Most of the isles of Oceanica, however, lie much farther west, where the West becomes the East. After passing Hawaii on our road toward Japan or the Philippines, we should see no more than a few reefs until we had covered another three thousand miles.

Hawaii has been part of our national soil since the year 1898, and though not yet a full-fledged State of the Union, it bids fair to become so, being held back only by its lack of size and some uncertainty about its people. This does not mean that the people are ignorant. Hawaii has been a civilized community for over half a century, and anyone who went there expecting to see native life of such naked barbarism as we met among the blacks of Oceanica, would be laughed at by the cultured inhabitants. The hula-hula girl of Hawaii exists today only on the stage or in some historic pageant of the islands.

Ten percent of the people of Hawaii today are Americans by

ancestry as well as by the annexation of their land. In Porto Rico we acquired an island fully occupied by a long-established race, part Spanish and part African. In Hawaii, the natives were few, and the American immigrants so many that the latter took possession of the island and managed it as an independent little republic for years before our Government consented to annex them to our land. These white folk were largely the descendants of New England missionaries, a number of whom went to the island with their families over a century ago. They were gladly welcomed and obeyed by the intelligent natives, who had already a well-organized kingdom of their own. Under the wise and kindly guidance of these missionaries was developed the Hawaii of today. It contains three hundred thousand people, of whom a third dwell in the modern city of Honolulu. A small percentage of the islanders are of the old native Hawaiian blood, and some of these hold important places; but it is not usually easy to separate them from the other races. These include immigrants from almost every country of the East, including some Russian refugees.

A difficult racial question has thus arisen. Almost half the people we pass in the Honolulu streets are Japanese. They make good citizens, industrious, law-abiding. They have been born, or their children will be, on United States territory; therefore they are citizens; therefore they vote. There seems no question that in a few years the Japanese vote could carry Hawaii if its owners wished. Perhaps, however, with increasing realization of the beauty of these islands and the pleasure of life among them, a sufficiency of Americans from the "mainland," as all Hawaiians call our coast, may settle in the islands, and so keep them in the hands of our people. The control at present is wholly in American hands.

These islands have well been called "the Pacific Paradise." They are ideally located, rich in soil and climate, strange in wonders. The Hawaiian group contains one large island of over four thousand square miles, which lends its name to the entire land. This main island of Hawaii stands nearest to our coast. Beyond it, reaching out in a northwestern line, are several smaller isles. On one of these, Oahu (ō ah′hoo), the city of Honolulu has been built, because Oahu possessed the best natural harbor of the group. When we land at Honolulu, therefore, we shall find ourselves in the center of Hawaii geographically, as well as in the center of its populace and wealth.

The view as we approach this noted capital is as charming as it is

ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI

Waikiki, famous for its salt-water bathing, has become the chief pleasure resort of Hawaii

unusual. The city lies on the southern shore of the island, sheltered by a great central mountain range from the heavy winds which blow with force and steady persistency from the east. Coming from that direction, our ship is swept onward through the broad Kaiwi Channel, which separates Oahu from its next neighbor to the south. In that direction we see even greater mountains rising dimly against the distant sky. They are the highest peaks in all the Pacific, the famous volcanos which every tourist visits with awe and wonderment; but to our view they are as yet but a haze in the south, with perhaps just a hint of lurid flame color. Close at hand the huge breakers of the Pacific, driven by two thousand miles of wind are beating against Diamond Head, the rocky outpost of Honolulu's shore. All these islands are volcanic, and though those at the northern end of the group are no longer flaming and roaring like their southern neighbors, their wild and jagged peaks form a brilliant spectacle. Some of their gorges rival in coloring, though not in size, our own great mountain canyons of the West. Everywhere the bases of the Hawaiian mountains are covered with a gorgeous and luxuriant vegetation, for the islands have considerably more rain than they can absorb, so that fierce torrents plunge down the heights, and every form of tropic plant grows with rapidity.

Our steamer passes the broad beach of Waikiki, the favorite swimming place of Honolulu. Long ages ago the Hawaiians, lonely here in the midst of oceans, developed a skill in swimming which is beyond that of any other race. Their waters are full of "killer" sharks, man-eaters, whom the Hawaiians learned to meet armed only with a knife made of the sharp lava stone. They learned also the joyous sport of surf riding; and this, as well as something of their swimming abilities, they have taught to the later dwellers in their land.

We shall see dozens of the youth of both sexes at Waikiki who will dive underneath the huge breaking waves, each swimmer carrying a long, slim board. Well out beyond the surf, the swimmer will dexterously climb upright upon this board, and then, balancing perilously, will ride the board inland on top of the tossing foam. They look like young water gods raised high above the tumult, striding on the water; and at last, if not dumped head over heels in the wild skelter, they come scooting far up the beach to the last margin of some dying wave. The water is so warm that the bathers stay in for hours; and it would be hard indeed to judge, amid their browned, tanned skins, which were of all white blood.

Just beyond Honolulu on the other side, lies Pearl Harbor, which the United States government has taken as a naval base, an ideal spot for the purpose. A narrow, easily guarded channel leads by twisty ways into a broad, deep bay, so shut in by surrounding heights that an entire navy might hide there without a sign of its presence visible from the sea outside. Behind the bay the great mountains on the north shore of the island rise so abruptly and with so many cliffs as to offer an impassable barrier against a land attack. Pearl Harbor has become our

A RECENTLY ERECTED CHURCH OF HONOLULU

chief Pacific fortification, our first line of defense against any hostile power from the Asiatic shore.

Honolulu itself is much like other well built and prosperous modern cities, except that the height of its buildings is kept down as some precaution against earthquakes. Hawaii has never seriously suffered from these, its volcanos perhaps forming a safety valve. It is, however, subject to huge tidal waves, caused probably by fiery disturbances in the ocean deeps around. Sometimes these waves bring serious disaster, though as a rule the inhabited coasts are carefully guarded. Cases are on record of people being carried far out to sea by the back-wash of the huge breakers. We hear of one lady who was recently swept

out more than half a mile. Being a good swimmer she almost regained the shore, only to be swept back again! Five times she was thus borne helplessly away, before the ocean quieted enough for her escape.

Oahu, the Island of Honolulu, seems but a little spot in the midst of these vast ocean forces. It is only about forty miles in its longest direction; but its people declare that it is plenty large enough for a home, and even for a great city. Along the coast, wherever there are neither houses nor gardens, there are plantations. Inland, to the very center of the island, extend the famous pineapple fields. When pineapples were first brought to Hawaii, they thrived so well in their new home that they became a pest, spreading over the fields and choking out other plants. The settlers started a war of extermination against them; but in the friendly atmosphere the pineapples had acquired such a rich flavor that a better course became possible. Canning factories were set up, and today canned pineapple is one of the chief exports of Hawaii. The plants are carefully cultivated over large areas, and the canneries furnish work for a considerable portion of the Asiatic populace.

The only large island to the north of Oahu is Kauai. This is called "the Garden Island," because here both climate and vegetation seem to reach their fullest perfection. The native Hawaiians had no word in their language for climate, for they met no changes of seasons and almost no change of winds; everyday here, from one year's end to the other, is like its neighbor. The thermometer swings up and down between 65° and 85°, rarely exceeding either limit. Perhaps instead of saying there is no climate, we should say that every spot in Hawaii has its own. The rains here are the strangest known, strange that is in their regularity. Brought always by the same east wind, blocked always by the same high mountains and sweeping through the same mountain gaps, the clouds follow always the same paths. There are many spots here which have barely enough rain to keep them fertile, less than twenty inches of rain each year; and below that in all lands, vegetation begins to fail. These dry spots are helped in Hawaii by irrigation, waters are brought from some other neighborhood, perhaps not ten miles away, which has too much rain. There is one region here which year after year registers close to five hundred inches annually. It has thus achieved the rain record of the world. Yet this little spot is surrounded by sunny, almost rainless, neighbors.

As for cold weather, if you want that you move up hill. The main

HONOLULU

Courtesy of Thos. Cook & Son

Honolulu has been called an American city set in a huge botanical garden, flooded with tropical sunshine, and set to music

island has two immense peaks almost fourteen thousand feet high, and even on Oahu you can set up a bungalow on a mountain height of perpetual spring, an eternal April day, with showers and sun and wind. The clefts in the mountain wall, through which the east winds drive, are called "palis;" but there is one pali near Honolulu to which the name specially applies. To this every visitor is taken; for its wind will fairly blow you off your feet. The whole world of air seems rushing on you in one vast breath of ocean freshness.

Excellent steamers run constantly from one Hawaiian island to another so that we shall have no difficulty in spending as much time as we wish with each fair and varied prospect. The long series of rocks that extend northward from Kauai are too small to be much more than reefs. So we shall let a steamer take us southward. Here we pass Molokai, the former "leper island," and so reach the two largest isles, Maui and then Hawaii. In Maui we shall wish to see two things, Lahaina, which was the capital of the native kingdom before the white men came, and Mount Haleakala. The latter is a volcano long extinct. It is remarkable in that it presents the largest volcanic crater still remaining on earth, half a mile deep and twenty miles around. Within its circle are mountains, which once were giant lava cones, and form still a stupendous spectacle.

Hawaii itself contains the famous peak of Mauna Loa (môw′nă lō′ă), and the fiery lake of Kilauea (Rē lōw ā′ā). Mauna Loa, one of the two chief summits of the land, is a huge volcano in perpetual eruption, scarcely dangerous because so regular. Sight-seers journey to its almost three mile height by a well-worn trail, and peer into its flaming crater from the side most sheltered. It is one of the spectacles of the world.

The whole of Mauna Loa's summit has been made a United States National Park; and so has Kilauea. The latter is a lake of fire, enclosed in a scarce visible crater of its own on the lower slopes of Mauna Loa. The natives called Kilauea, the House of Everlasting Fire. Its center is always in a white hot glow. Sometimes the flame surges up in a great fountain; molten lava sprays upward in a stream and flows outward till it cools and hardens. Sometimes this fiery flow surges against an old lava-rock shore of the lake, and we can then see this solid rock actually melt away under the heat of the new wave. We shall go home with a very concrete picture of an actual hell, when we have gazed at the fountains of Kilauea and looked into the deeps of Mauna Loa.

JUNGLE LIFE ON YAP, AMID THE CAROLINE ISLANDS

CHAPTER XLVIII—AMERICAN ISLES OF THE PACIFIC

Guam and the Lesser Isles

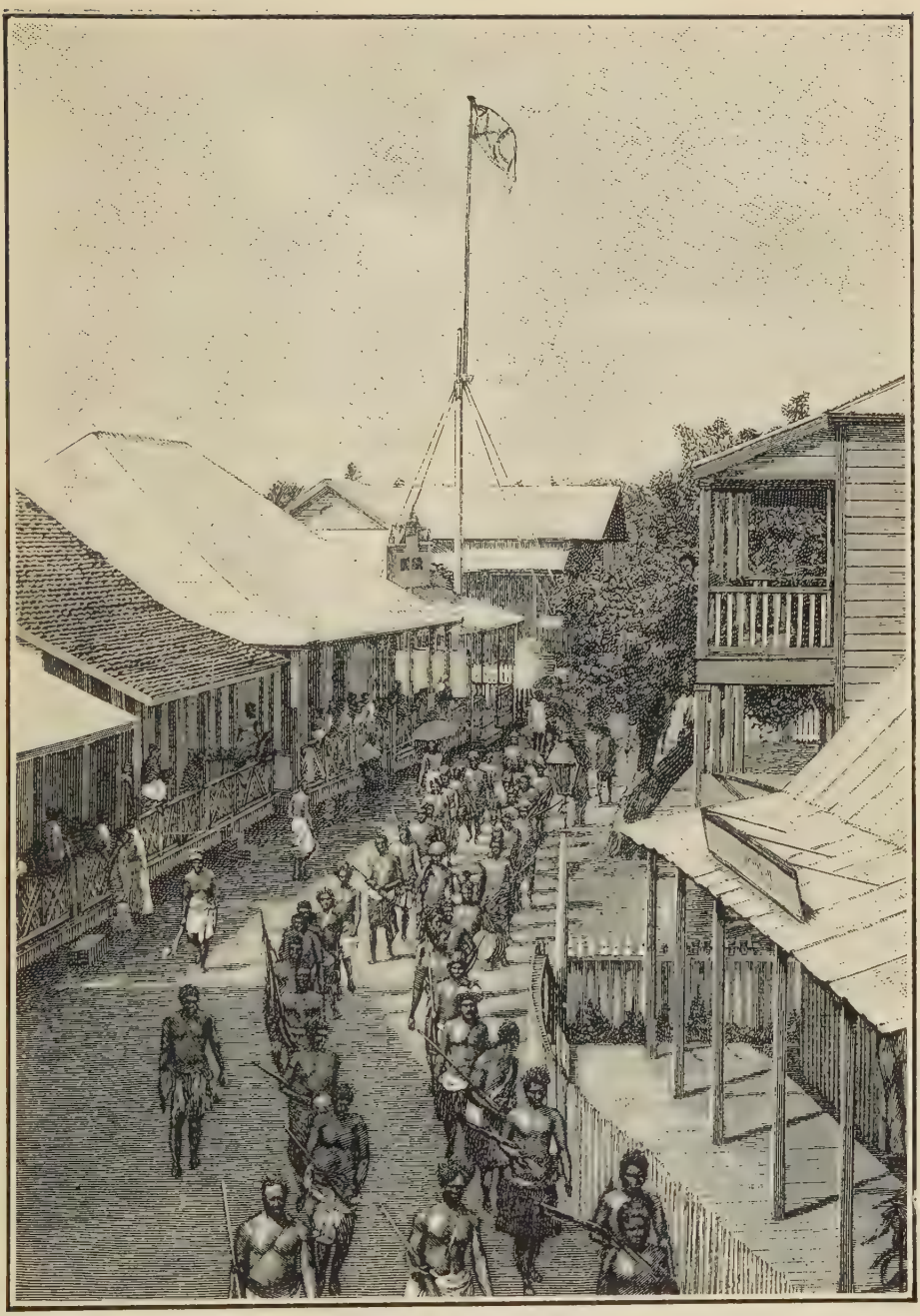
Three thousand miles beyond Hawaii in the Pacific lies Guam (gwahm), which is also an American island. On the way to it we pass the 108th meridian where "world time" is rectified; and, as we are going west, we lose an entire day in our reckoning. If we approach the line at midnight on the first day of a month, that day had reached its midnight here a whole twenty-four hours before; the second day of the month had started rolling around the world to catch us; and now the day which men name the third of the month is starting here to roll around in similar fashion, and we step into its beginning. We have lost a day upon the clock. Never mind! When we return home, we shall pick it up again at this same imaginary line as we sail eastward; then we shall find that the midnight which to us was just closing perhaps the second of a month has here just closed the first of the month and we shall pass again all through the day men call the second. Thus, too, at this imaginary line we leave the farthest west at Hawaii, and enter the farthest east at Guam.

Between these two ports we pass at a safe distance a few rocks, one of which is Wake Island. Our government took possession of this to land a cable here; but in a general way the ocean spreads in vast emptiness until we reach Guam, the largest of the Mariana Islands. At

the end of the World War, the bulk of Oceanica's islets north of the equator were handed over to the nearest Power, Japan, under a mandate to govern them for the good of their people. Hence Guam, with the two or three lesser islands here belonging to the United States, lies in the midst of a Japanese ocean, with naval ships and island governors from Japan on every side. That is why Japan has always protested against our constructing large naval defenses at Guam. It lies on our route to the Philippines, which are less than a thousand miles beyond; but it also lies within a thousand miles of Japan itself and so forms a possible menace of invasion. Hawaii is definitely our own land, a last western defense; but Guam belongs to the East.

It became American property in the War of 1898 when an American warship began bombarding its antique Spanish fort, and the commander, who had not heard from the outer world for months, sent out a polite apology. He regretted that he could not return the ship's very courteous salute, because he was out of powder. The more serious situation was explained to him, and thus harmlessly Guam passed into our hands. The group of islands had been named the Marianas by gallant Spanish commanders in honor of their queen; but Spanish sailors always knew the group as the Ladrones or Thieves' Islands, because of the habits of the natives. There may have been misunderstandings on both sides, for today the people of Guam show a notable simplicity and honesty. Their only ambition seems to be to be known as Americans and to prove themselves good Americans. The island is ruled as a naval station by an officer of our navy, and the last and very smallest of his troubles is that of keeping order among the well-meaning and fairly industrious populace.

Apra harbor, into which our steamer enters, is large and sheltered, well-fitted for naval uses. On its shore stands the little town of Agaña (ă gahn′yă), the capital and American headquarters. The island is hilly, but has no real mountains, and we can quickly explore its twenty miles of length from end to end. In Agaña, and indeed over all the little island, we shall see constant evidences of the three stages of its development. The native shacks are still what they have been for centuries, built of bamboo and thatched with cocoanut palm. The little squat stone chapels along the roadside are pure Spanish; and so are the few stone houses, with their heavy walls, low tiled roofs and protruding balconies. Just as purely American are the good roads and electric power plants, the soda-water fountains, the moving-picture shows, and



NATIVES CALLED TO AID IN WAR

During the World War each European Power in Oceanica drilled its native peoples, as these in German Samoa were drilled, to defend its possessions. Fortunately there was no serious fighting.

the now well worn baseball diamonds, one of which is laid out on Agaña's old-time central plaza.

Agaña has no sidewalks, and its wide streets are unshaded and hot; for we are well within the tropics here, five hundred miles farther south than in Honolulu. Little automobiles bustle along the roads, but cannot stir the languor of the town to action. The natives still use their old slow-moving, solid ox-carts. Originally these people were of Polynesian race, the Chamorros, with very light brown skin and straight black hair; but the original natives were almost exterminated under Spanish rule, and people of other races were brought in. Hence, though the populace still call themselves by the old name, there is little of the old Chamorro stock remaining. The short, flat-nosed type of Asia is the one most commonly seen. There are about fifteen thousand natives today. They are eagerly learning English in their new schools; and while the older generation still cling to Asiatic dress, the younger ones will wear nothing but American styles. The young women make their own garments from American fashion-books, working on American machines.

Each family has its own farm-ground; and about the only strict law laid upon them is that each farm must raise at least a small fixed amount of corn and pigs and chickens and so on. This is a foresight to prevent the starvation which once seized too often upon the thoughtless islanders. Today the chief danger comes from typhoons, which are rare but terrible. One swept over the island in 1918, carrying away trees and houses and destroying crops. On top of this disaster came the "flu," which depopulated so many helpless Pacific islands. The American doctors saved the people here; and the Red Cross supported them until prosperity returned. Now, of their own accord, the islanders frequently hold fairs or other entertainments to gather funds which they send to the Red Cross.

Many old legends and strange superstitions survive among the natives, but they have grown shy of speaking of these, protesting that they no longer believe in the ghosts and witches of their tales, nor in the wild men who are supposed to have conquered death and to live forever, hidden in secret spots about the island. Theft is very rare here; but when it did occur the "deathless men" were a very convenient source to receive all blame. One ancient faith that still remains strong is the worship of the holy protectress of the island, Saint Mary of the Cupboard. This little ivory figure representing the saint stands on the

high altar of the old cathedral in Agaña. Its name comes from its having been kept in a wall-niche or cupboard of the Spanish barracks. There it was worshipped by the soldiers, until its increasing fame led to its elevation to the altar. The Chamorros firmly believe that this figure is alive, that it came to the island of its own accord out of the sea where, as the legend says, "the crabs worshipped her with lighted candles." Now she is the patron saint of the island, always appealed to in time of danger.

The island of Yap, which lies amid many others on the path from

NATIVE HOMES AMID THE HILLS OF TUTUILA

Guam to the Philippines, was at one time partly claimed by the United States; but after considerable discussion with Japan, an agreement in 1921 settled that it was to belong to Japan in the same sense as all the other North Pacific isles. The United States, however, was to have free possession of a cable station, and no taxes nor other obstacles were to interfere with this. Yap was neglected by the Spanish owners of the so-called Caroline Islands, among which it stands. Germany bought the islands from Spain and landed a cable on Yap; and that made the island important. Now the cable is ours. Yap is a tiny, rocky, picturesque spot with groves of bamboo and areca palms. Huge green

and yellow tree lizards scurry through its jungle, and the most brilliant of fireflies glitter there at night in thick showers of golden sparks.

To the world Yap is mainly known for its remarkable money, and for its interesting remains of some high-grade, long-forgotten civilization. The system of money devised by the natives was to make coins of stone, huge stones chipped to a flat circular shape like wheels, with a hole in the center so they could be strung on poles and carried on two men's shoulders. These coins were usually two or three feet in diameter, but some were much larger, and one modern clubhouse here boasts of possessing an eleven foot coin. You could not steal money secretly on Yap. Neither could you counterfeit it, for there was no similar hard stone on the island. It had to be brought from a far-off quarry in a dangerous canoe voyage, so that the labor of procuring it equaled its worth. That, in fact, was the cause of its worth; the possession of each stone was an honor, and the owner kept all his wealth stacked on his front veranda.

The relics of Yap's vanished civilization include stone-built fish pools and stone platforms upholding large buildings, probably public council-halls, with tall carved pillars and lofty gables of quaint design. There are also traces of stone roads and terraces, carefully walled and neatly paved in regular blocks. Such relics are found in many of the Caroline Islands; but the vanished empire seems to have been most important, or at least to have been best preserved, in Yap.

South of the equator, in quite another part of Oceanica, there is another island owned by the United States. This is Tutuila, one of the Samoa Islands group. Here our country once joined with Britain and Germany in an agreement to protect the islands, and when this agreement fell through, the land was divided, and the United States assumed full authority over the little island of Tutuila and its surrounding islets. Tutuila possessed the town and bay of Pago-pago (păg′ō-păg′ō), the only first class harbor in the group. Tutuila is eighteen miles long and contains about forty square miles of land. Its people number about eight thousand. They are Polynesians of the highest type, like the Maoris of New Zealand, and far better fitted for our civilization than are the Chamorros of Guam. They take entire control of their local affairs under their own elected leaders, though a United States governor acts as a benevolent despot with power to interfere whenever he thinks needful. A few Americans have settled here among these independent folk, attracted by the warm yet delightful climate,

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A Samoan native in the U. S. Marine Company at Pago-pago.

Tutuila, however, has obviously no space to develop into a land of such importance as Hawaii. That must always remain our chief Pacific station.

There is one other island in this South Pacific which we have not visited. It is not a United States possession; but it is American in that it belongs to Chile; and it is not part of Oceanica, for it lies alone in mid-ocean. It is set, like Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic, a single spot rising out of vast spaces of deep waters. This South Pacific dot is Easter Island, a mystery land in many ways. It is only twelve miles long by less than half as broad; and it lies beyond the tropics, in the South Temperate Zone. It is bleak and bare, offering little for the support of life. Today it is visited by just one boat a year, a Chilean business schooner. Seldom indeed does any other wandering ship reach to this solitary spot. When it was discovered two centuries ago, its natives numbered about three thousand, and how they could have got here or supported themselves here is one mystery of the island. Today their number has dwindled to less than three hundred, and the island is leased to a Chilean company for growing sheep and cattle, poor starving beasts which would be better dead.

The monuments of the dead on Easter Island are more numerous than the living. The island contains a great stone quarry wherein, still unfinished, there stand many statutes. These apparently represent kings, for each has on its head a tall crown of a different kind of stone. One figure is over sixty feet tall; the rest are about thirty feet or smaller. In several parts of the island similar finished statues are set up in groups, apparently over the graves of those they represent. The moving of these giant stones presents a difficult problem and implies much mechanical skill on the part of their creators. Who made these hundreds of statues, and why? Was this once the mountain stone-yard for a far larger region, now sunk beneath the sea? Are the people on the island the decadent remnant of a once mighty race? They are a poor half-Polynesian type today; but then they have been underfed for generations and have perhaps admitted Polynesians in more recent days since the decay began. There are many traces of extensive and skillful building work upon the island; so that it is certain there was once a fairly high civilization here. Whither has it vanished? Easter Island must remain for us another unsolved riddle of America's beginnings.